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ART. I.—*Cours de Philosophie Positive*. Par M. AUGUSTE COMTE. 2 tom. 8vo. Paris : 1830-5.

THE competitors for the honours of science may be divided into several classes, actuated by very different motives, and pursuing very different objects ;—those who investigate by observation and experiment the phenomena and the laws of nature ; those who arrange the facts and expound the doctrines of science ; those who record at different epochs the history of its progress ; and those who attempt to explain the mental processes by which discoveries have been made, and prescribe for every branch of knowledge the most appropriate methods of research.

Though the love of posthumous fame supplies these different classes with their earliest and their strongest impulse, yet this principle of action is often modified and replaced by less noble incitements, and those who have begun their career under its generous influence, have been seduced by advantages of more immediate adjudication and enjoyment.

The first of these classes of the cultivators of science, comprehends all those to whom the name of philosopher is strictly applicable. But as no sound knowledge can exist, but that which either rests immediately on facts, or is deduced from them by mathematical reasoning, this class is necessarily subdivided into two—those who observe facts, and those who reason from them—those who make experiments, and those who deduce from

their results the laws of phenomena, and the more general principles to which these laws may be ultimately referred.

The history of science furnishes us with many distinguished instances in which these two qualities of mind have been in a singular manner united; but the instances are doubtless more numerous where the observer and the experimentalist have confined themselves to their own sphere of labour, and where minds of a less practical and a more discursive capacity have found a more congenial exercise in the higher processes of combination and analysis. Although the last of these orders of enquirers have been generally supposed to belong to a higher rank of intelligence, yet this erroneous appreciation of mental value can be founded on no other principle than that the laws of phenomena are necessarily higher steps in the scale of knowledge than facts and observations.

The two conditions of mind by which these two classes of philosophers are characterised, are in reality incommensurable. Facts may sometimes be discovered, and observations made which demand but little attention, and involve no extraordinary exertion of the mind; but the great facts and experimental results, which form the basis of modern science, have been generally obtained from processes of reasoning at once ingenious and profound, and have called forth the highest functions of our intellectual frame. Even when the fruits of experimental philosophy are merely simple facts, their value is inestimable, and no revolution in science will ever deprive their discoverer of the honours which belong to them. But when he who discovers new facts, detects also their relation to other phenomena, and when he is so fortunate as to determine the laws which they follow, and to predict from these laws phenomena or results previously unknown, he entitles himself to a high place among the aristocracy of knowledge.

Such men are in truth the real functionaries of science. They are the hewers of its wood and the drawers of its water—the productive labourers who furnish to less industrious and more speculative minds, not only the raw material, but the embroidered fabric of intellectual luxury and splendour.

Previous to the sixteenth century the active explorers of science were few in number, and even these few had scarcely thrown off the incubus of the scholastic philosophy. Speculation unrestrained and licentious threw its blighting sirocco over the green pastures of knowledge, and prejudice and mysticism involved them in their noxious exhalations. This condition of knowledge has been long ago subverted, and in the present day the ascendancy of observation and experiment has been universally recognised. There is still, however, a body of men, insignificant in

number and, with some exceptions, in talent, who, impatient of the labour of continuous research, or perhaps unfitted for its exercise, have sought to storm the temple of science, and possess themselves of its treasures. The members of this brotherhood are, generally speaking, imperfectly acquainted with the facts and laws by which modern physical science is upheld. They feel the force neither of mathematical nor of physical reasoning; and regarding the noblest doctrines of science as founded only in speculation, they are ambitious of the honour of placing them on a surer and more extended basis. Those who are thus blind to the force of physical truth, are not likely to discover the errors which their own minds create and cherish. Embarrassed by no difficulties, the stream of their speculations flows on without eddies or currents. Such a class of speculators have no position in the lists of science, and they deserve none; but in thus denouncing their labours, we must carefully distinguish them from a higher order of theorists, whose scientific acquirements are undoubted; but who, in place of employing their talents in the substantial labours of research, are ambitious of becoming the legislators of science, the adjudicators of its honours, and the arbiters of its destiny. Self-constituted and irresponsible, this legislative tribunal owed to science all the tenderness which was compatible with justice, and all the diligence and solicitude of research which perplexing details and conflicting interests demand. To the dead it owed the gratitude which belonged to great achievements, and that respectful homage which is the birthright of exalted genius; and to the living that delicacy of criticism, and that courteous acknowledgment of their services, which to sensitive minds is the highest reward for their past, and the most powerful stimulus to their future labours.

In the history of science, and in the distribution of its honours, we must not expect to find that minute accuracy, or that nice appreciation of evidence to which we are accustomed in legal adjudications. All that is due from the historian is depth of research and honesty of purpose, and we must pronounce that judge to be righteous who holds evenly the scales of justice. The historian cannot record facts which are not within the sphere of ordinary research, and the judge is not responsible for the mathematical equipoise of his balance.

In applying these principles to those efforts of scientific legislation which are alone deserving of the name, we are confined within a very narrow range. The subject was almost exhausted by the great reformer of philosophy; and though it has been casually discussed by authors who flourished in subsequent periods, yet the only works of any distinction which are de-

voted to the subject are *The History of the Inductive Sciences* by Mr Whewell, which we have examined in a previous Number, and the *Cours de Philosophie Positive* by M. Comte, which stands at the head of this article. The three volumes of Mr Whewell's are indeed only introductory to his code of reformed philosophy; but he has indulged his readers with a foretaste of its enactments; and from the labours and decisions of the historian, we have no difficulty in anticipating the character of the lawgiver, and the temper of the judge.

The first volume of M. Comte's work was published in 1830, about seven years, and the second volume in 1835, about two years before that of Mr Whewell; and yet no reference whatever is made by the latter to the previous labours of the French philosopher. We presume, therefore, notwithstanding several similarities of sentiment and expression, that the *Cours de Philosophie Positive* had not found its way to Cambridge, although it was well known and highly appreciated in London, before the publication of Mr Whewell's work.

In alluding to these points of resemblance, which are, of course, merely accidental, we do not mean to convey the idea that there is any similarity between the two works in their leading and essential features. With the single exception of some just views on the value and use of hypotheses which Mr Whewell seems to have borrowed without acknowledgment from an English work, the *History of the Inductive Sciences*, and the *Course of Positive Philosophy*, stand strongly opposed to each other; not only in the tone and temper in which they are written, and in the motives by which their authors seem to have been guided, but, to as great an extent, in the results at which they have arrived, and in the decisions which they have pronounced on the great points of scientific controversy. Such a contrariety of sentiment, while it casts a just opprobrium over the pretensions of our scientific lawgivers, has a tendency to bring science itself into disrepute; for when the Solons and the Lyncurguses of philosophy are as contradictory in their enactments as the Mackenzies and Murphys of meteorology are in their predictions, men of ordinary capacity are apt to place the physical sciences on the same level with that *weather wisdom* which has been recently agitating the metropolis.

Before we proceed to a comparison of these works, and to a discussion of the subjects which they have brought into the arena of controversy, we must make our readers acquainted with the nature and object of M. Comte's researches. There is, however, a preliminary topic which forces itself upon our attention, and which, were it possible, we would pass by unnoticed. But as some of our readers might be led by this Article to study

the original work, we must warn them beforehand that M. Comte avows himself an Atheist; and we think that we cannot more effectually remove this stumbling-block which he has placed in our way, and deprive it of all its danger, than by presenting his observations at once to our readers.

‘To minds unacquainted with the study of the heavenly bodies, though often otherwise well informed in other branches of natural philosophy, astronomy has still the reputation of being a science eminently religious, as if the famous verse,—*Cæli enarrant gloriam Dei* (The heavens declare the glory of God), had preserve all its force.\* It is, however, certain, as I have proved, that all real science stands in radical and necessary opposition to all theology; and this character is more strongly indicated in astronomy than in any other; precisely, because astronomy is, so to speak, more a science than any other, according to the comparisons already made. No science has given such terrible blows to the doctrine of final causes, generally regarded by the moderns as the indispensable basis of all religious systems, though it is in reality but the consequence of them. The knowledge of the motion of the earth ought alone to destroy the first real foundation of this doctrine—the idea of a universe subordinate to the earth, and consequently to man, as I shall more particularly show in treating of this motion. But, independent of this, the exact exploration of our solar system cannot fail to put an end essentially to that blind and boundless admiration which the general order of nature inspires, by showing in the distinctest manner, and under a great number of different aspects, that the elements of this system were certainly not arranged in the most advantageous manner, and that science allows us to conceive easily a better arrangement. In short, under another point of view, still more important, by the developement of the true celestial mechanics since the time of Newton, all theological philosophy, even the most perfect, has been henceforth deprived of its principal intellectual office; the most regular order being now conceived as necessarily established and kept up in our world, and even throughout the whole universe, by the simple mutual attraction of its different parts.’

Our author then proceeds to support these feeble and innocuous arguments by a reference to the stability of the solar system; though he seems fully sensible that this doctrine of modern astronomy may be used as a powerful weapon in the hands of his opponents.

‘This grand doctrine,’ says he, ‘when presented under a suitable aspect, may doubtless be easily made the basis of a series of eloquent declamations, having an imposing appearance of solidity. Yet, nevertheless,

\* ‘At present,’ says the author, in a note, ‘to minds that have been early familiarized with the true astronomical philosophy, the heavens declare no other glory than that of Hipparchus, Kepler, Newton, and all those who have contributed to the establishment of their laws.’

an arrangement so essential to the continuous existence of animal species, is a simple necessary consequence (from the mechanical laws of the world), of certain characteristic circumstances of our solar system;—the extreme smallness of the planetary masses in comparison of the central mass, the slight eccentricity of their orbits, and the moderate mutual inclination of their planes;—characters which in their turn may, with much probability, as I shall afterwards show, according to the indication of Laplace, be derived, quite naturally, from the mode of formation of the system. But besides we ought, *a priori*, to expect in general such a result from this single reflection, that *since we exist*, it follows of necessity that the system, of which we form a part, be arranged in such a manner as to permit this existence, which would be incompatible with the total absence of stability in the principal elements of our system. In order properly to appreciate this consideration, we ought to observe that this stability is by no means absolute, for it does not take place with regard to comets, whose perturbations are much greater, and may even increase almost indefinitely, from the want of those conditions of restriction which I have mentioned, and which hardly allow us to suppose them to be inhabited. The pretended final cause will therefore be reduced in the present case, as we have already seen on all analogous occasions, to this puerile remark—that there are no stars inhabited in our solar system but those which are habitable.' \* \* \* 'Such,' adds our author, 'are the immense and fundamental services which the development of astronomical theories has rendered to the emancipation of human reason.'

Although we intended, in quoting these passages, to have left the refutation of them to the common sense of our readers, yet it may be proper to make a few observations on the *new* argument which our author has founded on the Cosmogony of Laplace. Admitting, as M. Comte does, that the stability of the solar system is essential to the continued existence of Animal Species, and aware of the powerful support which such an admission lends to the theological argument for design, he endeavours to show that this arrangement is the simple necessary consequence, through the operation of mechanical laws, of certain properties of the planetary orbits, and certain relations between the solar and planetary masses. Here he is again aware that such an adjustment of forms and magnitudes, is itself an extraordinary proof of design; and he strives to show that this effect may, *with much probability*, be deduced from the *mode of formation of the system*, as suggested by Laplace—one of the boldest speculations of modern fancy, but one which does not, when properly viewed, afford the smallest aid to those who are desirous of finding any substitute for the agency of an all-directing mind.

But though we consider the Cosmogony of Laplace as merely an ingenious speculation, we shall permit M. Comte to make it the basis of his argument; and we shall suppose, with its distin-

guished inventor, that the sun's atmosphere, expanded by heat, reached the limits of our system—that it gradually contracted in cooling, and that during the revolution of this immense system of vapour round the sun's axis, the Georgium Sidus, Saturn, Jupiter, and the other primary planets were gradually thrown off from it into their present orbits, and with the velocity of the atmosphere, of which they formed a part; that they contracted into solid globes by cooling, having previously in their turn thrown off their Satellites; and that the *characteristic* circumstances in the system thus formed, which produce stability, are the *necessary* consequences of this mode of formation. After all these admissions, the argument for design remains unshaken, and the mind still turns itself to the great first cause. Who created and planted a sun in the centre of what was to become a system of future worlds? Who supplied the due portion of heat to expand his atmosphere through that region of space in which it was to deposit the future abodes of life and intelligence? Who added the rotatory impulse, and adjusted it to that precise velocity which would throw off planets revolving in harmonious stability, in place of comets wheeling in eccentric and unstable orbits? By what power was that heat withdrawn, so as to permit the zones of the solar atmosphere to contract successively into solid planets? Who separated the 'light from the darkness' which brooded over the revolving chaos? Who gathered into the ocean's bed its liquid elements? Who decked the earth with its rich and verdant embroidery? Who conjured up the forms of animal life? And, above all, who placed over this fair empire—MAN—godlike and intellectual—breathing the divine spirit, and panting with immortal aspirations?

The Cosmogony of Laplace, even if admitted as a physical truth, would only carry us back to an earlier epoch in the history of creation, and exhibit to us the wonders of Divine power, condensed into a narrower compass, and commanding a more intense admiration. But even if science could go infinitely farther, and trace all the forms of being to their germ in a single atom, and all the varieties of nature to its developement, the human mind would still turn to its resting-point, and worship with deeper admiration before this miracle of consolidated power.

Had the opinions which we have been combating been maintained by those rash speculators who are permitted, at distant intervals, to disturb the tranquillity of the religious world, we should not have allowed them to interfere with ours. But when a work of profound science, marked with great acuteness of reasoning, and conspicuous for the highest attributes of intellectual power—when such a work records the dread sentiment that the



universe displays no proofs of an all-directing mind, and records it, too, as the deduction of unbiassed reason, the appalling note falls upon the ear like the sounds of desolation and of death. The life-blood of the affections stands frozen in its strongest and most genial current; and reason and feeling but resume their ascendancy when they have pictured the consequences of so frightful a delusion. If man is thus an orphan at his birth, and an outcast in his destiny—if knowledge is to be his punishment and not his prize—if all his intellectual achievements are to perish with him in the dust—if the brief tenure of his being is to be renounced amid the wreck of vain desires—of blighted hopes and of bleeding affections—then, in reality as well as in metaphor, is life a dream!

Unwilling as we are to dwell upon such a subject, our readers should be informed that M. Comte is a Teacher in the Polytechnic School, and our country congratulated on possessing Institutions which prevent opinions like his from poisoning the springs of moral and religious instruction.

We are informed by M. Comte that from the time of his quitting the Polytechnic School in 1816, he was constantly occupied, during ten years, in the preparation of his 'Lectures on Positive Philosophy.' In the spring of 1826 his course was opened to the public; but a severe malady prevented him from continuing it; and this misfortune was greatly aggravated by the circumstance, that he numbered among his auditors Baron Humboldt, M. Blainville, M. Poinsot, and other celebrated and distinguished members of the Academy of Sciences. In the winter and spring of 1829, M. Comte resumed his course before a brilliant audience; among whom were Baron Fourier, perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Sciences, M. M. Blainville, Poinsot, and Navier, members of the Academy, and Professors Broussais, Esquirol, and Binet.

The 'Course of Positive Philosophy,' of which the two published volumes placed at the head of this Article form the principal part, comprehends *Mathematics, Astronomy, Physics, and Chemistry*, or the sciences of *Inorganic Bodies*; and *Physiology, and Social Physics*, or the sciences of *Organic Bodies*. MATHEMATICS are subdivided into the *Calculus, Geometry, and Rational Mechanics*. The six lectures on the Calculus contain a general view of mathematical analysis, the Calculus of direct and indirect functions, the Calculus of variations, and that of finite differences. The five lectures on Geometry contain a general view of geometry, the geometry of the ancients, the fundamental conception of analytical geometry, and the general study of lines and of surfaces. The four lectures on Rational Mechanics embrace the

fundamental principles of mechanics, a general view of statics and dynamics, and the general theorems of mechanics.

After some general considerations on ASTRONOMY, he divides his subject into *Geometrical* and *Mechanical* Astronomy. Under the first division he gives a general exposition of the methods of observation; and he treats of the elementary geometrical phenomena of the heavenly bodies, of the theory of the earth's motion, and of the laws of Kepler. Under the second division, he treats of the law of universal gravitation; and after a philosophical appreciation of this law he applies it to the explanation of celestial phenomena.

The great department of PHYSICS is divided into *Barology*, *Thermology*, *Acoustics*, *Optics*, and *Electrology*. CHEMISTRY is divided into *Inorganic* and *Organic* Chemistry. PHYSIOLOGY embraces the structure and composition of living bodies, the classification of living bodies, vegetable physiology, animal physiology, and intellectual and *affective* physiology; and under SOCIAL PHYSICS, our author treats of the general structure of human societies, of the fundamental natural law of the development of the human species, and of the progress of civilisation. This last section is subdivided into three heads,—the theological epoch, the metaphysical epoch, and the positive epoch, the first of these epochs embracing *Fetichism*, *Polytheism*, and *Monotheism*.

The two volumes now before us contain only Mathematics, Astronomy, and Physics, and other two will doubtless be necessary to complete the work.

In explaining the exact meaning of the term *Positive Philosophy*, M. Comte remarks that it bears a strong analogy to the term *Natural Philosophy*, as used by English writers since the time of Newton; but as the latter includes only the sciences of observation, and excludes the subject of social physics as well as Physiology, and all the branches of natural history, he was compelled to adopt the more general though vague expression of *Positive Philosophy*. He conceives, however, that the term *positive* removes, to a certain degree, the objection which might otherwise be urged against the application of the term *philosophy* to the sciences of observation.

In studying the 'total developement' of human intelligence in its various spheres of action, from its earliest and simplest effort to the present time, M. Comte believes that he has discovered a grand fundamental law to which that developement is subjected by an invariable necessity; and which he conceives to be firmly established, not only by arguments furnished by the knowledge of our own organization, but by an attentive study of the history of science.

‘This law,’ says he, ‘consists in this, that each of our principal conceptions, each branch of knowledge, passes successively through three different theoretical states—the theological or fictitious state, the metaphysical or abstract state, and the scientific or positive state; in other words, the human mind, by its nature, employs successively in each of its researches three methods of philosophizing, the character of which is essentially different, and is even radically opposite;—at first the theological method, next the metaphysical method, and lastly, the positive method. Hence we have three kinds of philosophy, or general systems of conceptions relative to phenomena, which mutually exclude each other. The *first* is the necessary point of departure of human intelligence, the *third* its fixed and definite condition, while the *second* is destined only to be a state of transition.

‘In the *theological* state the human mind, directing its researches to the intimate nature of things, to the first and final causes of all the effects which we witness, in a word, to absolute knowledge, represents the phenomena as produced by the direct and continued action of supernatural agents, whose arbitrary intervention explains all the apparent anomalies of the universe.

‘In the *metaphysical* state, which is, in reality, only a simple modification of the theological one, the supernatural agents are replaced by abstract forces, real entities (personified abstractions) inherent in the different bodies of the universe, and conceived to be capable of generating by themselves all the observed phenomena; the explanation of which then consists in assigning to each a corresponding entity.

‘Finally, in the *positive* state the human mind, recognising the impossibility of obtaining absolute notions, renounces the attempt of enquiring into the origin and destination of the universe, and of detecting the intimate causes of phenomena, in order to set itself only to discover, by a judicious combination of reasoning and observation, their effective laws; that is, their invariable relations of succession and similitude. The explanation of facts, then reduced to real terms, is henceforth but the connexion established between different individual phenomena and some general facts, the number of which becomes more and more diminished in the progress of science.

‘The *theological* system has reached the highest degree of perfection of which it is susceptible, when it has substituted the providential action of one being, instead of the varied agency of numerous independent divinities which had been at first imagined. In like manner the last term of the *metaphysical* system consists in conceiving, in place of different individual entities, a single great general entity, viz., *nature* viewed as the only source of all phenomena. In the same way the perfection of the *positive* system towards which it unceasingly tends, though it is very probable that it will never reach it, will be the power of representing all the different phenomena, capable of being observed as particular cases of a single general fact; such, for example, as that of gravitation.

Although M. Comte has reserved his demonstration of this fundamental law, and his discussion of the results to which it

leads, for that part of his work which treats of social physics, yet we have no hesitation in admitting its general accuracy. The quaint though expressive terms in which it is announced is apt to prejudice an English reader against its reception; but when this prejudice is removed by the study of the early history of science, he cannot fail to recognise its truth and importance. In thus perceiving the general character of the steps by which science has been gradually attaining its more perfect and final condition, he cannot but feel that the study of its past history must indicate the general tendency of its future progress, and may probably furnish some safe, if not infallible rules of investigating truth.

Since the time of Galileo, Bacon, and Newton, every branch of knowledge has been steadily advancing towards a fixed and positive state. The precepts of Bacon, and the methods actually used by Galileo and Newton, have established it as a fundamental truth, that there can be no real knowledge but that which is founded on observation and experiment. Facts and observations, however, when standing alone and unconnected, afford no permanent satisfaction to the philosopher who has discovered them. He knows, indeed, their high value and their ultimate importance; but this conviction does not assuage the thirst of philosophy; and the mind instinctively seeks to determine the relations of the facts which it has discovered, and turns to some pole to which they appear to converge, or some general principle to which they point, and by which they may be explained. Hence it is, that in the infancy of knowledge, the mind would be compelled, were it not its natural tendency, to invent some theory by which a collection of insulated facts might be fixed in the memory, and thus presented to the judgment under a single aspect.

In the infancy of science this natural passion for generalization is easily gratified. Supernatural power offers an immediate and a complete solution of every difficulty. Metaphysical abstractions gradually replace theological agents, and in the process of time these gradually disappear, and the phenomena themselves become the principal object of our notice. In this manner the theological gradually passes into positive philosophy, the nature of which is thus described by M. Comte.

‘The fundamental character of *Positive Philosophy* is to regard all phenomena as subjected to invariable natural laws, the precise discovery of which, and their reduction to the least possible number, are the object of all our researches, regarding as senseless and absolutely inaccessible the enquiry into what are called *causes*. It would be unprofitable to insist much upon a principle which has become so familiar to all who study

profoundly the sciences of observation. Every one, indeed, knows that in our most perfect explanations of phenomena we never pretend to explain their *generating* causes (for this would be only driving back the difficulty), but only analyze with accuracy the circumstances of their production, and connect them by the relations of succession and similitude. Thus, in order to give the best of all examples, we say, that the general phenomena of the universe are explained as much as they can be by the Newtonian law of gravitation; because, on the one hand, this fine theory exhibits to us all the immense variety of astronomical facts as only one and the same fact seen in different points of view—the constant tendency of all the particles of matter towards one another in the direct ratio of their masses, and the inverse ratio of the squares of their distances; whilst, on the other hand, this general fact is presented to us as the simple extension of a phenomenon which is eminently familiar to us, and by it alone we consider as perfectly explained the gravity of bodies at the surface of the earth. With regard to the determination of what this attraction and that gravity are in themselves, or what are their causes, these are questions which we regard as incapable of solution—which are not within the domain of positive philosophy, and which we justly abandon to the imagination of theological speculators, or to the subtleties of metaphysicians. The most obvious proof that such solutions are impossible is, that whenever the greatest philosophers have endeavoured to say any thing truly rational on this subject, they have been able only to define one of these principles by the other—in saying for *attraction* that it is nothing else than *universal gravity*, and for *gravity* that it consists simply in *terrestrial attraction*.

M. Comte has given us another illustration of what he means by positive philosophy, deduced from the beautiful researches of Baron Fourier on the *Theory of Heat*, which he considers as affording a very happy verification of the preceding general remarks.

‘In this work,’ says he, ‘the philosophical character of which is so eminently positive, the most important and precise laws of thermological phenomena are developed without the slightest enquiry into the intimate nature of heat, and without mentioning, for any other purpose than to point out its inutility, the long agitated controversy between the partisans of calorific matter and those that make heat consist in the vibrations of an universal Ether. And, nevertheless, the highest questions, several of which have not even been previously discussed, are treated of in Baron Fourier’s work—a palpable proof that the human mind without wasting its strength on unapproachable problems, and by limiting itself to researches of an absolutely positive nature, may find inexhaustible materials for the most profound activity.’

Having thus indicated the general spirit and character of positive philosophy, our author proceeds to examine the degree of progress which it has made, and to ascertain the steps which are yet necessary for its establishment. The phenomena of astronomy, of terrestrial physics, of chemistry, and of physiology, he

considers as reduced to positive theories ; and he ascribes to the combined precepts of Bacon, the conceptions of Descartes, and the discoveries of Galileo, the first grand movement by which 'positive conceptions' were distinctly separated from the superstitious and scholastic alloy which disguised the labours of preceding philosophers. Notwithstanding, however, the great progress of the physical sciences, M. Comte admits that *Social Physics*, which forms the last division in his arrangement, has not yet acquired any positive character ; and though he does not suppose that the observations which he has to offer on this subject can give to it the same degree of perfection as the older sciences, he yet hopes that they will impress upon this branch of knowledge the same positive character. When this object is once attained, he conceives that all our fundamental conceptions will become homogeneous,—that philosophy will be definitively constituted in its positive state, and, that without changing its character it will gradually develop itself by constantly increasing acquisitions which necessarily result from new facts and more profound meditations.

In proceeding to give a distinct view of the plan of his 'Course of Lectures on Positive Philosophy,' our author warns his readers that they must not expect a series of special treatises on each of the principal branches of Natural Philosophy. Without considering the time which such an enterprise would require, M. Comte modestly states, that the task could not be accomplished by him or by any person whatever, in the present state of education. He proposes merely to give a course of *Positive Philosophy*, and not a course of *Positive Science* ; and his object is only to consider each fundamental science in its relation to our whole positive system of knowledge, and to the spirit which characterises it ;—that is, under the twofold view of its essential methods and its leading results.

Having thus explained the object of his course, our author proceeds to give an account of the plan of it, or to expound his general views on what he calls the *hierarchy* of the positive sciences. The classification of the different branches of knowledge, as given by Bacon and D'Alembert, and founded on a supposed distinction of the different faculties of the mind, becomes an untenable one, from the very circumstance that such a distinction has no solid foundation ; because in every mental effort all our principal faculties are simultaneously employed. With regard to other classifications, our author pronounces them to be fundamentally erroneous, from the very circumstance, that every speculator has given a new one of his own, and that all men of rightly constituted minds entertain a strong prejudice against any attempt

to arrange and define the different branches of knowledge.\* In confirmation of these sound views, we cannot avoid referring to the singular subdivision of the sciences which so distinguished an individual as Dr Thomas Young has adopted in his valuable work on Natural Philosophy. Even at a time when he regarded the undulatory theory of light with some distrust,—when it had not attracted that attention and acquired that importance which it now enjoys,—and when, indeed, he himself was almost its only abettor, he did not scruple to make such a theory the basis of part of his classification by introducing the science of OPTICS as a branch of *Hydrodynamics*! In such a procedure the sound principles of classification were set at nought, and it remained only to divide fluids into *ponderable* and *imponderable*, and then to tack to *Hydrodynamics* the sciences of Magnetism, Electricity, Galvanism and Thermology.

Such an attempt to make a mere hypothesis the basis of a philosophical arrangement points out, in a striking manner, the necessity and the value of that severe discussion by which M. Comte has established his classification of the sciences. The general theory of classification now adopted in natural history he considers as a sure guide in the classification of the sciences,—the classification arising out of the study of the objects to be classified, and depending on the real affinities and the natural connexion which they present; so that it shall be itself the expression of the most general fact developed by an elaborate comparison of the objects which it embraces. Hence it follows that the different positive sciences must be arranged in reference to their mutual dependence, and this dependence can only be deduced from that of their corresponding phenomena. In this way our author is led, by a rigorous and philosophical survey of the different branches of knowledge, to the following arrangement of the six fundamental sciences—*Mathematics, Astronomy, Physics, Chemistry, Physiology, and Social Physics*—an arrangement which forms a part of the more general one to which we have already directed the attention of the reader.

In arriving at this result our author has discussed several important topics which, limited as our space is, we cannot altogether overlook. Considering all human works as bearing reference either to speculation or to action, he divides our real knowledge into *theoretical* and *practical*. The first of these departments, em-

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\* The reader will find an equally profound and luminous view of this subject in the Introduction to Mr Stewart's Dissertation on the *Progress of Metaphysical, Ethical, and Political Philosophy*, prefixed to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

bracing the whole system of our fundamental conceptions on the different orders of phenomena, he conceives to be analogous to the *prima philosophia* of Bacon; and to form the basis of all that practical knowledge by which man acts upon external nature, and exercises a power over the material universe. But though in this respect *knowledge is power*, and though every branch of industry and the arts has derived from scientific theories the richest benefits, we must not suppose for a moment that the value of our enquiries can be measured by their bounty to the arts. Philosophy, while she condescends to be their handmaid, and the willing dispenser of domestic benefits, aims at a nobler and loftier object. Her insatiable spirit cherishes a paramount interest in determining the laws and detecting the causes of phenomena, even when they have no apparent application to the wants of our species; nor would that interest be at all diminished were such an application found to be impossible. The whole history of science has established the incontrovertible fact that speculations the most abstract often lead, in the course of time, to practical results of high value;—and as Condorcet has beautifully remarked, ‘the sailor who has been preserved from shipwreck by an accurate observation of the longitude, owes his life to a *theory* conceived *two thousand* years before by men of genius who had in view only simple geometrical speculations.’

In pursuing the researches of science, however, we must renounce all consideration either of their immediate or contingent application; we must concentrate our undivided energies upon the subject with which we are grappling, and bequeath as a legacy to posterity any germ of usefulness which may sometimes lie hidden among our theoretical deductions.

But this view of the subject acquires new force when we consider the faculties of man as not limited in their exercise to his present sphere of activity. The capacities and cravings of our intellectual appetite are not given us merely that they might administer to our own corporeal wants, or to the vulgar necessities of our species. Is our knowledge of the heavenly bodies—of their nicely balanced actions and harmonious movements—to have no other end than to regulate a timekeeper or determine a ship's place upon the ocean? Is our study of the sun, which rules by day, and the moon, which rules by night, to have no higher aim than if they were merely to replace the pillar of cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night? Is man to be for ever a shepherd pilgrim in this lovely Oasis, treading on its green pastures and listening to the music of its quiet waters? Or is he, in the perfection of mechanism, to be for ever flying over its surface with the speed of Camilla, visiting every clime, greeting



every individual of his race, and compressing into the diminished span of his being all the events of an antediluvian existence? Such suppositions stand opposed to every lesson of philosophy, and to every response of revelation. Let our philosophical researches, then, be regarded as the best preparatory education for that intellectual existence, when the mind shall have burst the prison bars of its earthly durance, and received new revelations of knowledge, suited to its improved capacity and proportioned to its previous attainments.

After a preliminary lecture, entitled 'Philosophical Considerations on the General Science of Mathematics,' M. Comte devotes nearly the whole of his first volume to an account of the Calculus, Geometry, and Rational Mechanics, following the subdivisions of those branches which we have already given. He considers mathematics as the basis of all the positive sciences; and he defines it to be the science which has for its object the indirect measure of magnitudes, and which determines one magnitude by others, by means of the precise relations which exist between them. He subdivides the general science into two great sciences, *abstract* and *concrete* mathematics. The complete solution of every mathematical question, he conceives, may be decomposed into two parts essentially distinct in their nature; namely, the *concrete* part, or that which determines the precise relations which exist between the known and unknown quantities, and the *abstract* part, or that by which the unknown quantities are determined from these relations. The *concrete* part evidently depends on the nature of the phenomena under consideration; whilst the *abstract* part is completely independent of the nature of the objects examined, and bears solely on the numerical relations which they present. The former, having for its object to discover the equations of phenomena, would seem, *a priori*, to consist of as many distinct sciences as there are really different categories among natural phenomena. But there are only two great general categories of phenomena of which we constantly know the equations, namely, geometrical and mechanical phenomena; and hence the concrete branch of mathematics must consist of geometry and rational mechanics. If, as our author remarks, all the parts of the universe are conceived to be immoveable, there could be no other phenomena but *geometrical* ones, since every thing would be reduced to relations of form, magnitude, and position; but when we consider the motions which actually take place, we must take into account also the *mechanical* phenomena. Hence, in applying a philosophical conception due to M. Blainville, the universe, when seen in a *statical* point of view, presents only *geometrical* phenomena, and when seen in a *mechanical* point

of view only *mechanical* phenomena. Geometry and mechanics, therefore, constitute by themselves the two fundamental natural sciences; so that all natural effects may be conceived as simple necessary results either of the laws of extent or of the laws of motion.

Again, with respect to abstract mathematics, it consists, according to our author, of what is called the *Calculus*; the object of which is to resolve all questions of number. It includes all operations, from the most simple arithmetical ones, to the most sublime combinations of transcendental analysis. This *science*, as M. Comte calls it, though more perfect than any other, is still little advanced; so that it has but rarely attained, in a completely satisfactory manner, its ultimate object of deducing the value of unknown quantities from those that are known. The following abbreviated extract will give our readers a clear idea of our author's views respecting the division of mathematical science into three branches; and the relations which these branches bear to each other and to the other sciences:—

‘ If we compare, on one hand, the calculus, and on the other hand geometry and mechanics, we shall verify, in relation to the two principal sections of mathematics, viz. *abstract* and *concrete*, all the essential characters of our Encyclopedic arrangement. Analytical ideas are evidently more abstract, more general, and more simple than geometrical or mechanical ideas. Though the principal conceptions of mathematical analysis, viewed historically, were formed under the influence of geometrical or mechanical considerations, with the advancement of which sciences the progress of the calculus has been closely connected, yet analysis is not the less, in a logical point of view, essentially independent of geometry and mechanics, whilst the latter, on the contrary, are necessarily founded on the first. Mathematical analysis is, therefore, the true rational basis of the whole system of our positive knowledge. It constitutes the first and the most perfect of all the fundamental sciences. The ideas with which it is conversant are the most universal, the most abstract, and the most simple which we can conceive; and were we to try to go farther under these three equivalent relations, we should inevitably fall into metaphysical reveries. This, therefore, being the proper character of mathematical analysis, we can easily explain why, when it is suitably employed, it holds out to us such powerful means, not only to give more precision to our real knowledge, but also to establish an infinitely more perfect co-ordination in the study of the phenomena to which it is applied. As a single analytical question, abstractly resolved, contains the implicit solution of a crowd of physical questions, the mind is led to perceive, with the greatest facility, the relation between phenomena which appear at first wholly insulated, and from which we can easily deduce whatever is common to them all. It is thus that in the solution of important questions in geometry and mechanics, we see springing up naturally, by the aid of analysis, the most unexpected relations between

problems, which, though they present at first no apparent connexion, are often found to be identical. Who, for example, could, without the aid of analysis, perceive the least analogy between the determination of the direction of a curve at each of its points, and that of the velocity acquired at each instant of its varied motion? questions which, however different they may be, are but one in the eyes of a geometer.'

After discussing the causes of the high relative perfection of mathematical analysis, and controverting the opinion of Condillac, that its supremacy is owing to the use of algebraic signs as an instrument of reasoning, he proceeds to show that it possesses by its nature a rigorous and logical universality; and he goes on to consider the great limitations by which, in consequence of our imperfect intelligence, its domain is singularly narrowed, in proportion as the phenomena become more complicated and numerous. In the leading branches of physics, it is often impracticable to reduce a question to one of numbers; so that it is only when the phenomena are of the most simple and general kind, that analysis can be successfully applied to natural philosophy. When we consider, indeed, that before such an application can be made, we must first discover precise relations between the quantities co-existing in the phenomenon which we are studying, before we can establish those equations which form the first step in our analytical enquiries, it is evident that it is only in *Inorganic Physics*, including astronomy, physics, and chemistry, that we can hope to apply the calculus with real advantage. *Organic Physics*, on the contrary, and probably some of the more complex portions of inorganic physics, are, as our author states, necessarily inaccessible to the calculus, in consequence of the extreme numerical variability of the corresponding phenomena. In the phenomena of living bodies, all idea of fixed numbers is wholly out of the question; so that any application of analysis to physiology, is an abuse of the former, and must lead to serious errors in the latter.

The case, however, is different with inorganic bodies. In all such bodies, as our author has observed, their different properties are almost invariable. Their physical properties—for example, their form, consistence, specific gravity, elasticity, &c.,—have such a remarkable numerical fixity, as to enable us to consider them in a mathematical point of view. In the chemical phenomena, however, of such bodies, the variations are more frequent, more extensive, and consequently more irregular; and even the doctrine of definite proportions has not yet acquired such a character as to admit of the application of mathematical analysis. The science of meteorology furnishes us with phenomena nearly as complex, and as little susceptible of the application of the calculus as that of physiology. 'It cannot be doubted,' as

M. Comte remarks, that 'each of the numerous agents which concur in the production of these phenomena, follow separately mathematical laws, though we are still ignorant of the greater number of them : but their multiplicity renders the observed effects as irregular in their variations, as if each cause had not been subject to any precise condition.'

But not only are we often unable to obtain fixed numerical results, even in the most special cases—the phenomena are often so complicated that, even when we shall have discovered the mathematical law, which each agent separately obeys, the corresponding problem may become absolutely insoluble, when a great number of conditions require to be combined; and hence it is that so little progress has been made in the effective study of the greater number of natural phenomena. In illustration of these views our author makes the following observations :—

'We know that the very simple phenomenon of the motion of a fluid in virtue of its gravity alone, through a given orifice, has not been completely solved when we wish to take into account all the essential circumstances. The same is true of the still more simple motion of a solid projectile through a resisting medium. Why is it, then, that mathematical analysis has adapted itself with such admirable success to the profound study of the celestial phenomena? It is just because, in spite of common appearances, they are much more simple than all others. The most complicated problem which they present—that of the modification produced in the motion of two bodies tending towards each other by their mutual gravitation, by the influence of a third acting on both in the same manner, is much less complex than the simplest terrestrial problem; and yet it presents such difficulties that the solutions of it are still only approximative. It is also obvious, in examining the subject more profoundly, that the great perfection to which solar astronomy has been brought by the application of mathematics, is owing to the circumstance of our having skilfully taken advantage of all the particular, and, so to speak, accidental facilities, which the special constitution of our planetary system presents for the solution of such problems. The planets, indeed, of which it is composed, are few in number, and have their masses very unequal, and much smaller than that of the sun; their forms are almost perfectly spherical, and their orbits are nearly circular, and slightly inclined to each other. Hence it results, from all these circumstances, that the perturbations are often very slight, and that in order to calculate them, it is commonly sufficient to take into account, concurrently with the action of the sun upon each, the influence of one other planet, capable, from its magnitude and proximity, of producing sensible derangements. But if, instead of such a state of things, our solar system had been composed of a greater number of planets concentrated into a smaller space, and nearly equal in mass,—if their orbits had presented very different inclinations and considerable eccentricities,—if these bodies had been of a more complicated form, very eccentric ellipsoids, for example, it is certain that, supposing the same real law of gravitation, we should not even now have been able to submit the

study of the celestial phenomena to our mathematical analysis, and probably we should not have succeeded, even at present, in establishing the principal law. These hypothetical conditions would be found accurately realized, and that too in a high degree in chemical phenomena, were we to calculate them by the theory of general gravitation.'

From these admirable observations on the doctrine and application of mathematical analysis, of which we have given a very brief and imperfect notice, M. Comte proceeds to a detailed account of the history and the present state of the various branches of mathematics, following the arrangement which we have already indicated; but though we were anxious to have submitted to our readers some specimens of the fine reasoning and beautiful generalizations which distinguish this part of the work, our narrow limits force us to proceed to the more popular topics of astronomy and physics.

After defining astronomy to be the science which has for its object the discovery of the laws of the geometrical and the mechanical phenomena of the heavenly bodies, our author subdivides it into *solar* and *sidereal*; and considers the former, or that which relates to the *solar system*, as the only branch which is entitled to the name of *positive*. Our knowledge of sidereal astronomy is at present extremely limited; and though it may be considerably extended in reference to the relative motions of multiple stars which form part of the group to which our own system belongs, yet it must ever remain a comparatively imperfect branch of the science.

In estimating the rank which astronomy holds among the natural sciences, our author submits to his readers what he considers a new and very important philosophical law—namely, that in proportion as phenomena become more complex, they are at the same time susceptible, by their nature, of being explained, by more extended and varied methods, without there being an exact compensation between the increase of the difficulties, and the augmentation of the resources. Hence, he concludes, that as the phenomena of astronomy are the most simple, they ought to be those for which we have the fewest means of examination. That this is the case he shows in the following manner.

'Our art of observing consists, in general, of three different methods.

1. *Observation*, properly so called; that is, the direct examination of a phenomenon such as it naturally appears to us;
2. *Experiment*, or the contemplation of a phenomenon more or less modified by artificial circumstances, which we institute expressly for the purposes of examination; and,
3. *Comparison*, or the gradual comparison of a series of analogous cases, in which the phenomenon is more and more simplified.

The science of organized bodies which studies phenomena of the most

difficult access, is also the only one which really permits us to employ all these three methods of research. Astronomy, on the contrary, is necessarily limited to the first. Experiment is obviously impossible; and with regard to comparison, it could only exist, if we were able to observe directly several solar systems. Observation, therefore, *only* remains, and even it is reduced to the least possible extent; as it can be carried on solely by one of our senses. To measure angles, and to reckon time, are the only means by which our understanding can proceed to the discovery of astronomical laws. But these means are the only ones which are required for observing geometrical and mechanical phenomena—magnitudes and motions. From this, however, we ought to infer that, among all the branches of natural philosophy, astronomy is that in which direct observation, however indispensable it be, is, by itself, the least significative, and in which the reasoning part is incomparably the greatest. Nothing truly interesting is ever decided by simple inspection, contrary to what takes place in physics, chemistry, physiology, &c. We may say, indeed, without exaggeration, that the phenomena, however real they be, are for the most part essentially constructed by our understandings; for we are not able to *see* immediately the figure of the earth, nor the curve described by a planet, nor even the daily motion of the heavens: our mind alone can form these different notions in combining, by processes of reasoning, often very long and very complex, insulated sensations, the incoherence of which would, without this, have rendered them almost entirely insignificant.

Hence M. Comte concludes that astronomy is justly entitled to the rank which it has unanimously received of being placed at the head of the sciences, and which it owes to the perfection of its scientific character, and to the preponderating importance of the laws which it unveils. But it is not only to this pre-eminence that he considers it entitled. He regards the general laws of the planetary motions as the first foundation of the whole system of positive knowledge, not excepting even Social Physics, whereas astronomy itself is independent of every other science but that of mathematics.

After illustrating the fundamental axiom that *all science has for its object prediction*,—by which it is distinguished from simple crudition, which relates only to events that have been accomplished,—our author points out the advantages of astronomy in dissipating those absurd prejudices and superstitious terrors which the phenomena of eclipses and comets used to foster and inspire; but instead of confining his remarks within the limits which naturally belong to such a discussion, he digresses into those painful and groundless observations, to which we have already been obliged to refer. The stream of his eloquence, however, soon resumes its purity, and we follow him with delight through one of the finest surveys of astronomical truth that has ever been composed.

From the methods of observation employed in this science he passes to general views respecting the elementary geometrical phenomena of the heavenly bodies. He discusses, in a general manner, the interesting problem of the earth's motion. He treats of the laws of Kepler, the finest effort of human genius, and points out their application to the geometrical study of the celestial motions. He then proceeds to give some fundamental views on the law of gravitation, and treats in successive lectures the important topics of celestial statics and dynamics; and he concludes his subject with general considerations on sidereal astronomy, and on positive cosmogony. We could have wished to place before our readers some specimens of our author's manner of treating these difficult and deeply interesting topics—of his simple, yet powerful eloquence—of his enthusiastic admiration of intellectual superiority—of his accuracy as a historian, his honesty as a judge, and of his absolute freedom from all personal and national feelings. On every subject, save that on which we have already placed a mark, the reader feels that he is conducted through the labyrinths of astronomical discovery by a safe and skilful guide, who has himself traced its windings and marked its ambiguities; and the philosopher who has grown hoary in the service of science longs for the advantage of such a historian to record his labours, and of such an arbiter to appreciate their value. Confined, however, as our limits are, we must give our readers a brief account of M. Comte's Lectures on sidereal astronomy and positive cosmogony.

Although our author has distinguished *sidereal* from *solar* astronomy as a branch of the science, respecting which we are not likely to acquire much positive knowledge, yet he has so judiciously put together its scanty materials, and so distinctly separated what is positive from what is probable, that the mind clearly apprehends not only what astronomers have achieved in this remote domain, but also all that we may expect them to achieve for centuries to come. In order that our readers may duly appreciate the talent of our author as the historian of science, we shall submit to them the whole of what Mr Whewell has written on the very same subject, viz. the body of his section, entitled, *Discovery of the Laws of Double Stars*.\*

\* If the stars were each insulated from the rest, as our sun appears to be from them, we should have been quite unable to answer this inquiry, Do the fixed stars obey the law of gravitation? But among the stars *there are some which are called double, and which consist of two stars*, so near to each other, that the telescope alone can sepa-

\* *Hist. of the Inductive Sciences*, vol. ii. p. 262.

rate them. The elder Herschel diligently observed and *measured such stars*; and, as has often happened in astronomical history, pursuing one object he fell in with another. Supposing *such pairs* to be really unconnected, he wished to learn, from their phenomena, something respecting the annual parallax of the earth's orbit. But in the course of twenty years' observations he made the discovery (in 1803) *that these couples were turning round each other* with various velocities. These revolutions were, for the most part, so slow, that he was obliged to leave their complete determination as an inheritance to the next generation. His son was not careless of the bequest, and after having added an enormous mass of observations to those of his father, he applied himself to determine the laws of these revolutions. A problem so obvious and so tempting was attacked also by others, as Savary and Encke, in 1830 and 1832, with the resources of analysis. But a problem in which the data are so minute and inevitably imperfect, required the mathematician to employ much judgment as well as skill in using and combining these data; and Herschel, by employing positions only of the line joining *the pair of stars*, to the exclusion of their distances, and by inventing a method which introduced the whole body of observations, and not selected ones only, into the determination of the motion, has made his investigations by far the most satisfactory of those which have appeared. The result is, *that it has been rendered very probable that the double stars describe ellipses about each other*; and, therefore, that here also, at an immeasurable distance from our system, the law of attraction, according to the inverse square, prevails. And, according to the practice of astronomers, when a law has been established, tables have been calculated for the future motions; and we have ephemerides of the revolutions of suns round each other in a region so remote, that the whole circle of our earth's orbit, if placed there, would be imperceptible by our strongest telescopes. The permanent comparison of the observed with the predicted motions, continued for more than one revolution, is the severe and decisive test of the truth of *the theory*; and the result of this test astronomers are *now awaiting*.

'The verifications of Newton's discoveries were sufficient employment for the last century; the first step in the extension of them belongs to this century. We cannot at present foresee the magnitude of this task, but every one must feel that the law of gravitation, before verified in all the particles of our own system, and *now extended to the all but infinite distance of the fixed stars, presses upon our minds with irresistible evidence as a universal law of the whole material creation*.'

That the preceding view is not only barren of information, but vague in its conceptions, as well as incorrect in its statements, will be admitted by every astronomer. The reader is led to believe that the *thousands* of double stars which have been discovered are *all binary systems*, whose motions have been determined; whereas the great body of them are merely two stars lying accidentally in the same direction as seen from our system. He learns nothing respecting the phenomena



exhibited by a binary system,—the peculiar nature and delicacy of the requisite observations,—the uncertainty of the results, or the lengths of the periods of revolution which characterise each of the systems that have been really established. He is told, indeed, that Sir W. Herschel diligently observed and *measured such stars*, but unless he be an astronomer, he cannot tell what *measuring a double star* means. He learns that Savary and Encke attacked the problem analytically, but the result of the attack is withheld. He reads that Sir John Herschel invented a *method* (which is also concealed), but which renders it *very probable* that *the double stars describe ellipses round each other*, and that the law of solar attraction prevails at an immeasurable distance from our system.

Now, supposing the reader to have so little curiosity as to rest satisfied with a result deduced from phenomena and measurements and methods which have not even been named, we defy him to understand what the result actually means *that the double stars describe ellipses about each other!* We may suppose that one double star or binary system describes an ellipse round another double star, or binary system; or that, while the smaller star describes an ellipse around the greater star, the greater describes an ellipse round the smaller star; but he will never find out, unless by appealing to an elementary work, that the smaller describes an ellipse round the greater star supposed to be at rest in one of the foci of that ellipse.

Having at last reached the truth, and admired the deduction from it that the law of terrestrial gravity extends to such double stars, he becomes anxious to appreciate the evidence for a conclusion so pregnant with interest. Mr Whewell at first tells him that the elliptical motion on which it rests is *very probable*. He then describes the conclusion as a *theory*, the proof of which astronomers are *now awaiting*; and finally, he reaches the climax of certainty by declaring that every one must feel that the law of gravitation, *now extended* to the fixed stars, '*presses upon our minds with irresistible evidence as a universal law of the whole material creation.*'

From these flying commentaries on sidereal astronomy we shall proceed to the learned and philosophical discussion of the subject by M. Comte. After mentioning that out of more than 3000 multiple stars, almost all of which are double, there are only a few whose relative motions, as the elements of a binary system, are irrefragably established, he points out the probability that the great body of what are called double stars do not form binary systems; and concludes that the only study really positive which we can recognise in sidereal astronomy, 'is that of the

‘well established relative motions of certain double stars, whose number does not exceed *seven or eight*.’ But even with respect to the orbits of these stars, our knowledge can never be compared with that which we possess of the orbits of our own planets; because the apparent *radii vectores* are so small, that an error in such delicate measures may perhaps amount in general to a *fourth* or even to a *third* of their total value. The same observation applies to the periodic times when they have not been directly observed, which hitherto has always been the case. ‘It is hence,’ says our author, ‘very difficult to conceive how these studies can ever acquire that exactness which will furnish a base sufficiently solid for dynamical conclusions that are truly *irresistible*; so as to demonstrate, for example, the effective extension of the theory of gravitation to the mutual action of the two elements of a double star, which would besides be *very far from establishing the rigorous universality of that theory*.’ From these general remarks our author proceeds to sum up the amount of our positive knowledge in sidereal astronomy.

‘The seven orbits,’ says he, ‘of double stars hitherto established, and the first of which is due to the labours of M. Savary, present in general very considerable eccentricities, the least of which is almost *double* and the *greatest, quadruple* of the greatest eccentricity of our planetary orbits. With regard to their periodic times the shortest exceeds a little *forty years*, and the longest *six hundred years*. Besides, the eccentricity and the duration of the revolution do not appear to have any fixed relation to each other; and neither the one nor the other seems otherwise to depend on the angular distance of the two elements of the corresponding couples. \* \* \* While the linear distances of these stars from the earth, and consequently from each other, are unknown, the preceding notions cannot have any great importance, nor perhaps even sufficient solidity. If these distances, however, should yet become known, we might easily obtain a value of the masses of the corresponding couples on the supposition that the law of gravity was legitimately applicable to them. \* \* \* The quantity thus determined by which the secondary star would tend to fall in a given time towards the principal one, being compared with the fall of bodies at the surface of the earth, previously reduced to the same distance according to the ordinary law, would immediately give us the value of the ratio between the mass of the couple and that of the earth. But the repartition of this total mass between its two elements would evidently be still uncertain; since it is very possible that it may be effected in a manner much less unequal than between our planets and their satellites. This last consideration throws over the whole of the subject a new degree of uncertainty. For if the masses of the two elements of each stellar couple differ so little compared to their distance and their magnitude, that the centre of gravity of the system deviates sensibly from the principal star, it is to this unknown centre that we must necessarily refer the observed motions; and then what accurate dynamical conclusion could we draw

*from elliptic orbits round the larger star as their focus, even if they were rigorously determined ?'*

Our author then proceeds to explain the ingenious method conceived by M. Savary for determining within certain limits the distances of some of the double stars from our earth or sun,—a method which he regards as constituting the only scientific conception in sidereal astronomy; being independent of every hypothesis respecting the exact form of the orbits of double stars, and the extension of the theory of gravity. It is necessary only to admit that the orbits are symmetrical relative to their longest diameter; and that the lesser star moves with the same velocity at two points equi-distant from the greater star. Like the general theory of aberration, this method is founded on the fact that the velocity of light is accurately known, with this difference only, that in the case of aberration we are occupied with an error of place, whereas here we consider an error of time.

'Let us conceive,' says M. Comte, 'a stellar orbit whose smaller axis is situated perpendicularly to the visual ray drawn from the sun or the earth, which may here be confounded. If the same were true of the greater axis, and, consequently, of the plane of the orbit, the two halves of the revolution which the lesser star really performs in times exactly equal, would obviously still appear of equal duration, however slow the propagation of light might be at each position. But this would no longer be the case when the plane of the orbit is greatly inclined to the visual ray; unless when the ray lay in that plane, in which case the fundamental observation becomes impossible. In this case, the duration of the semi-revolution corresponding to the half of the curve where the star moves towards us, ought to appear less than it is in reality; and that relative to the half when the star moves farther and farther from us will appear, on the contrary, to be augmented, in consequence of the difference of the times that light ought to employ in reaching us from the two points of the orbit which are most unequally distant from the earth. Hence though the total periodic time ought not to be changed, the two halves of the revolution will not have exactly the same apparent duration; and if their inequality could be well observed, it would enable us immediately to determine, from the real velocity of light, the true difference between the distances of the earth from the two extreme points of the orbit. Consequently, this difference will evidently become a sufficient geometrical base for estimating, with a corresponding approximation, the linear dimensions of the orbit, and its true distance from the earth; its inclination and its true angular extent being otherwise previously given.\* Every thing is then reduced to the determination of

\* This method has been distinctly explained by M. Arago in his Notice on Double Stars annexed to the *Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes* for 1834.

an appreciable inequality between the duration of two semi-revolutions; but it is indispensable that this appreciation be made from the effective observation of an entire revolution, so that its accuracy may not depend on any hypothesis respecting the geometrical nature of the stellar orbit, or the law relative to the velocity with which the star describes it.\* \* \* Until experience has determined it, we cannot say whether or not the radii of the stellar orbits have such a relation to their distances that we can perceive a sensible difference between the two halves of their periodic times. \* \* \* Every second of error in the periodic time, which probably can never be determined within several days, tends to introduce an error of at least 32,000 myriametres in the value of the distance required; so that the method, as its inventor has stated, is only capable of determining a *maximum* and a *minimum*, probably very remote from each other. But in spite of its necessary imperfection, it possesses the deep interest of holding out the hope of obtaining, some time or other, a certain approximation with regard to several of those distances which have a coarse inferior limit common to the innumerable stars which the heavens present to us.'

From these interesting views of sidereal astronomy, our author proceeds to give an account of the cosmogony of Laplace,—a portion of modern theory omitted by Mr Whewell,—but which, when restricted to our own planetary system, M. Comte regards not only as the most plausible which has ever been proposed, but as susceptible of a mathematical verification which its illustrious author had not ventured to anticipate. The object of this ingenious hypothesis, to which we have already had occasion to refer, is to explain, by the agency of heat and gravity, the general circumstances which characterise the constitution of our solar system; namely, the identity in the direction of all the annual and diurnal motions of the planets and their satellites from west to east; the small eccentricity of all their orbits, and the slight deviation of their planes compared with that of the solar equator.

'The cosmogony of Laplace,' says our author, 'consists in forming the planets by the gradual condensation of the solar atmosphere, supposed to have been primitively extended by the action of extreme heat to the limits of our system, and to have been successively contracted by cooling. It rests on two incontestable mathematical considerations. The first concerns the necessary relation which exists, in conformity with the fundamental theory of rotations, and especially the general theorem of areas, between the successive dilatations or contractions of any body (including in this its atmosphere, which is inseparable from it), and the duration of its rotation, which ought to be accelerated when the dimensions diminish, or become slower when they increase, so that the angular and linear variations, which the sum of the areas tend to experience, may be exactly compensated. The second consideration relates to the connexion, no less evident, between the angular velocity of the sun's rotation and the possible extent of his atmosphere; the mathe-

tical limit of which is inevitably at the distance where the centrifugal force due to that rotation becomes equal to the corresponding gravity ; so that if by any cause whatever a part of this atmosphere should come to be placed beyond such a limit, it would soon even cease to belong to the sun, though it ought to continue to revolve round him with a velocity corresponding to the moment of separation, but without participating any more in the ulterior modifications which will take place in the solar rotation by the progress of cooling.

Hence we may easily conceive how the mathematical limit of the sun's atmosphere ought to diminish without ceasing, for the parts situated in the solar equator, in proportion as the cooling has made the rotation more rapid. This atmosphere, therefore, must successively abandon in the plane of this equator different gaseous zones situated a little beyond the corresponding limits, which will constitute the first state of our planets. The same mode of formation will evidently apply to the different satellites, by means of the atmospheres of their respective planets. Our stars being thus once detached from the solar mass, may afterwards become fluid, and finally solid, by the continued progress of their own proper cooling, without being affected with the new changes which the atmosphere and rotation of the sun may have experienced. But the irregularity of this cooling, and the unequal density of the different parts of each planet, ought naturally, during these transformations, to change almost always the primitive annular form which would not subsist without alteration, but in the solitary case of the singular satellites with which Saturn is immediately surrounded. Most frequently the preponderance of a portion of the gaseous zone ought to reunite gradually, by the way of absorption round this nucleus, the entire mass of the ring ; and the star ought thus to assume a spheroidal figure, with a motion of rotation, in the same direction as the translation on account of the excess of the necessary velocity of the superior molecules with respect to the inferior ones.

This ingenious hypothesis, while it affords a rational explanation of all the general phenomena exhibited in the solar system, assigns a plausible origin to that primitive impulsion belonging to each planet, which has hitherto embarrassed the fundamental conception of the celestial motions ; and as our author has for the first time remarked, it follows from the hypothesis, that the creation of the different parts of the solar system has been necessarily successive ; those planets being the most ancient which are farthest from the sun, and the same law being observed in each of them with respect to their different satellites,—all of which are more modern than their corresponding primaries.

After making the just remark, that we may yet be able to perfect this chronological arrangement, in so far at least as to assign within certain limits the number of centuries which have elapsed since each formation, our author proceeds to the bold attempt to give a real mathematical consistency to the cosmogony

which we have now described. In order to do this, he tried to discover an aspect in which it would admit of some *numerical verification*,—an indispensable criterion, as he remarks, of every hypothesis relative to astronomical phenomena; and in discovering a class of numerical elements which should harmonize with the necessary results of the theory, he found it requisite to limit himself, at least in the first instance, to the consideration of the motions of translation, which are much more susceptible of an exact analysis than the rotations of the planets, of which we know so little.

The fundamental principle of this verification consists, as our author remarks, in this, that the periodic time of each star that is formed must necessarily be equal to that of the star from which it is formed, at the time when its atmosphere extended to that point of space. Hence the problem to be solved is this—What was the duration of the rotation of the sun when the mathematical limit of his atmosphere extended to the different planets. By combining Huygen's theorems for central forces with the law of gravitation, our author established a simple fundamental equation between the duration of the rotations of the producing star, and the distance of the star produced; the constants of this equation being the radius of the central star, and the intensity of gravity at its surface, which is a direct consequence of its mass.

'This equation,' our author observes, 'leads immediately to the third great law of Kepler, which, independent of its dynamical interpretation, thus becomes susceptible of being conceived *a priori* in a cosmogonical point of view. At the same time, the fundamental harmony of different revolutions seems to be thus completed; for though the law of Kepler clearly explained why, when the periodic time and mean distance of one star were given, another star should revolve in a period corresponding to its distance, it did not establish any necessary relation between the position and the velocity of each body considered by itself. Our principle, however, tends to establish a general law between the different initial velocities, which, in celestial mechanics, have been hitherto treated as essentially arbitrary.'

The first application which M. Comte made of his equation, and with the result of which he was much struck, was to the moon, whose actual periodic time agrees within less than the tenth of a day with the duration which the revolution of the earth ought to have had at the time when the lunar distance formed the limit of our atmosphere. The coincidence he found to be less accurate, though still very striking in every other case. In the case of the planets he obtained, from the duration of the corresponding solar rotations, a value always a little less than

their real periodic times. It is remarkable, as he observes, that this duration, though increasing as the planet is more distant, preserves, nevertheless, very nearly the same relation to the corresponding periodic time, of which it commonly forms the *forty-fifth* part. This *defect* changes to an *excess* in the different systems of the satellites, where it is proportionably greater than in the planets, and unequal in different systems. From the whole of the comparisons of his formula with the periods of the primary and secondary planets, our author deduces the following general result:—*Supposing the mathematical limit of the solar atmosphere successively extended to the regions where the different planets are now found, the duration of the sun's rotation was, at each of these epochs, sensibly equal to that of the actual sidereal revolution of the corresponding planet; and the same is true, for each planetary atmosphere in relation to the different satellites.*

Although this correspondence between the hypothesis and the present state of the solar system is extremely remarkable, yet our author by no means regards it as a demonstration of Laplace's cosmogony. He looks forward, however, to the possibility of deriving from it the diurnal rotations of the different planets, which have no apparent relation to each other, notwithstanding the probability that some law actually connects them. The slight deviations between the periodic times of the planets and those indicated by our author's principle, he ingeniously employs as a base for determining, with a certain degree of approximation, the epochs when the different planets were formed. If the periodic times had coincided, and the primitive ones suffered no change, no such attempt could have been made. The increase of eight days, for example, which, according to this cosmogony, our sidereal year must have experienced since the separation of the earth, will allow us to fix, within limits more or less remote, the date of that event, if the influence of the disturbing causes which produced that change should ever be sufficiently known; and this consideration becomes more rational, as the deviation increases in the planets that are more remote and more ancient.

By the same general views our author is led to the conclusion, that our world is now as complete as it can be; because the effective extent of each atmosphere is actually below the mathematical limit which results from the corresponding rotation, so that any new formation is absolutely impossible. Hence, he concludes, that our system is now as stable, in a cosmogonical point of view, as it is in a mechanical one. But, notwithstanding this coincidence, neither of these kinds of stability can be regarded as absolute. By the continued resistance of the general medium

with which space is occupied, our globe must inevitably return to the solar atmosphere from which it emanated; till, by a new dilatation of the central mass, it is again thrown off, to pass through the same career of change which it had previously undergone.

These views of the origin and destiny of the various systems of worlds which fill the immensity of space, break upon the mind with all the interest of novelty, and all the brightness of truth. Appealing to our imagination by their grandeur, and to our reason by the severe principles of science on which they rest, the mind feels as if a revelation had been vouchsafed to it of the past and future history of the universe. In regarding every planet of every system as necessarily thrown off from a central sun, and again deposited on its burning nucleus, we recognise the probable cause of many sidereal phenomena, which have hitherto been objects of perplexity and wonder. The consolidation of luminous matter into brilliant centres;—the changes which take place in nebulae and clusters of stars; the sudden appearance of brilliant stars, and the equally sudden extinction of others,—are all epochs in the ever-changing cycles of the universe. Nor do these speculations at all interfere with those more cherished opinions which rest on the convictions of reason and conscience, and which faith and hope have combined to consecrate. The loftiest doctrines of natural theology appeal to us with more irresistible force when science carries us back to the Great First Cause, and points out to us, in the atmosphere of the sun, all the elements of planetary worlds so mysteriously commingled. In considering our own globe as having its origin in a gaseous zone, thrown off by the rapidity of the solar rotation, and as consolidated by cooling from the chaos of its elements, we confirm rather than oppose the Mosaic cosmogony, whether allegorically or literally interpreted. The succession of geological changes, too, which modern science has established, and the continued refrigeration of our globe from a state of incandescence, are equally consistent with the cosmogony which we have explained; and when we read in Holy Writ, that the heavens shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt in fervent heat, we anticipate the conclusion of that mighty cycle, when our planet shall be reunited with the sun, and engulfed in its devouring furnace.

In the grandeur and universality of these views, we forget the insignificant beings which occupy and disturb the planetary domains. Life in all its forms, in all its restlessness, and in all its pageantry, disappears in the magnitude and remoteness of the perspective. The excited mind sees only the gorgeous fabric of the universe, recognises only its Divine architect, and ponders but on its cycles of glory and desolation. If the pride of man is



ever to be mocked, or his vanity mortified, or his selfishness rebuked, it is under the influence of these studies that he will learn humility, and meekness, and charity.

Before proceeding to the separate examination of the physical sciences, our author details, in his twenty-eighth Lecture, of nearly eighty pages, his general views, under the title of *Philosophical Considerations on the Physical Sciences*. After stating that this second fundamental branch of Natural Philosophy did not begin to assume a positive character, by disengaging itself from Metaphysics, till Galileo had made his splendid discoveries respecting the fall of heavy bodies, he endeavours to draw a distinct line of demarcation between *Physics* and *Chemistry*. Regarding these divisions of science as having for their united object *the knowledge of the general laws of the inorganic world*, he distinguishes them by *three* general considerations, each of which is perhaps insufficient when taken singly. The *first* of these is the *necessary generality of physical, and the necessary speciality of chemical researches*. The *second*, which he considers as less important than the first, is that *the phenomena are always related to masses in physics, and to molecules in Chemistry*. The *third*, which he regards as the most definite, is that in *physical phenomena the constitution of the body, or the mode of arrangement of its particles, may be changed, though most frequently it is essentially untouched; but its nature, that is, the composition of its molecules, remains constantly unalterable; while in chemical phenomena there is not only always a change of state with respect to one of the bodies, but the mutual actions of these bodies necessarily change their nature*, and it is indeed this change which constitutes the phenomenon. This last consideration is so well founded, as M. Comte observes, that it would still preserve its distinctive character, even if all chemical phenomena should be found to depend on physical agencies. For it would still be necessarily true, that in a chemical fact there would always be something more than in a physical one, namely, the characteristic change in the molecular composition of the body, and consequently in all its properties. Hence he defines physics as that science in which *we study the laws which govern the general properties of bodies, generally viewed in the mass, and constantly placed in circumstances susceptible of preserving untouched the composition of their molecules, and even most commonly the state of their aggregation*. And in order to complete the definition, he adds, that the ultimate object of physical theories is to *predict, as exactly as possible, all the phenomena which a body will present when placed in any given circumstances*.

From these general views, it would be natural to conclude that

the physical sciences in which bodies are accessible to all our senses, must be more complicated, and in a less advanced state than astronomy, where the bodies can be viewed only under two very simple aspects, namely, their forms and their motions. But as this increased complication may be compensated by increased means of investigation, this consideration leads our author to the application of his philosophical law, *that in proportion as phenomena become more complicated, they are capable of being examined under a greater number of relations*.

In astronomy, our art of observing is limited to the use of the single sense of sight; but in physics, all our senses may be employed to discover and compare the properties of bodies. Even with these powerful auxiliaries, however, we should make but little progress in physical research, if we did not possess another powerful instrument of investigation. This instrument is *experiment*, by means of which we observe bodies out of their natural state; by placing them in artificial aspects and conditions contrived for the purpose of exhibiting to us, under the most favourable circumstances, their phenomena and their properties.

After pointing out the relative power of experimental inquiry in physiology, chemistry, and physics, our author makes the following admirable observations on the use of mathematical analysis in physical researches.

‘ After the rational use of experimental methods, the principal basis for the improvement of physics arises from the more or less complete application of mathematical analysis. It is here that the actual domain of this analysis in natural philosophy terminates; and we shall see how chimerical it would be to expect that its empire should ever extend farther with any real efficacy, even if we limit it to chemical phenomena. The fixity and simplicity of physical phenomena, ought naturally to permit an extensive application of the mathematical instrument; though it is much less adapted to them than to astronomical studies. This application may be either direct or indirect. The first takes place when the immediate consideration of phenomena allows us to recognise in them a fundamental numerical law which becomes the basis of a series, more or less prolonged, of analytical deductions; as has been so distinctly seen when the celebrated Fourier created his fine mathematical theory of the repartition of heat, founded wholly on the principle of thermological action between two bodies proportional to the difference of their temperatures. On the other hand, however, mathematical analysis introduces itself only indirectly, that is, after the phenomena have been first brought, by an experimental inquiry, more or less difficult, to some geometrical or mechanical laws, and then it is not properly to physics that analysis applies itself, but to geometry or mechanics. Among other examples, in a geometrical point of view, we may mention the theories of reflection and refraction, and in a mechanical point of view, the study of gravity and that of part of acoustics.

' But whether the introduction of analysis be mediate or immediate, it is of essential consequence that it be employed with extreme circumspection, after having severely scrutinized the reality of the first step, which can alone establish the solidity of the deduction; and that the genuine spirit of physics shall unceasingly direct this powerful instrument. It must be admitted that these conditions have been rarely fulfilled in an adequate manner by geometers, who most frequently mistaking the means for the end, have embarrassed physics with a multitude of analytical labours, founded on hypotheses very hazardous, or in conceptions entirely chimerical; and in which sound minds can see only mathematical exercises of great abstract value, but in no way calculated to advance the progress of physics. The unjust contempt which the predominance of analysis has too frequently called down upon studies purely experimental, has a tendency to displace physics from its indispensable foundations; and to drive it back to a state of uncertainty and obscurity very little removed from its former metaphysical state. Natural philosophers have therefore no other remedy for these evils than to become themselves good enough geometers to direct the use of the analytical instrument, as they do that of the other apparatus which they employ; instead of abandoning the application of it to minds which have commonly no distinct and profound idea of the phenomena, to the investigation of which they apply it.'

Notwithstanding these observations, our author pays a willing homage to the great services which mathematics have conferred on physics, but he most properly recommends a change in the preliminary education of experimental philosophers; and as he regards the art of intimately uniting analysis and experiment without making the one predominate over the other, as one almost wholly unknown, he considers it as the last fundamental step of the method which is necessary for the profound study of physics.

After determining the place which *physics* should occupy in the scale of the fundamental sciences, and pointing out its great value as a general instrument of intellectual education, he proceeds to treat of the *rational formation and the true use of hypotheses*,—a task in which he is aware that he must array himself against the opinions, and run counter to the preconceptions of the great body of natural philosophers.

Our readers may remember that we, some time ago,\* ventured to open the trenches in this war of innovation; and it is with much satisfaction that we hail the assistance of so powerful an auxiliary as M. Comte. Under the head of the *Fundamental Theory of Hypotheses*, he states that there are only two general

\* See this *Journal*, No. CXXXIII. p. 125, note.

methods of developing, in a direct and rational manner, the real law of any phenomenon; or its exact and immediate relation to some more general law previously established—namely *induction* and *deduction*. But even in the case of the most simple phenomena, these methods would prove insufficient were we not often to anticipate the results by making some *provisional supposition*, at first essentially conjectural, with respect to some of the notions which constitute the final object of research. Hence, says our author, *the introduction of hypotheses into natural philosophy is strictly indispensable*. But in employing this artifice such hypotheses only are to be admitted as relate to the laws of phenomena, and are susceptible by their nature of a positive verification. Hence he excludes, as utterly chimerical and inadmissible, all those hypotheses which assume the existence of calorific or luminiferous ethers; or of those invisible, intangible, and imponderable fluids by which the phenomena of light, heat, magnetism, electricity, and galvanism have been explained; and he pronounces *those hypotheses only to be scientific which bear exclusively on the laws of phenomena, and never on their modes of production*—a decision which we cannot admit without great modifications. The luminiferous ethers and the electric fluids he places on the same level with the elementary spirits of Paracelsus; he expresses his surprise that their abettors do not believe in genii and guardian angels; and in mentioning the idea of a *sonorous fluid*, proposed by the illustrious Lamarek, he observes, that it has no other fault than that of having been proposed after acoustics had been fully constituted, and that if it had been created in the infancy of the science, it might probably have had the same good fortune as the hypotheses respecting heat, light, and electricity.

After arranging the physical sciences in the following order, *Barology, Thermology, Acoustics, Optics, and Electrology*, our author proceeds, in separate Lectures, to give a general view of each of these sciences. These Lectures are marked with the same sagacity which characterises every portion of his work, and contain many valuable discussions, and much interesting information. We must confess, however, that we have not perused with any degree of satisfaction our author's Lecture on optics. It is a meagre abstract both of the early and the recent history of the science, and passes over in a superficial notice, and without any adequate praise, the splendid discoveries of his own distinguished countrymen.\* Although many just and sagacious observations are scattered through this Lecture, yet we are

\* Malus, Arago, Biot, and Fresnel.

strongly impressed with the conviction that our author is but imperfectly acquainted with the recent acquisitions which the science has made; and this opinion is confirmed by his repeated denunciations of the undulatory theory as an assumption utterly fantastical, and calculated only to check the progress of legitimate discovery.

This grave error, which we should not have expected from so sound a reasoner, appears to originate from two causes—from his excluding all hypotheses as unscientific which bear on ‘the mode of production of phenomena,’ and from his not being aware of the actual power of the undulatory theory in *predicting* as well as in explaining phenomena. The hypotheses which our author condemns may be arranged in three classes—those which serve no other purpose than that of an artificial memory to groupe and recall insulated facts; those which afford an explanation of facts otherwise unintelligible without making any assumption incompatible with our positive knowledge; and those which to this condition unite the still more important one of being able to *predict* new facts, and extend by real discoveries the bounds of our positive knowledge.

The first of these classes of hypotheses is a very humble one; but even in its simply *mnemonic* character we are not disposed to reject its aid. Though it can neither *explain* nor *predict* phenomena, it may direct the enquirer, and even lead to discovery. If in beating the bush which has no foliage we occasionally start the noblest game—the very act of putting the most unpromising speculation to the ordeal of experiment may sometimes confound error, or elicit truth:—By pursuing even the track of the mole we may discover the mine which is to be sprung beneath our feet. The same observations are applicable *a fortiori* to the *second* class of hypotheses, and still more emphatically to the *third*, which claims the transcendent merit of predicting new phenomena.

Now, though the undulatory theory does assume an *ether*, invisible, intangible, imponderable, inseparable from all bodies, and extending from our own eye to the remotest verge of the starry heavens; yet, as the expounder of phenomena the most complex, and otherwise inexplicable; and as the predictor of highly important facts, it must contain among its assumptions (though, as a physical theory, it may still be false) some principle which is inherent in, and inseparable from, the real producing cause of the phenomena of light; and to this extent it is worthy of our adoption as a valuable instrument of discovery, and of our admiration as an ingenious and fertile philosophical conception.

The hostility and strong feeling of contempt with which M. Comte delights to speak of this theory, and contrast it with the thermological researches of Baron Fourier,\* may have been excited by those extreme eulogies, which have been pronounced upon it in this country. When a philosopher of the Cambridge school not only announces the undulatory theory as a reality, and capable of explaining all the varied phenomena of light, but calls upon us to praise God for having created the luminiferous ether, it is scarcely to be wondered at that men more cautious in their judgments should be driven into the opposite extreme by such ludicrous extravagancies.

In such scientific collisions, however, the direct interests of truth are too often sacrificed to the impulses of ambition and vanity. He who regards the labyrinth of science as already traced, will not be disposed to follow out its windings; and he who thinks that it will lead to nothing will not enter cheerfully its most inviting paths. It was scarcely to have been expected that, in the era of positive knowledge, conflicting heresies like these should have sprung up amongst the physical sciences. In lamenting their existence, we must lament still more the unbecoming spirit in which they have been propagated. If they do not shake the Temple of Science, they cannot fail to disquiet its sanctuary. It is, however, some consolation that the leading combatants are not men who have added much to positive discovery; and that those who are destined to maintain the vestal fire on its altar are not likely to disturb the flame which has been fanned by themselves.

In the preceding sketch of the objects and methods of positive knowledge, we have viewed from a distance almost infinite the vast panorama of creation—in the foreground the worlds of the solar system—in the middle distance the binary creations of remote suns—and on the farthest verge of space the embryo systems of uncompleted worlds. In this survey of the universe the mind is alone occupied with the grand ideas of magnitude and distance. Unconscious even of its own being, every thing that thinks and breathes is excluded from its contemplation. Nature appears only in the lonely grandeur of her dumb and

\* If Baron Fourier had extended his enquiries to other properties of heat, such as its refrangibility and polarization, he would have been compelled to treat it either as radiant matter, or as the result of vibratory action.

inanimate creations; and no voice is heard save that which proclaims the power and glory of her King. Retiring within our own system, we feel ourselves at home amidst primary and secondary worlds. Our own planet and its humble attendant break upon our view. Its everlasting hills—its wide-spreading ocean—its empires—rise successively to the eye. The flood and field, the hill and valley of our youth—the habitations of man—life and all its glories—home and all its endearments—intrrench us again in the mysterious position from which our reason and our imagination had transported us. Overwhelmed with a painful sense of its own littleness, and learning in the very width of their range the weakness of its faculties, the Mind pants after new powers of thought and of action, and longs for the developement of that mighty plan which we ‘know but in part, and see but in part.’

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ART. II.—*Rheinsagen.* Von Dr Karl Simrock. (*Traditions of the Rhine.* By Dr Karl Simrock.) 12mo. Bonn: 1837.

WE look on this as the best Guide-book to the Rhine, at least for that description of visitors under which Sterne, in his classification of travellers has enrolled himself, viz. the Sentimental Traveller. For in this imaginative tour, which conducts us, from its prosaic termination among the flats of Holland to its Alpine source in Switzerland, we count our way not by leagues, but by legends; are occupied with old stories, instead of statistics; and flitting about from bank to bank under the steerage of fancy, forget the smoky realities of *eil-wagen* or the steam-boat. The picturesque traditions which connect themselves with the localities of the Rhine, most of which have been embodied either in rude popular songs or modern ballads, and many of them by poets of distinguished name, have been here collected in a single volume by Dr Simrock; and arranged, according to the localities to which they relate, from the Südersee to Ettiswyl. The idea is a natural one, and we could wish to see it imitated in a similar collection, embodying the best poetical versions, ancient or modern, of the traditions, either fabulous or historical, connected with the picturesque districts of our own country. Such a selection would be to many travellers at least as desirable a companion as Legh's Road-book. We must admit, however, that, in the numbers of our traditions at least, we should hardly attempt to contend with Dr Simrock. We doubt

much, whether the banks of the 'hoary Thames,' the 'winding 'Isis,' the 'wizard Dee,' the 'sullen Mole,' the 'silent Darent,' or other British streams not unknown to song,—even though their contributions to the stock of poetical tradition were united,—would afford so many as have fallen to the share of the German river. For in no spot in Europe, perhaps, has the past left its traces so visibly imprinted as along the valley of the Rhine; and no scenery is better calculated to inspire that poetical interest and enthusiasm which prompts the poet to embody those ancient memories in verse;—to separate the real beauties of natural sentiment which they contain from the vulgarities of expression, or the atrocities of incident with which they are alloyed or encumbered; and to present in an attractive and intelligible form, that deep meaning and moral significance which often lurks beneath the apparently childish garb of popular superstitions. The feudal system leaves its iron traces in the thousand and one ruins which overhang every ravine and valley—

‘ Now tenantless save to the crannyng wind,  
And holding dark communion with the cloud’—

and in the tales of alternate oppression and generosity, of cruelty or chivalrous honour which are found to linger in the vicinity of each of these sites. Watch-towers on the hills, or in the river, recall the days of Faust-recht, when the rich Burgher of Frankfort, as he descended to the fair of Cologne, reluctantly paid his 'black 'mail,' in passing the Rheinfels, once the property of the Church, but converted to the more secular purpose of a Raub-schloss or Robber's Nest, by Count Henry of Katzenellenbogen. Hermitages where warriors, ironhearted and ironhanded, had, like our own Guy of Warwick, sought an imaginary refuge from the troubles and temptations of life;—churches and minsters lifting their domes and spires into the sky,—speak to us of the power and the magnificence of the Church, and the strength and fervour of that religious principle which animated society, and often bent the rudest and most savage natures beneath its control. With the quaint, or, as some traveller calls them, 'old world' towns along its banks are associated the recollections of the growth of civic communities; their bold stand against feudal privileges and imperial power; the simplicity and the courage of their citizens and magistrates; their guilds embracing, not merely the more mechanical trades, but the gentler arts of painting and song;—or perhaps the traditional beauty of some burgher's daughter, 'the 'cynosure of neighbouring eyes,'—and the torment of all her father's apprentices. Add to these, the thousand superstitions



connected with a country where superstition was most rife, where Nixies haunted every fountain,—and wild woodmen every forest, and Kobolds (goblins) were familiar as household faces, and Rubenzahl played his pranks in the face of day, and the Devil gave public assemblies on the top of the Brocken, and preached to a numerous audience from a rocky pulpit which may be yet seen near Baden—and it may easily be imagined what a body of traditional lore lies at the disposal of the poet, and how naturally an extensive and varied ballad literature has taken its rise from such rich and valuable materials. Nay, even anterior to the time of the feudal system, the Rhine and its *neighbourhood*—for it must be understood, that in the present collection the editor has allowed himself the license of an occasional excursion\* up the ~~Maine~~ or the Neckar, so as to embrace Frankfort, Heidelberg, and the Odenwald—were the sites of many events celebrated in fiction or in semi-historical tradition. The legends of our British Arthur and the St Graal, as Dr Simrock observes, are connected with the Rhine; and the Swan Tower at Cleves still suggests the recollection of Perceval and his son Lohengrin. The adventures of the fabulous hero Siegfried, whose wonderful exploits occupy the greater portion of the ‘*Nibelungen*,’ find a local habitation at Xanten and Breisach, and still more at Worms, which our readers who have any acquaintance with the ancient cyclus of German Romance may remember was the scene of his treacherous murder by Hagen. In like manner are Ingelheim, Rolandseck, and Aix associated with the fabulous history of Charlemagne; and of that shadowy band of Paladins which figure so conspicuously in the romantic literature of Europe; though, as in the case of Roland, the German legends often give a different turn to these adventures or their fate.

The present volume, which the editor describes as containing merely a *selection* from the mass of the Ballad Literature relating to the Rhine and its vicinity, embraces a hundred and fifty-four specimens; while the list of authors contains the names of Schiller, Goethe, Burger, the two Schlegels, Tieck, Uhland, Rückert, Count Platen, Clemens Brentano, Achim Von Arnim, Chamisso, Heine, and many others, with whose names English readers are less familiar. The editor himself is an indefatigable contributor, for wherever a blank occurs in the poetical topography of the Rhine, he is ready to fill it up, and often very successfully, with a ballad of his own composition. His contributions are among the best of the secondary class contained in the volume; some of them, indeed, very interesting and animated, such as the Game at Chess (No. 25), which describes the successful contest by which the Palatine Ezzo wins from the boyish Otto III. the hand of

his sister Adelaide; and the Swan Ring (27), a ballad founded on the well-known tradition by which Charlemagne is said to have been fettered to the dead body of his mistress Swanhilda, —till a magic ring being discovered by Turpin under the tongue of the deceased, and thrown into the lake near Frankenberg, the Emperor was again restored to his senses;—a legend, by the by, of which the Italian novelists,\* not less than the German popular minstrels, have availed themselves.

Among the ballads connected with the lower portion of the Rhine, from Cleves to Cologne, and those relating to Cologne itself, perhaps the most curious is that of 'Richmuth Von der Aducht.' It is too long to be extracted, but deserves notice from its correspondence with a similar English tradition,† which we have also met with in the legendary literature of other countries. Richmuth or Richmodis, the wife of Mengis, has long addressed her prayers to the Virgin that she may not die childless, but that the name and honours of the family may be prolonged in her descendants. The answer which is vouchsafed to her is a dream, in which the Virgin appears and presents to her a skull, out of which three roses are seen growing. Shortly afterwards she is seized with a sudden illness;—she expires, and is buried by her disconsolate husband, with her marriage ring upon her finger. This ring had excited the covetousness of the sexton, who resolves to break into the burial vault at night, and to strip the corpse of this useless ornament. He enters the cathedral at midnight—breaks open the coffin, and is about to lay hold of the ring, when Richmodis, who had been only in a state of trance, and is revived by the night air, raising herself up, prays to be extricated from her funeral ceremonies and taken home. The sexton flies in terror: the lady gradually recovering the consciousness where she was, makes her way home; succeeds with much difficulty in persuading her husband of her existence; and their renewed union is ultimately crowned by the birth of three children;—the living flowers, which in the vision had been seen rising from the skull.

Of the ballads relating to Aix we have already alluded to the 'Swan Ring.' Some pleasing stanzas, by Max Von Schenkendorff (though not properly a ballad), addressed to the ruins of the imperial palace at Frankenberg, follow. The two most interesting, however, which relate to this portion of the Rhine are the long ballad of 'Eginhard and Emma,' by Gruppe, founded on the well-known story of the Emperor's daughter, carrying her lover

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\* Bandello, for instance, and several others.

† Vide Ollier's *Literary Miscellanies*,—*The Disinterment*.

across the court in order to conceal the traces of his footsteps in the snow which had unexpectedly fallen during their interview;—and Schiller's striking ballad, entitled the 'Count of Hapsburg,' containing the fine stanza on the independence of poets, and the natural birth of poetry, beginning

'Nicht gebieten werd ich dem Snger,' &c.

With Bonn and its neighbourhood, traditions crowd upon each other,—and of these the most interesting, and embodied in by far the finest ballad which the volume contains, viz. Schiller's 'Knight Toggenburg,'—is the legend connected with the Convent of the Nonnenwerth;—the story of Roland returning from Palestine to find that his mistress has taken the veil, then building a neighbouring hermitage, and passing the remainder of his life in watching from a distance the object of his attachment. The ballad has been often translated; but, in general, with such a perfect disregard both of the extreme simplicity of the German and of the measure, upon which not a little of the effect depends, that it may be worth while to see whether a more literal adherence to the original, in both particulars, may not better preserve the peculiar character of Schiller's romance.

#### ITTER TOSGE NBURG.

'Ritter, treue Schwesterliebe  
Widmet euch dies Herz,  
Fordert keine andre Liebe,  
Denn es macht mir Schmerz.  
Ruhig mag ich euch erscheinen,  
Ruhig gehen schn.  
Eurer Augen stilles Weinen  
Kann ich nicht verstehn.'

Und er horts mit stummem Harne,  
Reisst sich blutend los,  
Presst sie heftig in die Arme,  
Schwingt sich auf sein Ross,  
Schickt zu seinen Mannen allen  
In dem Lande Schweiz,  
Nach dem heiligen Grab sie wallen,  
Auf der Brust das Kreuz.

Grosse Thaten dort geschehen  
Durch der Helden Arm,  
Jhres Helmes Busche wehen  
In der Feinde Schwarm,  
Und des Toggenburgers Name  
Schreckt den Muselmann,  
Doch das Herz von seinem Grame  
Nicht genesen kann.

#### KNIGHT TOSGGBURG.

'Knight, to love thee like a sister,  
Vows this heart to thee,  
Ask no other warmer feeling,  
That were pain to me.  
Tranquil would I see thy coming,  
Tranquil see thee go,  
What that starting tear would tell me  
I must never know.'

He with silent anguish listens,  
Though his heart-strings bleed;  
Clasps her in his last embraces,  
Springs upon his steed,  
Summons every faithful vassal  
From his Alpine home,  
Binds the cross upon his bosom,  
Seeks the Holy Tomb.

There full many a deed of glory  
Wrought the hero's arm;  
Foremost still his plumage floated  
Where the foemen swarm;  
Till the Moslem, terror-stricken,  
Quailed before his name,  
But the pang that wrings his bosom  
Lives at heart the same.

Und ein Jahr hat ers getragen,  
Trägst nicht länger mehr,  
Ruhe kann er nicht erjagen  
Und verlässt das Heer.  
Sieht ein Schiff an Joppes Strande,  
Das die Segel bläht,  
Schiffet heim zum theuern Lande,  
Wo ihr Athem weht.

Und an ihres Schlosses Pforte  
Klopft der Pilger an,  
Ach! und mit dem Donnerworte  
Wird sie aufgethan;  
'Die ihr sucht trägt den Schleier,  
Ist des Himmels Braut,  
Gestern war der Tag der Feier,  
Der sie Gott getraut.'

Da verlässt er auf immer  
Seiner Väter Schloss,  
Seine Waffen sieht er nimmer,  
Noch sein treues Ross.  
Von der Toggenburg hernieder  
Steigt er unbekannt,  
Denn es deckt die edeln Glieder  
Härenes Gewand.

Und er baut sich eine Hütte,  
Jener Gegand nah,  
Wo das Kloster aus der Mitte  
Dustrer Linden sah;  
Harrend von des Morgens Lichte  
Bis zu Abends Schein,  
Stille Hoffnung im Gesichte  
Sass er da allein.

Blickte nach dem Kloster druben,  
Blickte stundenlang  
Nach dem Fenster seiner Lieben,  
Bis das Fenster klang,  
Bis die Liebliche sich zeigte,  
Bis das theure Bild  
Sich ins Thal herunter neigte  
Ruhig, engel-mild.

Und dann legt' er froh sich nieder,  
Schief getröstet ein,  
Still sich freuend, wenn es wieder  
Morgen wurde sein.  
Und so sass er viel Tage,  
Sass viel Jahre lang,  
Harrend ohne Schmerz und Klage,  
Bis das Fenster klang.

One long year he bears his sorrow,  
But no more can bear;  
Rest he seeks, but finding never,  
Leaves the army there;  
Sees a ship by Joppa's haven,  
Which with swelling sail  
Wafts him where his lady's breathing  
Mingles with the gale.

At her father's castle portal,  
Hark! his knock is heard,  
See! the gloomy gate uncloses  
With the thunder-word.  
'She thou seek'st is veiled for ever,  
Is the bride of heaven;  
Yester-eve the vows were plighted,—  
She to God is given.'

Then his old ancestral castle  
He for ever flees,  
Battle-steed and trusty weapon  
Never more he sees.  
From the Toggenburg descending  
Forth unknown he glides,  
For the frame once sheathed in iron  
Now the sackcloth hides.

There beside that hallowed region  
He hath built his bower,  
Where from out the dusky lindens  
Looked the Convent tower;  
Waiting from the morning's glimmer  
Till the day was done,  
Tranquil hope in every feature,  
Sate he there alone.

Gazing upward to the convent,  
Hour on hour he pass'd,  
Watching still his lady's lattice,  
Till it oped at last;  
Till that form look'd forth so lovely,  
Till the sweet face smiled  
Down into the lonesome valley,  
Peaceful, angel-mild.

Then he laid him down to slumber,  
Cheered by peaceful dreams,  
Calmly waiting till the morning  
Showed again its beams.  
Thus for days he watched and waited,  
Thus for years he lay,  
Happy if he saw the lattice  
Open day by day—

Bis die Liebliche sich zeigte,  
 Bis das theure Bild  
 Sich ins Thal herunter neigte  
 Ruhig, engelmild.  
 Und so sass er eine Leiche  
 Eines Morgens da,  
 Nach dem Fenster noch das bleiche,  
 Stille Antlitz sah.

If that form looked forth so lovely,  
 If the sweet face smiled  
 Down into the lonesome valley,  
 Peaceful, angel-mild.  
 There a corse they found him sitting  
 Once when day returned,  
 Still his pale and placid features  
 To the lattice turned.

Schiller has rather unaccountably transferred the site of the Ballad from Rolandseck to Toggenburg in Switzerland; and, still more unaccountably, substituted, for the well-known and romantic name of Roland, the comparatively unknown, and certainly inharmonious one of Toggenburg. The Rhine, however, seems to have the better claim to the tradition, and we think Dr Simrock might, with advantage, have placed the ballad among those relating to the Siebengebirge; instead of introducing it in connexion with the distant and comparatively uninteresting localities of the Canton of St Gall.

The ruins of Hammerstein introduce a fine ballad by Stolterfoth (No. 50), of which the subject is the shelter afforded by its feudal master, the gray-haired Wolf Von Hammerstein, to the unfortunate Emperor Henry IV., when persecuted by Pope Gregory VII, and with his own son in arms against him, he was wandering over the empire, seeking an asylum among the few faithful friends who still adhered to his fortunes. There is a considerable charm too about the ballad which follows (No. 51), entitled the 'Sunken Castle' by Frederick Schlegel,—a tradition relating to the romantic but melancholy little lake of Laach near Andernach. It is characterised by great musical beauty, and by that air of vague mystery which sets the imagination to work to form pictures for itself, and which often produces so fascinating an effect in the lyrical compositions of Tieck. We alluded on a former occasion to Heine's skill in managing short themes of popular superstition. He has here versified the legend relative to the two lonely castles of Liebenstein and Sternfels, or the Brothers, which crown the summits of two neighbouring rocks opposite to Bornhofen. There are various editions of the story; the more common version concluding with the retirement of the lady, who is the subject of the rival brothers' attachment, into a convent; and the resolution of the brothers to devote their lives to celibacy and fraternal concord in time to come. Heine has chosen the more tragical conclusion, which represents the brothers as falling by each other's hands in a combat fought in the valley beneath the castle walls.

## DIE FEINDLICHEN BRÜDER.

Oben auf der Bergespitze  
 Leigt das Schloss in Nacht gehüüt,  
 Doch in Thale leuchten Blitze,  
 Helle Schwerter klirren wild.

Das sind Brüder, die dort fechten  
 Grimmen Zweikampf, wuthentbrannt.  
 Sprich, warum die Brüder rechten  
 Mit dem Schwerte in der Hand?

Gräfin Lauras Augenfunkeln  
 Zündete den Bruderstreit,  
 Beide glühen liebestrunken  
 Für die adlich holde Maid.

Welchem aber von den beiden  
 Wendet sich ihr Herz zu?  
 Kein Ergrübeln kanns entscheiden:  
 Schwert heraus, entscheide du!

Und sie fechten kühn verwegen,  
 Hieb auf Hiebe niederkrachts.  
 Hütet euch, ihr wilden Degen,  
 Grausig Blendwerk schleicht Nachts.

Wehe! Wehe! blutge Bruder!  
 Wehe! Wehe! blutges Thal!  
 Beide Kämpfer stürzen nieder,  
 Einer in des andern Stahl.

Viel Jahrhunderte verwehen  
 Viel Geschlechter deckt das Grab;  
 Traurig von des Berges Höhen  
 Blickt das öde Schloss herab.

Aber Nachts im Thalesgrunde  
 Wandelts heimlich, wunderbar,  
 Wenn da kommt die zwölfte Stunde,  
 Kämpfet dort das Brüderpaar.

## THE HOSTILE BROTHERS.

Yonder on the mountain summit  
 Lies the castle wrapped in night;  
 In the valley gleam the sparkles  
 Struck from clashing swords in fight.

Brothers they, who thus in fury  
 Fierce encounter hand to hand;  
 Say what cause could make a brother  
 'Gainst a brother turn his brand?

Countless Laura's beaming glances  
 Did the fatal feud inflame,  
 Kindling both with equal passion  
 For the fair and noble dame.

Which hath gained the fair one's fa-  
 vour,  
 Which shall win her for his bride?  
 Vain to scan her heart's inclining—  
 Draw the sword—let that decide.

Wild and desperate grows the combat,  
 Clashing strokes like thunder fly,  
 Ah! beware, ye savage warriors,  
 Evil powers by night are nigh.

Wo for you, ye bloody brothers!  
 Wo for thee, thou bloody vale!  
 By each other's swords expiring,  
 Sink the brothers, stark and pale.

Many a century has departed,  
 Many a race has found a tomb,  
 Yet from yonder rocky summits,  
 Frown those moss-grown towers of  
 gloom;

And within the dreary valley  
 Fearful sights are seen by night;  
 There, as midnight strikes, the brothers  
 Still renew their ghastly fight.

Another short specimen of his manner we shall select in connexion with the Lurleyberg, the supposed scene of the incantations of the witch Lore-lei, who, in the form of a lovely maiden, used to place herself on the remarkable rock overhanging the Rhine, and by her magic songs arresting the attention of the boatmen, to lure them into the neighbouring whirlpool. In this little poem, as in general, Heine presents little detail; he sketches a figure, hints at a vague feeling of melancholy and superstitious awe, and there he leaves the subject. The following translation is executed, as nearly as possible, word for word.

## DIE LORE-LEI.

Ich' weiss nicht, was solls bedeuten,  
Dass ich so traurig bin ?  
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,  
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,  
Und ruhig fliesst der Rhein;  
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt  
Im Abendsonnenschein;

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet  
Dort oben wunderbar,  
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet,  
Sie kämmt ihr goldnes Haar.

Sie kämmt es mit goldnem Kamme,  
Und singt ein Lied dabei,  
Das hat eine wundersame,  
Gewaltige Melodei.

Den Schiffer im Kleinen Schiffe  
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;  
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,  
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh.

Ich glaube die Wellen verschlingen  
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn,  
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen  
Die Lore-Lei gethan.

## THE LORE-LEI.

I know not whence it rises  
This thought so full of wo :  
But a tale of times departed  
Haunts me, and will not go.

The air is cool, and it darkens,  
And calmly flows the Rhine,  
The mountain peaks are sparkling  
In the sunny evening-shine.

And yonder sits a maiden,  
The fairest of the fair,  
With gold is her garment glittering,  
And she combs her golden hair.

With a golden comb she combs it,  
And a wild song singeth she ;  
That melts the heart with a wondrous  
And powerful melody.

The boatman feels his bosom  
With a nameless longing move,  
He sees not the gulfs before him,  
His gaze is fixed above,

Till over boat and boatman  
The Rhine's deep waters run,  
And this with her magic singing,  
The Lore-lei has done !

An interesting tradition concerning the castles of Rheinstein and Reichenstein forms the subject of another good ballad by Stolterfoth (No. 69.) The lord of Reichenstein had employed his uncle as his ambassador to forward his suit with Gerda of Rheinstein. The uncle, moved by the beauty, or more probably by the broad acres of the lady, chooses to plead his own cause instead of that of his nephew ; and, though unsuccessful with the lady, he carries his point in a quarter which in those days was far more important, for he obtains the consent of her father. The marriage is fixed ; the unfortunate lord of Reichenstein is doomed to see from his mountain fortress the wedding party making their way to church, and is of course in despair. At that instant, however, the horse of Gerda takes fright, dashes out of the procession, and speeds along the steep path which leads to Reichenstein ;—Gerda keeping her seat with a tenacity and presence of mind which would almost lead one to suppose that the performance had been rehearsed before, and that a secret understanding subsisted between her and her forsaken suitor. The uncle follows, endeavouring to stop the furious animal, but receives a salute from his hoofs

which tumbles him into the Rhine. Kuno of Reichenstein, seeing the course which things are taking, hurries down from his eirie, lowers the drawbridge in haste, and is in time to greet his beloved, as the wearied horse is about to drop with his burden at his castle gate.

Rheingrafenstein introduces Bürger's well known ballad of the Wild Huntsman; and Mentz the following pleasing ballad by Anastasius Grun (a pseudonym, we believe, for Count Alexander Von Auersperg)—the supposed author of the, 'Spaziergänge eines Wiener poeten' (Walks of a Viennese poet), and several other works indicating a true poetical spirit. Its subject is the funeral of Henry of Meissen, the founder of the schools of the Masters-Singers, who, though a doctor of theology and canon of the cathedral of Mentz, devoted his strains—Platonically enough we admit—to the celebration of the fair sex, and hence acquired the surname of Frauenlob, or 'praise the ladies.' The description of the funeral given in the ballad exactly corresponds with the account given in the old Chronicle of Albert of Strasburg.

#### HEINRICH FRAUENLOB.

In Mainz ist's öd und stille, die Strassen wüst und leer,  
Nur Schmerzgestalten ziehen im Trauerkleid umher,  
Nur Glockentöne schwirren gar bange durch die Luft,  
Nur eine Strasse füllt sich und die führt in die Gruft.

Und wie der Ruf vom Thurme verklingt in leisem Flug,  
Da naht dem heiligen Dome ein stiller, ernster Zug.  
Viel Männer, Greis und Kinder, der Frauen holde Zahl,  
Jedwed in tiefe Thränen, in Busen herbe Qual.

Sechs Jungfrau in der Mitte, die tragen Sarg und Bahr,  
Und nah'n mit dumpfem Liede dem reichen Hochaltar;  
Der giebt statt Heiligenbilder der Menschheit Wappen kund:  
Ein weisses Kreuz ganz einfach auf rabenschwarzen Grund.

Auf schwarzem Sargtuch ruhet ein frisches Lorbeerreis,  
Die grüne Sängerkrone, der hohen Lieder Preis,  
Und eine goldne Harfe, die lispelt leis und lind,  
Die Saiten beben trauernd durchweht vom Abendwind.

Wer ruht wohl in dem Sarge von Todeshand erfasst?  
Starb euch ein lieber König, dasz Alt und Jung erblasst?  
Ein König wohl der Lieder,—der Frauenlob genannt,  
Ihn ehret noch im Grabe das deutsche Vaterland.

Der schönsten Himmelsblume, die mild auf Erden blüht,  
Dem holden Preis der Frauen klang einst sein heilig Lied.



Drum ist auch welk die Hülle und alt der Sangersmann,  
Sie lohnen doch, was Liebes der Lebende gethan.

## HENRY FRAUENLOB.

In Mentz 'tis hushed and lonely, the streets are waste and drear,  
And none but forms of sorrow, clad in mourning garbs appear;  
And only from the steeple sounds the death-bell's sullen boom,  
One street alone is crowded, and it leads but to the tomb.

And as the echo from the tower grows faint and dies away,  
Unto the minster comes a still and sorrowful array,  
The old man and the young, the child, and many a maiden fair,  
And every eye is dim with tears; in every heart is rare.

Six virgins in the centre bear a coffin and a bier,  
And to the rich high-altar steps with deaden'd chant draw near,  
Where all around for saintly forms are dark escutcheons found,  
With a cross of simple white displayed upon a raven ground.

And placed that raven pall above a laurel garland green,  
The minstrel's verdant coronet, his meed of song, is seen;  
His golden harp beside it laid, a feeble murmur flings,  
As the evening wind sweeps sadly through its now forsaken strings.

Who rests within his coffin there? For whom this general wail?  
Is some beloved monarch gone, that old and young look pale?  
A king in truth—a king of song! and Frauenlob his name.  
And thus in death his father-land must celebrate his fame.

Unto the fairest flowers of heaven that bloom this earth along,  
To women's worth did he on earth devote his deathless song;  
And though the minstrel hath grown old, and faded be his name,  
They yet requite what he in life hath done for love and them.

We should certainly have been tempted to translate Uhland's spirited ballad of 'Count Eberstein' (104), which is introduced under the head of Speier, were it not that the turn in the last stanza is a shade too free for the pages of an English Review. We shall, therefore, substitute one of the thousand traditions connected with that small and gloomy lake in the black forest near Baden, called the Mummelsee. It is pretty and fanciful, and bears the name of Schnetzler.

## MUMMELSEE.

Im Mummelsee, im dunkeln See,  
Da blühen der Lilien viele,  
Sie wiegen sich, sie biegen sich,  
Dem losen Wind zum Spiele;

## THE MUMMELSEE.

Along the gloomy Mummel lake  
The lilies bright are growing,  
They stoop their heads, their stalks  
they shake,  
When morning winds are blowing:

Doch wenn die Nacht hernieder sinkt,  
Der volle Mond vom Himmel blinkt,  
Entsteigen sie dem Bade  
Als Jungfern ans Gestade.

Es braust der Wind, es saust das Rohr  
Die Melodie zum Tanze;  
Die Lilienmädchen schlingen sich  
Von selbst zu einem Kranze;  
Und schweben leis umher im Kreis,  
Gesichter weiss, Gewänder weiss,  
Bis ihre bleichen Wangen  
Mit zarter Rothe prangen.

Es braust der Sturm, es saust das Rohr,  
Es pfeift im Tannenwalde,  
Die Wolfen ziehn am Monde hin,  
Die Schatten auf der Halde;  
Und auf und ab, durchs nasse Gras  
Dreht sich der Reigen ohne Mass,  
Und immer lauter schwellen  
Ans Ufer an die Wellen.

Da hebt ein Arm sich aus der Flut,  
Die Riesenfaust geballet,  
Ein tiefend Haupt dann, schilfbekrönt,  
Von langem Bart umwaltet,  
Und eine Donnerstimme schallt  
Dass im Gebirg es wiederhallt:  
'Zurück in eure Wogen,  
Ihr Lilien ungezogen!'

Da stockt der Tanz, die Mädchen  
schrein  
Und werden immer blässer.  
'Der Vater ruft! puh! Morgenluft!  
Zurück in das Gewasser.'  
Die Nebel steigen aus dem Thal,  
Es dämmert schon Morgenstral,  
Und Lilien schwanken wieder  
Im Wasser auf und nieder.

But when the night is in its noon,  
And broad and bright the rounded  
moon,  
Uprising from the wave they stand,  
A group of maidens on the strand.

The night winds wake, the long reeds  
make  
Sad music for their dancing;  
As hand in hand is seen the band  
Of lily-maids advancing  
In mazy flight, careering light,  
With faces white, and garments white  
Till o'er their pallid cheeks is spread  
Once more a blush of living red.

'The loud winds groan, the long  
reeds moan,  
The pine wood pipes in chorus,  
The clouds athwart the moon are  
blown,  
The shadows flicker o'er us.  
The night dews steep the grass full  
deep,  
But up and down we dancers sweep,  
And higher, heavier than before,  
The billows beat along the shore.'

Lo! from the wave a giant arm  
A clenched hand extending,  
A dripping head with sedge o'erspread,  
A flowing beard depending;  
And thunder-like there comes a sound,  
Re-echoed from the rocks around,  
'Ye graceless daughters' hark! give  
o'er,  
Back to your watery beds once more.'

The dance is o'er; if pale before,  
Now paler grow the daughters—  
'Our father calls; the dawn appals,  
Once more then to the waters!'—  
The mists from out the valley rise,  
The morning streaks anew the skies;  
Once more the lilies with the morrow  
Are waving o'er the lake of sorrow.

We have merely room to enumerate a few of the remaining ballads contained in this volume, which appear the most likely to interest a foreign reader. Schiller's walk to the 'Iron Foundry' (Fridolin) is introduced in connexion with Saverne in Alsace. Tieck's 'True Eckart,' in five ballads, and a pleasing nursery bal-

lad on the same subject by Goethe, in relation to the Eckartsberg, near Breysack; Bürger's comic ballad of the 'Emperor' and the Abbot, a tradition common to many countries, has St Gall assigned to it as its site; and in addition to Schiller's ballad of the 'Toggenburg,' the Editor himself contributes another which forms a pendant or introduction to Schiller's, under the title of 'Ida of Toggenburg'—these and many others possess considerable merit. On the whole, the volume is a very interesting one; and we should be well pleased to see the example of Dr Simrock imitated at home by some one possessed of sufficient taste, industry, and knowledge of legendary history and tradition, to enable him to do justice to a similar subject.

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ART. III.—*The Life of Richard Earl Howe, K. G., Admiral of the Fleet and General of Marines.* By SIR JOHN BARROW, Bart., F.R.S. 8vo. London: 1838.

A LIFE of Howe has long been considered a desideratum by naval men, who, knowing the value of example, have regretted that so illustrious an instance of success as his professional life affords, should not be as familiarly known in its more private and technical details, as it is by those splendid public results which were their fruits. In no walk of life, indeed, is success less due to accident than in the naval profession—nor any in which patient exertion, knowledge, hardy perseverance, self-denial, and self-discipline of every kind, together with the exercise of genuine public spirit, are more essentially necessary to give even the highest talents their useful developement. All, or almost all, these qualifications may be so materially improved by the exercise of right principles, and be so moulded by generous exertion, to prove useful to their country, that we always hail with satisfaction any well authenticated account of the means by which any person, through a long course of years, has attained high celebrity. Who shall attempt to measure the beneficial effect which has been wrought on the naval service by Southey's *Life of Nelson*? Or who pretend to estimate the importance, in the way of education,—military, political, and even moral,—of Colonel Gurwood's invaluable *Collection of the Duke of Wellington's Despatches*?

Up to this time, nearly all that was generally known of Lord Howe was the masterly relief of Gibraltar, his services in the

American war, his victory of the first of June, 1794, and his settlement of the Mutiny at Spithead; but of the steps which led to these great public services we really knew very little. It is but of small moment—except as a matter of literary curiosity—that we know nothing of the life and education of literary men; because we are satisfied that Homers or Shakspeares are not to be formed by schooling. But it by no means follows that out of such details as the Lives of Duncan, Howe, and Jarvis afford, there may not be future Nelsons improved into action. The author before us, we are rather sorry to observe, is not quite so sanguine as we are on this point; for on one occasion he says, ‘Nelson was indeed a being *sui generis*; none but himself could be his parallel—and it may be feared that he has left few of the same breed behind him.’ It was, however, a favourite maxim of Nelson’s own, ‘that there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it;’ and this he applied—as we ourselves do—to every case, great or small—which can arise in this country. We say in this country, because we believe that the maxim, taken in its political, or public, sense, holds true only where there exists the most entire freedom of action; and in a country where talents of every order are certain of due encouragement, and of finding adequate room for their display. Hence it was that, after Nelson had crushed the naval power of France, and retired from the glorious field when *his* work was done, another chief arose, on another element, to accomplish by similar means a similar destiny—all quickened, we may be allowed to think, by Nelson’s example?

Having here incidentally mentioned the Duke of Wellington and Nelson together, it may not be uninteresting to our readers to learn that they met once, and but once, and then by mere accident. The Duke, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, had just returned from his ever memorable campaign in India; but his fame, though high amongst all those who knew any thing of the concerns of that remote region, had not yet become so familiar to the mass of society at home as to render it profitable to the print-sellers and tavern-keepers to exhibit his physiognomy to the public gaze. Consequently, the features, now so familiar to all, were then so little known—even to Nelson—that, when he found himself one day in the waiting-room of one of the Secretaries of State in company with the great Eastern warrior, he knew him not. It was otherwise with Nelson, whose deeds having been performed nearer home, were far better, or, at all events, more generally known; and with

whose appearance Sir Arthur could not but be well acquainted, even had he had no other help than the signs over the inn doors on his way from Portsmouth. The natural attraction of genius drew them together—and the Minister whose leisure they were waiting for, being long engaged, these two illustrious men were left in conversation for some time. The news of Sir Robert Calder's action had just been received, and this naturally formed a principal topic of their discourse. Sir Arthur Wellesley said to Lord Nelson—'This measure of success 'won't do nowadays—for your Lordship has taught the public 'to expect something more brilliant.' Shortly after this remark, Lord Nelson left the waiting-room, evidently to find out who his new friend was, and, returning in a minute, renewed the conversation on a fresh footing. Nelson had at that time some project for occupying Sardinia, and he wished Sir Arthur to take charge of the troops on the occasion. But he replied that he would rather not—that he had just returned from India—in short, he did not enter into that view. Soon afterwards Lord Nelson sailed—the battle of Trafalgar was fought—and they never met again.

How gratifying and instructive would it not be if we could obtain an account of the whole of the conversation of which we have gathered merely the above small, but authentic, particulars! And here it is impossible not to lament over the vast mass of valuable and interesting information which must always perish with such characters as Nelson and Wellington. What, indeed, would we not give for a faithful transcript of such men's Diaries! Thanks to Colonel Gurwood, we do possess a good deal; but how much more might we not possess, if the indefatigable compiler had enjoyed the same access to the private, as he has had to the public treasures of his great master?\*

But we must return to Sir John Barrow and his *Life of Howe*, which we have read with great pleasure and profit, and which we cannot doubt will be received by the country at large with favour—and by the Navy in particular with high satisfaction.

Sir John, in his preface, not unnaturally, but, as every one who

\* We may here mention, that we only wait the completion of Colonel Gurwood's task to present our readers with a full account of an undertaking which, unexpectedly perhaps to some, will be found to exhibit the mental powers, and statesman-like attributes of the great Captain in a light scarcely less advantageous and commanding than that in which all the world view his achievements in the field.

reads the book will feel, unnecessarily, makes some apology for his undertaking the task rather than leaving it to a professional writer. But the truth is, he is more than half a naval man himself, not only in his knowledge of 'lands and seas,' but in all those important branches of the service which relate to its civil administration;—respecting which he must be vastly better informed than almost any naval man, and perhaps than any other individual whatever. He was a grown up man, and held a responsible situation in Lord Macartney's embassy to China in 1793, and he afterwards crossed and recrossed the Line several times, besides residing at the Cape for some years. Subsequently to those periods Sir John has held the important situation of Under Secretary to the Admiralty, without interruption, for nearly thirty-three years—an office, the duties of which must have rendered him perfectly familiar with all sorts of professional acquirements. On all these occasions he has, of course, been constantly brought into contact with every rank and class of naval men; and must have had the amplest means of ascertaining what were the moving springs of action in the service, and what the real characteristics of professional merit. Add to which, he had at his command the fullest and most authentic information upon every nautical point to which he might happen to direct his curiosity. These opportunities, to use his own words, may 'not have converted the landsman into a seaman, yet they may 'be assumed as having afforded him the means of knowing something of a ship, and of what belongs to the naval service.'

His late Majesty William IV. appears to have been desirous that Sir John Barrow should undertake the *Life of Howe*, and certainly no one was more competent to judge who was likely to do the subject justice. The discovery of upwards of four hundred letters, all in the handwriting of Lord Howe, and addressed to an individual long and high in his confidence (Sir Roger Curtis), and of the noble Admiral's private Journal during all the time his flag was up, formed a valuable mass of materials, which were most judiciously placed in the hands of our author, and which he has turned to admirable account for the benefit of the public. For the rest, Sir John Barrow is well known to the public as a practised and popular writer; and this work will assuredly extend his reputation in these respects. We would take the liberty to compare his book to a well-seasoned, well-fashioned block of the stout ship timber of which it treats so much. Perhaps it may not have the fine polish which the mahogany or cedar of other climates is capable of taking—and which it has not, only because that formed no part of his object—but it possesses the strength of purpose, and purity to the very core, which we hold

to be as indispensable to the utility of the biography of public men, as toughness of fibre, and absence of blemish in 'English heart of oak' are to the efficiency of a British man of war.

Accordingly, we have here no attempts at fine writing—no rhodomontades about glory and victory—but manly, straightforward, good sense, and gentlemanlike and officerlike opinions, delivered in language perfectly intelligible throughout, and every where breathing a spirit worthy of the man whose actions it records, and of the service to which he was so devotedly attached.

We shall begin our notice of the work with what Sir John Barrow winds up, namely, the character of Lord Howe, who, unlike the great Nelson, was entirely exempt from personal ambition. 'He was less of an egotist,' says his biographer, 'than almost any man in his station of life. The results of his actions were considered by him in no other light than as they affected his country. He speaks only of the duty he owes to his king and his country, and to the good of the naval service. He never appears to think of honours, nor to court distinction.' Indeed, long before we came to this passage, we had, over and over again, arrived at the very same conclusion; and we state it thus early, in order to fix the attention of our readers to a characteristic that we are sure it will greatly enhance their pleasure to keep in view, and confirm the advantages which they will derive from perusing this work. In every condition in which Lord Howe was placed, whether in command of others, or acting in subordinate situations—whether busied in employments afloat, or reposing on half-pay on shore—whether chafed by the fervid bustle of Parliament, or soothed by the much more congenial retirement of his country-seat—whether in the heat of action, or patiently fulfilling the dull drudgery of blockading his enemy in port—one single object appears to have possessed his mind—namely, the good of the public. Of this genuine disinterestedness, in all its extent, we are acquainted with but few other great examples; and we would anxiously call the attention of our young readers to this very important point,—especially our rising naval and military young men,—as we conceive it to be the grand secret of that success which at sea attended Howe, and on shore, Wellington.

Our chief object, indeed, in bringing these two names again together at this moment, is to direct attention to the singular and instructive analogy between the circumstances under which the one found the Navy, the other the Army, at the periods when they respectively came to take the lead.

Any one who carefully reads Sir John Barrow's '*Life of Howe*,' and compares it with Colonel Gurwood's '*Despatches of the*

'Duke of Wellington,' will certainly be struck with the resemblance of the difficulties which these great officers had to contend with, and which they finally overcame. We speak not of the force, the skill, the experience, or the vast resources of the enemy, but of the melancholy want of substance, and of organized cohesion in our own discipline—taking that word in its widest sense—that absence of unity in our designs, and still greater absence of unity in our national exertions, which characterised naval matters at the beginning of the Revolutionary war, and military matters at the beginning of the Peninsular contest. These evils arose partly from want of practice, and partly from want of knowledge, together with a sad lack of that generous and willing, or, at all events, unhesitating, obedience to authority, which forms the very sinews of war, and without which, as Dr Johnson remarks, 'courage is useless and enterprise hopeless.'—'The responsible individuals of the fleet,' says Lord Howe, when reflecting on this serious and most alarming view of affairs, 'have not yet been long enough in training to have acquired an adequate degree of knowledge in their business. Reflection,' he adds, with more clearness and pithiness of style than usually distinguish his composition, 'will often well supply the defect of experience; but when we are wanting in both, we have not always penetration or good sense enough to adopt the suggestions which have not originated with us.'—(P. 369). He did not add what he might have added, that in order to supply all these defects—to bring officers not only to adopt those suggestions which have originated with others, and to improve and expand them—but to encourage them to think and act for themselves, without deranging the machinery of general discipline, there must be placed at the head of affairs on the spot, a master-spirit capable of thinking for all, and at the same moment of taking into view the minutest details of the service, as well as its most comprehensive arrangements. Such, assuredly, was Lord Howe, who, as we have already said, found the navy pretty much in the same state of inefficiency as Lord Wellington did the army. The battle of the first of June afforded the *first* important fruits of Lord Howe's capacity and long perseverance in the system of discipline which he saw to be absolutely necessary to insure success; while that of Trafalgar was the *last* of the brilliant series of exploits which sprung from the same root. In like manner, Vimiera began the glorious military work which Waterloo completed. It was not Howe's good fortune, indeed, to complete with his own hands the task which his genius commenced; but the force of his example, and the essential solidity of its materials, contributed unquestionably to all the successes which followed his great victory. In no-



thing, indeed, is Nelson's career more worthy of admiration and imitation than in the sagacity with which he profited by all that had been done before him, and above all, by Howe, whose first of June bears a wonderful family resemblance to Trafalgar.

Sir John Barrow's book (whether designedly or not is no matter) is ingeniously contrived to give us a gradually increasing interest in Lord Howe's personal character, and at the same time to introduce us, no less gradually, to an acquaintance with his professional attainments. Thus we are incidentally, and as it were insensibly, made familiar with the difficulties he had to encounter, not only in the official maladministration, and other radical defects in the constitution of the navy, in those days, but in the less striking but perhaps more formidable difficulties in the internal discipline of the fleet.

Howe began his career in Anson's squadron; and in the early parts of the celebrated voyage of the latter, he could not fail to see much to show the necessity of improvement in the systems then in use afloat. Subsequently, too, under Admiral Vernon, he must have learned not to think very highly of the discipline of the Admiralty, by whom that gallant officer was actually struck off the list for writing a couple of foolish political squibs! On this occasion, Sir John Barrow, with much good sense and moderation, discusses the propriety of the Admiralty ever exercising that authority which they are entitled by law to use, of striking from the list the name of an officer whose offence cannot, without detriment to the public service, be brought before a court-martial. His observations are as follow:

'That the Board of Admiralty is fully invested with the dangerous and equally disagreeable authority to erase an individual's name from the list of naval officers, and thus for ever ruin his prospects in life, cannot be called in question; but it ought to be resorted to only in cases where the act of Parliament by which naval discipline is governed and upheld, precludes the exercise of such a jurisdiction as is thereby provided; and where the Board of Admiralty, as the law now stands, is imperatively called upon to act in cases that cannot be brought before a court-martial. When the necessity for such a proceeding occurs as that of striking an officer's name from the list, the public and the individual may be well assured that a body of three or four highly honourable men, naturally prejudiced in favour of a brother officer, would be slow to condemn him to disgrace, and in some cases to absolute and hopeless poverty, without having first satisfied themselves that a court-martial, if one could have been held, would have pronounced the same, or a similar sentence.'—(P. 13).

We allude to this discussion, and have given the above extract, chiefly for the purpose of calling the attention of our readers to what we conceive one of the most valuable peculiarities of this book;

namely, the author's luminous and frank examination of many of the most interesting questions relating to the civil administration of the naval service, which his position for so many years at the Admiralty Board has given him the means of treating advantageously. We shall have other opportunities of calling our readers' attention to these valuable discussions.

His minute account of the high and difficult responsibilities of a First Lord of the Admiralty, for example, is a statement which, from almost any other person, might have little value; but when it comes from a man who has acted in concert with eight or nine First Lords, it is of the greatest interest. On the same grounds, we estimate highly almost all Sir John's discussions on the details of the service—for, whether we agree with him or not in his conclusions, these details are indicative of an intimate knowledge of his subject. This book, therefore, we repeat, will be found to contain not only an immense deal of information respecting Lord Howe, and his opinions and operations, but much that cannot fail to be interesting, if it be not also useful, to professional men; by admitting them, in some sort, behind that curtain which so generally hides the deep mysteries of the Admiralty, but which Sir John, as a plain man of business—who, like all honest men, hates mystery—sees no reason to decline drawing on one side.

After some hesitation as to which of the numerous topics alluded to we should select, in order to give the fairest sample of the book, and at the same time to afford our readers some official information, we have decided on giving Sir John Barrow's sketch of the duties of the First Lord of the Admiralty, together with its characteristic introduction, which helps us likewise to form some idea of Lord Howe's character at one very important epoch of his life. On the Coalition Ministry of Lord North and Mr Fox being dismissed in 1783, Pitt became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Lord Howe First Lord of the Admiralty:—

‘ Thus was he, for the second time, brought into an office, for the duties of which he had little relish, and probably for some of them as little qualification, having frequently professed himself to be a very bad politician. It could, therefore, have been acceptable only, as connected with the naval service, to all and every part of which he was devotedly attached. The prominent situation in which the noble Lord's career in the navy, and, above all, his moral worth and strict integrity, as well as his professional character, had placed him in the public mind, pointed him out to the Minister as one eminently suited to fill the office of First Lord of the Admiralty. He stood decidedly at the head of the naval profession, and enjoyed the undivided confidence of all ranks in

the service. The appointment of such a man was hailed as a happy omen for upholding the character of the navy.

‘ The other qualifications necessary to enable this Minister to fulfil all the duties of that important branch of the naval service, are not required to be of the very highest order. Good sense, honesty, and impartiality, are the chief requisites to carry him smoothly and plausibly through the routine of business, provided a sufficient sum of money be granted on the navy estimates, adequate to the building, repairing, and maintaining such a fleet as shall be equal to any exigency the country may require; that the selection for promotion of officers who have rendered brilliant and meritorious services, be left to his choice and discretion, and not interfered with from other quarters, and that he be assisted by able and honest professional colleagues. Under these conditions, the Minister appointed to the head of the naval department may sleep upon a bed of roses; will meet with nothing but smiling faces at his levees, and be hailed as the *decus et tutamen* of that strong arm of power on which the safety, honour, and prosperity of the British empire mainly depend. But, unfortunately, this is not always, it may be said seldom, the state of the case. He must be content to rub on with such funds as the Cabinet, or the Chancellor of the Exchequer, are willing to give him, and the House of Commons to vote, and must not expect to act altogether as a free agent in matters of promotion. Perhaps the following brief outline will be found to convey the general nature of the qualifications, character, and duties of a First Lord of the Admiralty.

‘ The chief of the naval administration of the United Kingdom undertakes one of the most important and responsible offices of the State. To him and to his coadjutors are intrusted the proper management and direction of the great arm of our strength, and with it the highest interests of the community. Without a well-appointed and commanding naval force, the British army, and the lofty spirit of Britons, would be confined to their own shores at home, and become powerless and unknown abroad; their commerce would fall into decay and pass into other hands, and we should once more be reproached as the *Britanni toto ab orbe exclusi*, instead as now known, and feared, and respected, in every part of the globe.

‘ In the selection, therefore, of the Minister who is to give to this powerful machine life and vigour and its proper direction, it must be of the first importance that his qualifications to fill the office with credit to himself and benefit to the country, should be well considered—he should possess a general knowledge of naval history and jurisprudence, good sense and unblemished integrity, a sound judgment and great discretion, a patient and placid temper, a courteous deportment, and civil demeanour to all, an easy access to officers of every rank, and a ready and obliging acknowledgment of all applications addressed to him in writing—he should make himself well acquainted with the services and the claims of individuals of the several ranks of officers; and although, in the present overgrown state of the lists, it is not possible to comply with the multi-

tude of claims preferred, more or less strong, yet a kind manner of receiving and replying to them, personally or by letter, goes a great way to soften the bitter pangs of disappointment, the unavoidable result of a non-compliance with what is requested.

‘The two principal and most painful sources of vexation and annoyance which a First Lord of the Admiralty must lay his account of being doomed to undergo—and they are brought perpetually before him, and if he be endued with the proper feelings of humanity, must perpetually distress him—are the pressing solicitations for promotion and for employment. The scenes of disappointed expectation, of enduring poverty and hopeless misery, that are constantly forcing themselves upon him, and which he has not the means of relieving, none but himself can form any idea of; and in portioning out the small pittance of patronage left at his disposal, and in weighing the respective claims of the numerous candidates, it is needless to say what conflicting opinions and sentiments regarding the superiority of such claims—what doubts and hesitations—must pass through his mind in endeavouring to make a just and proper decision in the selection of the fortunate individual. He has also to bear in mind that, while the claims of the officer are under consideration, the claims of the service are not to be lost sight of; and whenever the one, however strong and cogent, may be in opposition to the other, there is but one course left to arrive at that decision.

‘The *matériel* of the machine requires no less attention than the *personnel*, though of a different and less delicate nature. To watch over the civil concerns of the navy—to check all unnecessary expenditure in the various establishments—to keep up a supply of stores, and an efficient fleet, whenever its services may be called for, while every attention is paid to economy, require a constant, vigilant, and inquisitive superintendence. Ships must be in readiness whether in war or peace—large fleets in the former case, and in the latter guard-ships, experimental squadrons, or what are now termed demonstration-ships, or ships kept in a certain state of preparation, besides others of various sizes to satisfy the demands of the mercantile interest; for the governors of colonies, always clamorous for naval protection—and others for the suppression of the slave-trade, packet-service, &c. The naval establishments at the ports, the dock-yards, victualling-yards, medical, transport, and marine departments, require occasionally the personal inspection of the First Lord of the Admiralty, for these are the great absorbents of naval expenditure.’—(Pp. 173—177.)

Lord Howe had the fortune to commence the Seven Years' War in 1755, by a very smart action, not quite forty years before his great battle of the first of June—and much harassing work he had during the interval, but every where marked by the same cool and determined character, under a vast variety of trying circumstances;—especially in various expeditions to the coast of France in 1758. These enterprises, though most of them were undertaken without any enlarged public objects in

view, and though they all ended more or less disastrously, are well worthy of careful study; as they point out the causes both of success and of failure in many interesting cases. They are instructive, too, from showing the gradual progress made by Howe in acquiring a knowledge of the defects of our naval system, and of the methods by which they were to be corrected. Whenever Howe had the exclusive command, success almost always attended him,—as in the attack upon Cherbourg. When it was otherwise, we have to read of ‘Councils of war,’ and their proverbial bad consequences. Take the following as a sample :

‘Sir John Mordaunt called a second council of war, which unanimously agreed that it was advisable to land the troops. . . . Immediately on this, the disposition was made for landing under the direction of Rear-Admiral Brodrick and all the captains of the squadron. Part of the troops were actually in the boats when the two following letters were received by Sir Edward Hawke, the naval commander-in-chief:—

“SIR,—I have prepared all the boats with proper officers, to land the troops agreeable to your order; but I am to acquaint you that the generals are come to a resolution not to land to-night, and to wait till daylight, when they can have a full view of the ground where they are to land. I am, &c.  
THOS. BRODRICK.”

‘The other is peculiarly laconic:—

“SIR,—Upon the receipt of your letter I talked it over with the other land-officers who were of our councils of war, and we all agree in returning directly to England. I am, sir, &c. J. MORDAUNT.”

On one of these expeditions, Prince Edward Augustus, Duke of York, then in his nineteenth year, served as a midshipman, and on one occasion very nearly lost his life. As it was, his Royal Highness was obliged to pass the night in a miserable hovel, and slept on a bundle of straw, ‘a great change from the downy ‘beds of a palace!’

We shall give, in Sir John Barrow’s words, an interesting anecdote of his late Majesty William IV., who was also sent to sea as a midshipman in 1779.

‘In 1780, Sir George Rodney took four Spanish line-of-battle ships, under Admiral Langara, whom he sent in his flag-ship, the *Phoenix*, to Gibraltar, where the Prince George then was. His Royal Highness (Prince William Henry), ‘after being introduced to the Spanish admiral, retired; and shortly afterwards, appearing in midshipman’s uniform, he touched his hat to the Admiral Langara, with “Sir, the boat is ready;” on which Langara observed, “Well does Great Britain merit the empire of the sea, when the humblest stations in her navy are supported by princes of the blood.”’

Our author favours us with a curious account of the adoption of the well-known naval uniform, ‘blue faced with white,’ established in 1748 by George II.

‘ From the portraits in the naval gallery in Greenwich Hospital, Mr Locker has furnished an amusing account of the various modes in which our old gallant Admirals were clothed. Some of these ancient heroes at one of their clubs resolved “that a uniform dress is useful and necessary for commissioned officers, agreeable to the practice of other nations,” and a committee was appointed to wait on the Duke of Bedford, then First Lord of the Admiralty. Admiral Forbes was finally selected to this office; he was shown into a room surrounded with dresses. On being asked which he thought the most appropriate, he said, “one with red and blue, or blue and red, as these were our national colours.” “No,” replied his Grace, “the King has settled it otherwise: he saw *my* Duchess riding in the Park a few days ago, in a habit of blue faced with white, which took the fancy of his Majesty, and he has ordered it as the uniform of the Royal Navy,” and in 1748 it was established accordingly. We have,’ adds Sir John, ‘kept the blue and white till within a few years back; but now red has superseded the white, and thus his late Majesty William IV. restored us to our “national colours.”—P. 68.

In the year 1759, Lord Howe, when serving under Sir Edward Hawke, had an opportunity of displaying his professional talents and spirit in the action with M. de Conflans. His ship, the *Magvanime*, led, and was engaged so closely with the *Formidable*, that the sides of the two ships grazed, and the enemy's lower deck guns were forced in! This was truly a sample of what was afterwards called ‘the Nelson touch.’

Lord Howe seems to have been one of the first officers who turned his attention seriously to the formation of a comprehensive Code of Naval Signals—and we have been highly interested by the numerous strictures scattered up and down the present work, and many of them in Lord Howe's own words, on this important subject. It is very curious, indeed, to contrast the present perfect state of the Signals with the meagre and unsatisfactory condition in which they were when Lord Howe took them up. And nothing can be more edifying, we would say, to naval men, than the patience and perseverance with which he followed up a topic of which his prophetic eye saw the professional importance.

In the early part of 1776, Lord Howe, and his brother, Sir William Howe, were sent to America; and nothing, we conceive, can afford a better proof of the skilful manner in which Sir John Barrow has managed the early part of his work than the interest which is imparted to that stale story—the American war—by the sheer force of the interest we take in the individual commander. But we must pass all this, and go on to fresher matter.

When on the coast of America, Lord Howe first made acquaintance with Captain, afterwards Sir Roger Curtis, and to their friendship, which continued through life, we are indebted for much that is valuable in this work; for a correspondence

which was then commenced appears to have continued through life ; and as the letters have fortunately been preserved, and were placed in the hands of the biographer, we obtain Lord Howe's opinions on many points which would otherwise have been lost. To the companionship on service of Curtis, Lord Howe seems to have been greatly indebted, during the most important periods of his naval life. In the same way, Nelson unquestionably owed much to Sir Thomas Hardy, whose professional knowledge in every department is too well known to the navy, and to the country, to require to be spoken of ; but whose matchless sagacity, profound knowledge of human nature, and infinite skill in the management of mankind are fully known only to those who have had the honour and pleasure of serving under him, and who alone, perhaps, can estimate the full value of his services to his immortal master and friend.

In his fifth Chapter, Sir John gives a most animated and luminous account of the events which led to, accompanied, and followed the relief of Gibraltar ; and we are not sure but this may prove to the general reader the most interesting part of the book—though it is also full of valuable technical details worthy of the careful study of naval men ; especially in what relates to signals, and to the evolutions of his fleet in the presence of a greatly superior enemy, whose attention he fully occupied, while the troops and stores were landed at Gibraltar. No service on record ever, perhaps, was more ably or more completely executed than this—which in all its details is full of interest to every class of readers.

The strange loss of the 'Royal George' at Spithead is also described in this chapter, and a new attempt made to account for it, with which, however, we cannot agree. We only advert to this unfortunate circumstance, for the purpose of asking how it has happened that the hull of the ship in question has been allowed to lie where it sank, during the last half century and upwards ? She went down in one of the best parts of the most important anchorages of this country in 1782, fifty-six years ago ; and there she has lain ever since, forming a positive obstruction to the passage. On this account alone the wreck ought certainly to have been removed at once. We do not choose, at this moment, to enter into any consideration of the petty attempts made to raise the Royal George,—the failure of which, we must say, reflects little credit on the engineering capacity of this country ; but we really think it quite preposterous that such an obstacle should not have been swept out of the way, by blasting it to pieces by gunpowder (in the manner lately adopted by Colonel Pasley in the case of the brig William, foundered off Gravesend), and collect-

ing the fragments by the diving-bell, the moment it was ascertained that the ship could not be raised entire, or that she was not worth the trouble and expense of being raised.

Before leaving the chapter about Gibraltar, we are tempted to call the public attention to the importance not only of that fortress, but of a number of analogous strong positions in the British empire. Sir John Barrow says, with perfect truth—‘The reconquest of Gibraltar by the French and Spaniards would have given to these powers the entire command of the Mediterranean, and from that moment our influence to the eastward of the Pillars of Hercules would have been annihilated.’ He adds—‘The national character and honour of Great Britain would have sunk with the loss of the fortress of Gibraltar.’ With this last remark we do not quite agree. That the national character would have been lowered is true enough; and this is probably what the author meant; but we do not imagine it would have sunk altogether. Many nations, however, are deeply concerned in this question besides the English; and it seems worthy of consideration how impossible it would be to place Gibraltar in the hands of any other nation whatever, without imminent hazard of injury to the interests of all the rest of the world. But what country, we would ask, is jealous of *our* possessing it, or believes that we shall make any other than a fair use of the immense power its possession gives over the trade of the Mediterranean? In like manner, we would ask, in whose custody could so many of the other prominent outposts, or strongholds, of the commercial and political world be placed with equal advantage, or even with any safety, to the rest of the trading nations? With whom could be trusted Malta, for example, or Bermuda, or St Helena, or the Cape of Good Hope, or the Isle of France, or Ceylon, or Sincapore; each one of which commands, in a very great degree, the maritime intercourse of the regions in which they are placed? We all recollect the ruinous interruption to our Eastern commerce by the French occupation of the Isle of France; and who shall limit the incentives to war which the possession of one or more of the places we have named might not excite in the policy of short-sighted statesmen? But we repeat, who distrusts us on account of these possessions?

Lord Howe, when in command of the Channel fleet in 1793, was exposed to such a furious clamour in consequence of his not all at once bringing the French fleet to action, that, had the Government been in hands less vigorous than those of Pitt, he must have been removed; and who knows if even the first of June would have been fought?



'It was enough,' says Sir John Barrow, 'that the French fleet was known to be at sea; that it was several times seen by Lord Howe, and yet no captures were made, no battle had been fought; and one reason assigned was, that the fleet was constantly coming into Torbay, instead of keeping the sea. The public prints of the day, ignorant altogether of the policy of the conduct pursued by Earl Howe, and equally so of the object of it, were exceedingly and offensively scurrilous against the British Admiral, sometimes gravely or ridiculously critical, at other times sarcastic. But Lord Howe was not a man to pay much regard to attacks of this kind. His great object was to save the wear and tear of his ships—to keep them well provisioned—and to preserve the health and good-humour of the men; while the practice of moving about improved their seamanship, and the discipline of the fleet.'—P. 219.

In point of fact, the whole series of measures, so well described in the seventh Chapter, in which Lord Howe's management of the Channel fleet is detailed, were but a preparation for the great battle of the first of June of the year following. We are strongly tempted to give an abstract of the account of this famous action—so fertile in incidents capable of clear narration, and so full of glorious recollections on the greatest scale, and useful to all classes of her Majesty's subjects on land as well as at sea. But upon trying to form an abstract which should be intelligible to our unprofessional readers, we found it to exceed so greatly our limits, that we were obliged to refer to the work before us. In doing so, however, we may observe, that we think Sir John has not treated us quite fairly by referring us to James's '*History*,' or to any history, for the details of this great action. It is true these are pretty well known to professional men, but they are not so to the general reader; and we venture to recommend that, in the second edition, our author should give a succinct account of the battle; abridged from James if he likes, or from Brenton, or Elkins, or from any other writer.

Sir John, after treating of those feats of the action respecting which all parties are pretty well agreed, enters into a calm, but manly, discussion of a point which greatly agitated naval men's minds at the time, and even long afterwards;—namely, whether certain of the enemy's ships (five or six in number), which were distasted and otherwise disabled in the action, but which succeeded in joining the remainder of their fleet, might or might not have been captured with ease, as well as those which struck and were actually taken possession of.

The arguments are too long and too technical to be given here; but the spirit in which the controversy was conducted, and the reckless manner in which Lord Howe and some of his officers in the action were censured for not doing more than they

did, and for not bringing a dozen enemy's ships to Spithead instead of half a dozen, reminds us of the Spanish proverb which says, 'It is one thing to sit quietly in the balcony and thence view the bull-fight below—but it is quite another affair to jump into the ring and encounter the twisted horns of the bull!'

On this matter we shall merely remark, that there can be little or no doubt that, in subsequent epochs of the war, when both officers and men, as well as the country, were so much accustomed to victory as to consider it certain—when our ships were commanded by men greatly younger in years than Lord Howe, but fully older in experience of general actions—and when, too, the discipline, and the whole equipment and organization of the fleet were incomparably superior to what they were in 1794—such an action as that of the first of June would have yielded more fruits, and such a number of beaten and disabled ships would not have been allowed to escape. It is probable, indeed, that Nelson, under similar circumstances, would either have abandoned or destroyed the ships he had captured, in order that he might have been more free to pursue the enemy, 'beaten and flying;' or he might have left them in the custody of two or three of his partially disabled ships, while, with all those of his own fleet which were not disabled at all, he would have recommenced the action, and at least have wrested from the enemy the four or five dismasted ships which they were towing away. But it must be recollected, that by the term *'similar circumstances,'* which we have used above, we advert merely to the technical and physical conditions of the problem—not to the moral ones. That these were widely different in the cases of Howe and Nelson no one knew better or felt more strongly than Howe himself, or, indeed, was more willing to admit; for he was the very soul of true candour; and delighted in the success of others, fully as much as in his own.

'In the year 1799, not many months before his death, Lord Howe, on hearing of the splendid victory of the battle of the Nile, writes thus—“I will only say on the splendid achievements of Nelson, that one of the most remarkable features in the transaction consists in the eminently distinguished conduct of *each* of the captains of the squadron.” . . . And if Lord Howe had been fortunate enough to have had Nelson's captains and crews which gained the battle of the Nile, the probability is equally strong that *he* would have been equally successful; for Lord Nelson only followed Lord Howe's example in assigning to every commander his opponent.'—P. 247.

In winding up his very able and fair discussion of this most interesting and, in every view, important subject, Sir John asks whether more has not been said upon it than it deserves? To

which we answer—certainly not; and we feel that the service at large is much indebted to him for the clear manner in which he has stated the whole case.

The festivities which followed at Portsmouth are graphically described, and several new and some old anecdotes relating to the action so admirably told, as essentially to assist in a right comprehension of the subject; and we greatly approve of our author's boldness in mixing up such apparently trivial, but really important matters, with those which are essentially formal and official. None but a practised writer, confident in his own powers, and familiar with the effects produced by their exercise, could have ventured, for example, to go gravely into the story of the Cock on board the Marlborough, which, when liberated from his coop in the heat of the action by a cannon-shot, 'suddenly perched himself on the stump of the main-mast, clapped his wings and crowed aloud; when, in an instant, three hearty cheers rang throughout the ship's company.' Our author took the trouble to investigate this incident, and he has clearly made out that it is true.

'Sir Thomas Hardy,' he tells us, 'made enquiry amongst the old pensioners of the Marlborough in Greenwich Hospital, and two of the most intelligent, Alexander Boswell and William Brett, fully corroborate the circumstance; and the latter states, that on the arrival of the ship at Plymouth, the cock was given to Lord George Lennox, the governor, by desire of Captain Berkeley. Lady Hardy has been good enough to ascertain from her aunt, Lady Mary Lennox, that the story is perfectly true, that the cock lived to a good old age, and that while the Marlborough remained at Plymouth it was daily visited by parties of her crew.'—P. 275.

Lady Hardy, we may mention, is daughter of the late Admiral the Hon. Sir George C. Berkeley, the excellent and gallant officer who commanded the Marlborough on the first of June, in which battle he was severely wounded.

We shall give one other of these anecdotes, well known to naval folks.

'The Defence, Captain Gambier, behaved most gallantly; and was terribly cut up and totally dismasted; she was one of the few that passed through the enemy's line, got into the midst of the French ships, and lost her main and mizen-masts. Captain Gambier was an excellent officer, and a gentleman of strict principles of religion and morality. At the close of the action, Captain Pakenham, a rattling, good-humoured Irishman, hailed him from the Invincible, "Well, Jimmy, I see you are pretty well mauled; but never mind, Jimmy, whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."—P. 277.

It was the inevitable consequence of Lord Howe's success that

the Government should be desirous of continuing him in the command of the fleet; and it is really painful to see the manner in which he was urged to continue in active service, when he himself was conscious of his growing incapacity. It is provoking, too, to observe that his wishes respecting the appointment of certain officers to the command of ships had not been complied with. 'My gratification on this point,' says he, 'seems of little moment; and,' he adds in a strain of great humility, 'to have the favourable opinion of our brethren, I esteem one of the most grateful honours to be obtained. But the views of things and ideas of a man, at my time of life, are so different from those of younger men, placed in directive stations, who feel (in their powers to enforce their sentiments) an ample justification for their adherence to them; and I am so peculiarly circumstanced in other respects, that I daily confirm myself in the assurance that seventy years of age, upon which I so nearly verge, is not at all too soon to think of voluntary retirement; thus preceding the call which may be daily expected, of the public, to quit a situation requiring better constitutional, as well as mental faculties, than I can boast.'—P. 309.

Alas! how often and how deeply is it to be lamented that men of high capacities and brilliant services in their day, should not have some such modest aspirations—some monitor within, or without, to rouse them into a consciousness of the wisdom of retiring from the stage before their faculties begin to decay.

About the middle of 1797, Lord Howe finally succeeded in disentangling himself from the command of the Channel fleet, and naturally expected to have been allowed to remain in peace the rest of his life. But this could not be—for a danger, vastly more momentous than any external enemy could bring to bear, threatened us at home during that year of checkered glory and disgrace. The renown of the year 1797 consists not only in several very distinguished single actions, but in the splendid general engagements off Camperdown and off Cape St Vincent;—the disgrace, or rather the humiliation, consists in the circumstances attending the particular, and the general mutinies amongst the seamen. The piratical seizure of the *Hermione*, and the horrible butchery of the officers, was a fearful instance of the effects of mere brute force run wild, and acting in the place of regulated discipline. There can be no doubt, however, that the consequences which attended this exercise of uncontrolled violence, tempered the minds of the seamen during the great mutinies of Spithead and the Nore, by strongly impressing upon them the absolute necessity of order; and thus prevented many excesses to which insubordination, amongst numbers, especially with men

unaccustomed to the action of self-control, has so direct a tendency to lead.

Even in the mutiny at the Nore, which was lawless, violent, and absurd, compared to that which took place at Spithead, we cannot help being struck with the degree of order and due subordination amongst the mutineers; the result, no doubt, of long habit, the just sense of the importance of obedience, and an innate consciousness of the imminent danger of anarchy.

It is not our purpose to go at all into the merits or demerits of these formidable mutinies, which were looked upon as the more awful and alarming since the combined energies of the nation, at a moment when national union was of the utmost importance, became suddenly palsied and unavailing. We shall merely say that we have always wondered how it happened that the seamen waited so long before they brought forward their moderate and really just claims—and still more have we wondered that, when once they got possession of power, and obtained not only a patient but an effectual hearing, they did not make further demands.

Without entering into the general question, or giving any opinion upon it, we may here remark that corporal punishment, and the practice of impressment—though at that period carried to the most painful lengths,—were never once alluded to by the seamen as grievances. The rules and regulations on the subject of punishments, which have been established of late years by the Admiralty would, in our opinion, be rendered as complete as the nature of things will allow of, if one small order were added; namely, were it rendered imperative on every commanding officer *to refrain from deciding upon the quantum of punishment till twenty-four hours had elapsed after the offence was investigated in his presence*. This regulation would give time for reflection, and would insure an interval of sleep—that blessed corrector of our bodily and mental excesses! It has been objected to this, that in cases of mutiny, or misconduct in action, or such like occasions, prompt and exemplary chastisement is indispensable. We do not deny this; only we say let it lie with the captain on all such occasions to make out his case of exception. If the general rule were made such as we have described, it would, we are well assured, save many a poor fellow a severe and often unmerited punishment, and it might save some officers much remorse.

We had intended to say a few words about the share which Lord Howe took in suppressing, or, more properly speaking, in putting an end to the great mutiny at Spithead,—for the seamen gained, and justly gained, all they sought for. But we have

not left ourselves room to say more than that we have ever held it to be one of the most fortunate circumstances connected with that formidable period that such a man as Lord Howe should have been at hand and available. He was at once gentle and firm, decisive, yet patient, bold to resist what was unreasonable, but willing to yield to what was admissible. Some persons, it is true, have thought that the submissions he made to the mutineers were derogatory to his dignity. Perhaps they were so; and in all probability Lord Howe felt this very acutely himself. But what then? He unquestionably accomplished the purpose which the Government who employed him had in view; and in all probability, at the smallest amount of concession which was requisite to restore the fleet to its allegiance. A less truly public-spirited man than Lord Howe, or one who thought more of his own honour and dignity than he ever did, might have bungled the whole affair; and by considering the probable effect of his measures upon his own reputation, might have sacrificed the public good, rather than incur the risk of the professional censure which, had he failed, might have attached to his memory for his proceedings. It is, however, so clearly the duty of every officer to be ready to sacrifice, not only his life, but what must be dearer to him—his reputation, when the good of his country requires him to do so—that in a case of such signal success as that which attended Lord Howe in restoring the Channel fleet to a sense of its obligations to its King and Country, we are quite sure that an officer will ever receive his just reward in the cordial approbation of all reflecting officers—or, at all events, even if this most grateful meed should be denied him by some—he will have the consolations of his own conscience—provided he has acted throughout with singleness of purpose, and with an eye to the good of the public service—without ever thinking of the consequences to himself.

As to the effects of the mutiny, we can add nothing more substantially to the purpose than that which, with his wonted sagacity, and intimate familiarity with every branch of nautical knowledge, Sir John Barrow states with confidence.

‘As evil is not unfrequently productive of good, it so happened in the case of the mutiny. The attention of naval officers was more closely drawn to the consideration and comforts of the men under their command; punishments became less frequent; indulgence of leave to go on shore was more generally extended. Successive Boards of Admiralty have been emulous in their endeavours to better the condition of the seamen, which is now, in fact, superior to that of almost any class of men who must earn a subsistence by the sweat of their brow. A man-of-war's man is better fed, better lodged, better and cheaper clothed, and, in sick-

ness, better taken care of, than any class of labouring men; and when he has completed twenty-one years' service, he may retire if he wishes it, with a pension for life, from tenpence to fourteen-pence a day; and if severely wounded, more than double these sums; or, if discharged after fourteen years, or less, for sickness or debility contracted in the service, a pension of sixpence, or ninepence a-day. Petty and non-commissioned officers have increased pensions, according to the petty or non-commissioned time they may have served. To show the difference since the time of the mutiny, it may be observed, that the number of these out-pensioners at that period (1797) was about 1500; at the present time they are from 18,000 to 20,000, and the average amount of the pension of each person is at least as 3 to 1.

'Again, when seamen are worn out by old age or infirmity, that noble asylum at Greenwich, unparalleled in the world, is open for the consideration of their claims. The number at present therein is nearly 3000. As a further encouragement for good conduct, and a service of twenty-one years, gratuities are awarded to a certain number of seamen and marines on the paying off of each ship, which entitle them also to wear a silver medal of the size of half-a-crown at the third button-hole of their jackets, having on one side of it the words "FOR LONG SERVICE AND GOOD CONDUCT," and on the other an anchor and crown. Neither are the children of seamen neglected. Annexed to Greenwich Hospital is a splendid building in the midst of a beautiful piece of ground, appropriated as a school for 800 boys and 200 girls, who receive an excellent education.'—P. 355.

We have left ourselves no space to describe the contents of the very pleasing chapter which narrates Lord Howe's retirement from public life; nor of the last of all, which gives us many very interesting miscellaneous traits of his character, and incidental glimpses of his opinions on professional points, many of which are of great value. We think Sir John Barrow has done extremely well to collect as many of these as possible; for most of them are of real utility, and worthy of the attention of those who have the management of such matters. Lord Howe's ideas, for instance, on the subject of naval education are admirable, and not less so is his biographer's commentary.

Lord Howe, after alluding to the plea of an officer who had run his ship on shore and stated, in excuse, that it was owing to errors in the *master's* reckoning, expresses himself as follows:—  
'Young captains often think that point of their examinations, when passing for a lieutenancy, is no longer to be regarded after obtaining independent commands.'

'This just remark,' says our author, 'is highly deserving of consideration, and in point of fact has been repeatedly brought before more than one Board of Admiralty. A young midshipman, having passed his examination for a lieutenancy, remains for many years a mate, forgetting all that he had been obliged to learn to enable him to pass, knowing that he would not

be subject to any further enquiries into the state of his nautical knowledge. Why should he not pass a second time when he is about to get his commission? Nay, further, why should not a lieutenant, before he obtains a commission as commander, undergo a similar examination to qualify himself for that rank; or, at least, give some proof that he is familiar with the use of a chronometer, and can work a lunar observation? . . . Young officers of the navy ought not to be allowed to throw their professional education behind them, from the moment they have passed their first examination, and, by their ignorance or indifference, leave the fate of the ships they may afterwards command "to the errors of the masters."—P. 367.

We would carry this matter even further than Sir John Barrow, for we have always thought that the examination of young officers was too confined in its range, and that, besides navigation and seamanship, it ought to include other requisites on the part of an officer, of equal if not greater moment. We allude chiefly to many parts of the complicated system of discipline which are within the reach of any ordinary person's capacity, and which might, we conceive, be made matters of previous instruction, with great advantage to the service. At present, when a young man comes to act as lieutenant, especially as a first lieutenant—and still more when he is placed in the command of a ship, and is intrusted with the execution of the 'laws and customs' of the navy, it very seldom happens that he really knows much of these things except as matters of routine and obedience. But it is one thing for a man to do his own duty, and to do it well, and another to regulate the duties of great numbers. We have, in fact, often known excellent subordinate officers turn out very bad commanders—not from want either of talents or zeal, but solely from want of knowing how to set about the arduous work of commanding others, and of methodizing the details of discipline.

Now, we are certain that very much of all this might be taught; for, though no teaching will impart capacity, a great deal may be done to modify natural endowments, so as to render them subservient to the public uses. An intimate knowledge of the 'laws and customs in use at sea,' for instance, will give confidence to every commander; and we are no less certain that some systematic acquaintance with those well defined rules of conduct, which have been tried and found to answer, might essentially control and regulate the temper. But we need not enlarge on these points, which we imagine will be obvious enough to all who have practically examined the question; and we merely throw out the hint, in hopes of its being improved upon by those who have the means of giving fresh impulse, and a right direction, to such improvements in the system.

Amongst the numerous topics which our author discusses,



there are few of more difficulty and delicacy than that which relates to the promotion of officers—especially of captains to the rank of admirals; and as this subject has engaged a good deal of attention, not only amongst professional men, but also in Parliament, and as it is likely to be soon brought forward in a new shape, we shall perhaps be excused for saying a few words upon it.

Lord Howe's second administration of the Admiralty commenced with a restriction on naval promotions, which, of course, was very unpopular. The circumstances connected with his arrangements at that period, naturally give rise to a discussion by Sir John Barrow on this difficult question; and we must in fairness state, that we have nowhere seen, nor heard, even in naval companies, so full, or, upon the whole, so fair a view of this knotty topic. It is much too long to extract entire. It begins with a comparative state of the list of the navy in 1787 and 1836, and the numbers promoted in the five years preceding each epoch; by which it will be seen that the promotions made in Lord Howe's time, greatly exceeded those of the recent era,—allowance being made for the difference of total numbers. 'Though Lord Howe acted in strict conformity with the existing Orders in Council on this subject, so great a number of old captains being set aside and placed upon the superannuated list of yellow admirals, caused very general discontent in the service.'—(P. 180.) The subject was taken up in Parliament, and warmly discussed. Lord Howe made a very good defence in the House of Lords, and Mr Pitt for him in the Commons. But Lord Howe does not seem to have approved of this interference on the part of the Legislature; and it is suggested that the disgust he felt upon the occasion might have had some share in making him resign. It is needless to recapitulate the numerous Orders in Council which have been issued for the regulation of naval promotions—from 1747 to 1827 inclusive. But as the subject is one which has long kept naval circles in a state of agitation—though now, we hope, in the course of settlement—we must advert to the Order in Council of the late Lord High Admiral in 1827, which provides, 'that captains of unblemished character, who shall not have declined or avoided service, shall (provided the promotion shall extend down to their standing on the list) be superannuated with the rank of retired rear-admirals, when passed over in any promotion of flag officers. Then, with regard to the effective flag,' continues Sir John Barrow, 'it provides that captains (if by their character and other *qualifications* they be considered *eligible* for promotion) shall be deemed eligible, if they have commanded one or more rated ships four complete

‘ years during war, or six complete years during peace, or five complete years of war and peace combined.’

This is the state of naval law at the Admiralty at present—and we must say, with all deference to the authority under which it was promulgated, that any thing more wide of the proper mark was never fired off. We might be shy of pronouncing such an opinion upon a professional point, had we not our author's to back our own. It is as follows :—

‘ There is still some absurdity, and great injustice in this regulation. The injustice and hardship of this order consist in the difficulty, perhaps it may be said impossibility, of a great number of captains, however high their character, having a chance even of being able to procure appointments to command ships for the specified periods, especially during peace; in consequence of which the very best officers in the service, being thus disqualified, must be passed over—the absurdity is, that officers, however old, infirm and helpless, having completed the proper time of service, and being therefore qualified, *must* be promoted to the rank of rear-admiral, and placed on the effective list: for it may be observed, that the *other qualifications* of eligibility, mentioned in the Order in Council, have not been taken into any consideration. It is more than probable therefore that selection, for which Lord Howe was so much abused in the House of Commons, will be the next rule resorted to; and that officers must be content to rest their claims, where alone they can best be known, on the equitable decision of the Board of Admiralty, which can, or ought to, have no other object than to select those, who will do most credit to its administration of naval affairs, by their characters, services, and efficiency.

‘ When the state of the list of captains is looked into,—when the ages of those within two hundred of the top are considered, and the little probability of another brevet promotion speedily happening, and when, if ever, it does happen, the few that can be deemed eligible for the effective flag,—the necessity of doing something to clear that list must be apparent; and perhaps the simplest and most equitable mode of proceeding would be, to let it be generally understood that, on application to the Lords of the Admiralty, any captain within the two hundred, “ who shall not have declined or avoided service,” will be allowed to retire with £365 a year (or some other sum), for the remainder of his life, with the rank of retired rear-admiral. A stipend to this amount, commencing immediately, would probably be considered by many preferable to an indefinitely deferred annuity of £450, the half-pay of a rear-admiral.’—P. 189.

Sir John then alludes to the recent motion in the House of Commons, of Captain Deans Dundas,—an excellent officer, and of much experience,—the object of which was to free the upper part of the Post-Captains' list of non-effective officers. We do not remember the terms of Captain Dundas's motion; but we think its object was to be gained, not by compulsion, or after an

official investigation of the merits and capabilities of the officers ; but to afford such as felt themselves incompetent to the duties of a flag, from age, ill health, or any other cause, to retire on a certain allowance,—say one pound a day ; and this, as the above extract shows, is pretty nearly Sir John Barrow's notion.

The subject is one of so much importance, not merely to the officers themselves (who are surely well entitled to consideration), but to the public also, that we venture to call the attention of our readers to it. It is of primary consequence to the country to have an efficient body of flag officers ready to take the command of its fleets in the event of a war ; and even in peace, when our numerous and extensive foreign commands are considered,—the Mediterranean, the Cape, India, South and North America, and the West Indies,—it becomes nationally important that our naval affairs should be in good hands.

Now, from the constitution of the naval service, it appears that when an officer reaches the rank of Captain (or, as it used to be called, Post-Captain), he is promoted to a flag by seniority. But, as will be seen by the above statement, his being promoted or not, turns not upon his fitness, but upon the fact of his having served afloat a certain number of years ; though it may not have been in his power to get a ship at all, or he may not have been able to hold commands long enough to entitle him to his flag ! Nevertheless, he may be abundantly efficient, while, at the very same time, as Sir John Barrow observes, men totally ineffective *must* be promoted ; and of what use are they likely to be to the country in the event of a sudden emergency ?

There is another evil not adverted to directly by Sir John. The nature of this seniority promotion almost inevitably cuts off from the country the *flag services*, so to speak, of a great number of highly efficient officers, who are so far down the list as to render it wellnigh hopeless their reaching the promotion point while their vigour is entire. 'What is to be done then ?' becomes the difficult question. If you do away with the principle of promotion by seniority, and allow of selection, you break up one of the oldest and most cherished characteristics of the naval system. The grand aim of every officer heretofore has been to get, as they call it, to the 'top of the tree,'—meaning thereby the post-list—though, in strictness, the admiral's list is the top. And so very deep-seated is this feeling in the navy, and so operative in producing zeal and industry, from the youngest midshipman to the oldest commander, that we should look with great apprehension on any change in a regulation, on which, we verily believe, the wellbeing of the naval service hangs.

Whilst we were in the very act of writing these strictures—

and ‘cudgelling our brains,’ to no great purpose, to find a remedy for an acknowledged evil—we observed that a Royal Commission had been issued for the purpose, if we read it aright, of taking this matter into consideration. And when we look at the names of the Commissioners, we own that we are in great hopes that something may be done which, while it has the general good of the country as its first object, will not lose sight of the claims of the service—nor cast on one side all due consideration of those officers who, if the war had lasted, would not have required any aid but that of their own good arms, and upon whom, be it remembered, the country would, in that case, have looked with very different eyes from those with which they view them at present. Danger and difficulty, we may just hint, are wonderful teachers of civility and generosity towards those who have the means of fending off the hazard, and who are willing to take all the trouble of the national defence. Peace and security, on the other hand, inevitably give birth to an almost total neglect of these very means.

The following is the Gazette announcement of the names of the Commission, consisting of eight military men—three naval—and four civilians. We have scarcely any hopes that they can arrive at conclusions which shall be universally, or even generally satisfactory to either service. But we conceive it next to certain that they will do much good to the army and to the navy, and consequently to the country: we grieve, however, when we think at how great a cost of individual disappointment this may be obtained.—‘The Queen has been pleased to direct letters patent to be passed under the Great Seal, authorizing and appointing Arthur Duke of Wellington, K.G.; Charles Duke of Richmond, K.G.; Gilbert Earl of Minto, G.C.B.; Robert Viscount Melville, K.T.; the Right Hon. Henry Grey (commonly called Viscount Howick); Rowland Lord Hill, G.C.B.; the Right Hon. Henry Labouchere; Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Adam, K.C.B.; Lieutenant-General Sir James Kempt, G.C.B.; Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Masterman Hardy, Bart., G.C.B.; Admiral Sir George Cockburn, G.C.B.; Lieutenant-General Sir Richard Hussey Vivian, Bart., G.C.B.; Major-General Sir Alexander J. Dickson, K.C.B.; Major-General Sir Henry Hardinge, K.C.B.; and Colonel Sir Richard Williams, K.C.B., to be her Majesty’s Commissioners for enquiring into the several modes of promotion and retirement now authorized and granted to the officers of her Majesty’s naval or military forces, for ascertaining the comparative situation of the officers in each branch, and for reporting whether,

‘ due regard being had to economy and to the efficiency of the service, it may be practicable and expedient to make any and what changes in the present system.’

There is only one other topic brought forward by Sir John Barrow upon which we feel anxious to say a word or two. We mean the much agitated question afloat, whether the First Lord of the Admiralty should be a professional man (as is always the case with the Commander-in-chief of the army), or be only occasionally so? Now, we are clearly of opinion, with our author, for various reasons besides those he gives, that the country, and even the service itself, are far better with a civilian than with a naval man at the head of the naval administration. The great defence of the country—its ‘ wooden walls,’—is totally different, in most respects, from that which is furnished by the army. We have the authority of the Duke of Wellington, repeatedly pronounced in his ‘ Despatches,’ that England is not essentially a military nation—and he shows clearly why we are not—and never can become so. On the other hand, does not every person see and feel that we are essentially naval—that our safety, as well as our credit as a nation, is bound up in our naval character? This belongs not merely to our own shores, but embraces the wide extent of our colonial empire, and extends, therefore, all round the globe. Now, in order to give any consistency or any efficacy to such a vast and complicated machine, every one of its multifarious wheels, and springs, must be kept in due subordination to, and in strict regulation with, those still more extensive and complicated political and party relations in which this country is, and ever must be involved. The Commander-in-Chief of the army has merely to keep the army in good order—and no small task that is, we admit—but the Naval Minister of the Crown has a vastly wider field of duty; and to do his duty efficiently to the country, we conceive he must be a politician not only by education, but by long experience of business, aided by an intimate familiarity with the leading public men of the day. Of naval men who can be thus described, how very limited must the number ever be from which to choose a First Lord! Sir John Barrow most justly observes, that ‘ the education of a seaman is not exactly such as is suited to fill an important place in the Ministerial Cabinet. The time,’ he adds, ‘ that is taken up in acquiring that degree of professional skill, and eminence of character, which could alone justify the appointment to such a situation, almost precludes the acquisition of that general knowledge, and of those broad and comprehensive views, inseparable from the character of a great statesman.’

It would no doubt be a good thing if a First Lord of the Admiralty, as has sometimes happened, should possess these requisites, in addition to his professional knowledge—but the chances are very greatly against such a combination; while, as we conceive, almost all the technical details of his office may be thoroughly well performed by carefully selected naval men, acting under the vigilant superintendence of a First Lord, duly qualified in other respects. We do not think it by any means requisite that an Admiral should be a party man—but we hold it to be essential that the First Lord of the Admiralty should be so, in order that the great machine of the general Government should work smoothly and effectively.

We shall only advert to one other consideration, which we consider of some weight in this matter. If a naval man is to be appointed First Lord of the Admiralty, he must, we presume, be an officer of the highest rank in the service; and if so, he must of necessity be rather an elderly man. Whatever might be the talents or knowledge of a young officer, or whatever his fitness to take the first station at the Admiralty, we cannot suppose it would ever answer to place a captain, for instance, at the head of the navy. But there is no such limitation in the case of a civilian. In a word, we are for young men, that is, for the youngest men that can be found, with the adequate amount of talents—to fill high offices in the state; and this alone, we think, must (besides numerous other advantages) always render it the safe, *general rule*, to have a civilian for the First Lord of the Admiralty.

Towards the close of his narrative, Sir John Barrow labours with praiseworthy industry to make out that his hero was as amiable as he certainly was great and good. But we confess that, after all, the impression which an examination of Lord Howe's character leaves on our minds is of a different sort. That his moral character was unimpeachable—indeed, excellent, there is no doubt—nor is there any that he was beloved by his own family—and we need not repeat what we think of his professional character; but, unquestionably, there was in him a lack of that frankness and cordiality of manner which are of the highest use in a commanding officer. That Lord Howe was not only not destitute of kindly feelings, but that he felt very deeply, and that he acted upon the generous impulses of a most affectionate heart, his biographer makes out quite clearly. What we mean is, that he was deficient—constitutionally we suppose—in that felicitous and engaging easiness and warmth of address in which Nelson excelled; and which first won the affections, then secured them, and lastly turned them to account for the

public service, with a degree of energy which nothing but hearty, personal, good-will can ever hope to command. We strongly suspect, indeed, that the painful misunderstanding which arose and was kept up so long between Lord Howe and Lord Bridport had its origin, and certainly its continuance, in this very coldness, or formality, or whatever it may be called, on the part of Lord Howe. We regret, accordingly, that Sir John Barrow has thought it right to give an account of this unpleasant estrangement between these two distinguished officers; and we take leave to beg of him to cut it out of his next edition—as it contributes nothing, that we can see, to the points he has it in view to support. Independently, too, of every other consideration, it is very painful to naval men to see the great names of Hood and Howe brought forward in this way; and unless there be a strong necessity for such discussions, they are better left out of a work like this.

Sir John Barrow winds up with a masterly comparison between Howe, St Vincent, and Nelson, in which he makes each character serve to illustrate the other, with a degree of skill indicative of an intimate knowledge of all the parties, and of the circumstances upon which such a judgment should rest. As it might be difficult to act as umpires in such a case, we shall simply say, then, that we think Nelson is the most to be admired, wondered at, and imitated, in his professional career—that Lord St Vincent's memory is to be highly honoured, as in his life he was feared, and obeyed in all things. 'What I do with a pen-knife,' said Nelson, 'Lord St Vincent accomplishes with a hatchet.' As to Lord Howe, we should say, that he is to be every way esteemed; and, upon the whole, perhaps, ought to be the most carefully studied of the three, in his professional life. Moreover, we recommend that Lord Howe be kept steadily before the eye of every officer, as a model of that entire disinterestedness and genuine public spirit—unadulterated by the slightest grain of selfishness—which are the truest characteristics of a great mind.

In conclusion, we have to express a hope that Sir John Barrow will ere long give his work to the public in a small and cheap shape, resembling Southey's *Life of Nelson*; and in it we should be glad to have a good many more of Lord Howe's letters. We conceive, indeed, that this work, though of a very different stamp from the one just alluded to, is calculated in many respects to do even more good, as a manual in the hands of our rising young officers; more particularly in these 'piping days of peace,' when discipline inevitably gets rather slack, and the importance of those professional attainments to which Lord Howe so advantage-

ously directed his whole attention is apt to fade from the thoughts of all classes of officers.

While these sheets are passing through the press we learn that Sir John Barrow is engaged on a *Life of Lord Anson*. That Anson's life, and memorable voyage, should be illustrated by one who has superintended the equipment and progress of so many similar undertakings, is every way fitting; and we therefore congratulate the public on this acceptable intelligence.

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ART. IV.—1. *The Victims of Society*. By LADY BLESSINGTON. 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1837.

2. *Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman*. By the Same. 8vo. London: 1837.

3. *Confessions of an Elderly Lady*. By the Same. 8vo. London: 1838.

IN the art of novel-writing—an art so richly cultivated by the genius of modern times—the intellect of women has displayed itself to peculiar advantage. In certain attributes and qualities the female novel writers have excelled, indeed, their rivals of the sterner sex. In fiction, as in real life, they are more at home in the flower garden and by the domestic hearth. Their portraitures of familiar scenes, of every-day incidents, are matchless for truth and grace. All the more distinguished amongst them share the gift which Sir Walter Scott has so accurately noticed in Miss Austen,—the gift ‘of describing the involvements, and feelings, and characters of ordinary life;’—‘the exquisite touch which renders commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment.’\* In this talent the female novel writers of Great Britain surpass those of France. In bold and startling analyses of the emotions which women are wisely taught not to encourage but to curb, Madame Dudevant has, happily, perhaps no competitor in her own sex; in the poetry of diction, in the eloquence of sentiment, Madame de Staël stands alone; but for the unexaggerated delineation of natural and healthful thoughts, of domestic life with its quiet chronicle of joys and sorrows, of womanly feelings ‘not loud but deep,’ we

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\* Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, vol. vi. p. 264.



turn again and again with interest and delight to the less glittering pages of our own accomplished countrywomen. And in this, their chosen and appropriate sphere of letters, what rich variety, even confining our retrospect to the novels of the last few years!—each writer refuting the coarse aphorism of Pope, so stamped and individualized with ‘*a character*’ of her own! What distinction and contrast between the quiet earnestness and moving pathos of Mrs Norton’s charming stories!—the vivacity and sparkle of Mrs Gore!—the sustained and dramatic interest of ‘*Ellen Wareham*!’—the exuberant eloquence of ‘*Edith Churchill*!’ What unaffected exertion of deep tragic powers in ‘*Carwell*!’ and what minute knowledge of the female heart, with all its strength and all its weakness, in the melancholy and thoughtful beauty of the ‘*Admiral’s Daughter*!’ If our lighter literature, during the last ten years, had produced no other works but these, it would have still sufficed to bequeath a rich legacy of delight to a succeeding generation.

Modern society, which is not very rich in materials for the stage, produces the exact varieties of life most favourable to the genius of the novelist. The comic dramatist requires strong contrasts and marked effects; and the wider the distinctions between ranks and classes—the deeper the divisions that circumstances draw between man and man—the better for the purposes of the stage. The novelist, on the contrary, more subtle, analytic, and refining than the dramatist,—inclining rather to delicate fidelity to minute details, than to bold exaggeration of vehement contrasts,—finds scope for his art precisely where society appears most level and uniform; and in proportion to the apparent similarity of the general flock is the skill and the beauty with which individualities are discovered and enforced.

The novels of Lady Blessington are strongly characterised by the social phenomena of the times—they are peculiarly the *Romans de Societé*—the characters that move and breathe throughout them are the actual persons of the great world; and the reflections with which they abound belong to the philosophy of one who has well examined the existing manners. In her writings there has been a marked and progressive improvement, as if by the self-study that belongs to application, powers previously unknown to herself had been gradually developed. ‘*The Victims of Society*’ is a prodigious improvement on ‘*The Repealers*.’ The story of the first-named novel is well conceived. Two female characters are placed before us in lively yet natural contrast; each, in her different career, illustrative of the social circumstances which sully the innocent or ruin the wise. The one a guileless and charming girl with strong affections—genc-

rous, but impetuous impulses—transferred from a home in which she had been the idol, to the care of a husband whose character she was too childlike to detect before-hand—and who, gay, thoughtless, and thoroughly dissipated, is wearied by the very purity he cannot comprehend. Neglected and unprotected by her husband—exposed to the machinations and intrigues of a designing and false friend—abandoned without a guide to the censorship of a circle suspicious of others in proportion to its own depravity—the inexperienced head betrays the sinless heart. Circumstances make against her—and she pines to death—the victim of scandal, innocent and maligned.

In contradistinction to this character of Lady Annandale we have that of Caroline Montessor, which is drawn with great vigour, and exhibits considerable knowledge of the contradictions of human nature. With high natural powers, and not without redeeming qualities of womanly grace and softness, her intellect is perverted from childhood by the contagion of bad example; and she comes into the world prepared to be the betrayer, but not less destined to become the victim. Her inexperienced virtues ruin Lady Annandale—her wily vices destroy Caroline Montessor. The story is conducted by the medium, once so much in vogue, of correspondence. Though this mode of consummating the plot is now to the distaste of the public, and foregoes many opportunities of dramatic effect—it is favourable to the easy introduction of acute reflections upon society and manners,—and of much subtle and elegant criticism upon men and books. In fact, this portion of the work will well repay perusal, as the observations of a calm observer of the world, who wishes fairly to place before the young the perils of actual life,—not as evils that are necessary, but as rocks that may be shunned. The two works of lighter aim and pretension, called ‘Confessions of an Elderly Lady,’ and ‘Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman,’ are more popular in their nature than the ‘Victims of Society,’ and more sparkling in their execution. They contain much shrewd but quiet satire, and much subtilty of observation; while here and there, in the midst of their most lively irony, there are charming touches of reflective morality and unconscious pathos. From the ‘Confessions of an Elderly Lady’ we subjoin an extract that may give some notion of the treatment of the subject. We must first premise that Lord Clydesdale has been an early lover of the fair narrator—that she lost him by her own waywardness and pride—and that, after the lapse of many years, he is thus again introduced to her notice.

‘A short time afterwards Lady Percival came to see me, and pressed me to dine at her house.

"You will meet an old acquaintance," said she, "for Lord Clydesdale is staying with us."

"Is he alone?" asked I in trepidation, my foolish heart beating with a quicker pulsation.

"Yes," replied Lady Percival, "quite alone; ever since he lost poor dear Lady Clydesdale he comes to us every year to spend a week or two."

"What, is Lady Clydesdale dead?" demanded I, in an agitation that I thought I should never again experience.

"Is it possible that you did not know it?" answered she calmly. "Why, she has been dead these five years; and his only child, a daughter, has been married above a year to the Duke of Warrenborough. Poor dear Lady Clydesdale was a charming person; do you know, my dear friend, that many people considered her to bear a striking likeness to you? It is very sad and solitary for him to be compelled to live alone; for though no longer young, he is still a very agreeable person."

"How many thoughts and hopes did this communication awaken! He, the only man I had ever really loved, was again free; and a thousand tender recollections of our former attachment floated through my mind as I reflected on his solitary life so resembling my own. Yes, we might meet, might again feel some portion of that affection which once filled our hearts: and, though in youth we had been separated, we might now form a union that would enable us to pass our old age together, released from the lonely, cheerless solitude in which we both were placed.

"Lady Percival observing that I had not accepted her invitation renewed it, adding, "Do pray come, dear Lady Wyndermere! Lord Clydesdale will be so disappointed if you do not. I told him I intended to ask you, and he said he should be very glad indeed to see you again." This sentence decided my acceptance of her invitation, for it encouraged the fond hopes that were awakened in my breast; and a thousand visions of happy days, past and to come, floated in my imagination. From the moment that Lady Percival left me, until the hour, three days after, that saw me drive up to her door, I thought of nothing but my interview with Lord Clydesdale. How would he look, how address me? would he betray any agitation? were questions continually occurring to me. Never had I taken more pains with my dress than on that momentous day. One robe was found to be too grave, and another was thrown aside as not suiting my complexion; half a dozen caps, and as many turbans were tried, before the one deemed the most becoming was determined on; and I experienced no little portion of embarrassment when I observed the astonishment of my *femme de chambre* at this my unusual fastidiousness with regard to my toilette. At length it was completed; and casting many a lingering glance at my mirror, I flattered myself that few, if any women of my age could have looked better. If mine was no longer a figure or face to captivate the young and unthinking, it might satisfy the less scrupulous taste of the elderly and reflecting. But above all, *he* who had seen the temple in its pristine beauty would not despise it now, though desecrated and ravaged by the hands of time. As I reflected on the change wrought on my person by time,

that foe to beauty, the thought of how the destroyer's touch might have operated on *his* occurred to me. Was *he* *very much* altered? But no! age might have taken from the graceful elasticity of his step, added some furrows to his brow, and tinged his dark locks with its silvery hue, but it could not have destroyed the noble and distinguished character of his manly beauty! How my heart throbbed as I entered the library of Lord Percival! I positively felt as if not more than twenty summers had flown over my head; and dreaded yet wished to see Lord Clydesdale. After the usual salutations had passed, Lady Percival led me to a large easy chair, reclined in which, with one foot enveloped in a fleecy stocking and a velvet shoe that looked large enough for an inhabitant of Brobdignag, was an old man with a rubicund face, a head, the summit of which was bald and shining, graced by a few straggling locks of snowy white.

"This, dear Lady Wyndermere, is your old acquaintance, Lord Clydesdale," whispered Lady Percival. I positively shrunk back, astonished and incredulous.

"Ah! I see you do not recognise me," said the venerable-looking old gentleman before me, holding forth a hand, on each of the fingers of which were unseemly protuberances, cycloped chalk-stones. "I am such a martyr to the gout that I am unable to rise to receive you; but it affords me great pleasure to see your ladyship in such good health."

"I could scarcely collect myself sufficiently to make a suitable reply. All the air-built visions my fancy had formed for the last few days were dashed to the earth as I contemplated the infirm septuagenarian before me, and remembered that he was only some ten or twelve years my senior, a circumstance which never occurred to me as disadvantageous before. Not a trace of his former personal attractions remained—nay, it would be difficult to believe, judging from his present appearance, that any had ever existed. It gave me, however, some satisfaction to observe that he seemed surprised at my having preserved so much of my former comeliness; and I will own that I was malicious enough, as Lord Percival led me to the dining-room, to which Lord Clydesdale was slowly limping, supported by his *valet-de-chambre* and a crutch, to affect a much more than ordinary quickness of pace and agility. "And this," thought I, "is the man who has caused me so many sighs, who has inflicted on me days of care and nights without sleep?" The thing seemed really preposterous, and I could have smiled at my own illusions—illusions that might have been indulged even to my last hour had not one glance at their object dispelled them for ever. I took a spiteful pleasure in recounting during dinner the long walks I affected to be in the daily habit of taking, and attempted to avenge myself on the unconscious object of my resentment for all the pain he had ever inflicted, by now making him feel the disparity between us. I caught his eye more than once fixed on my face, and fancied that its expression indicated more of surprise or envy than of tender reminiscences. Perhaps it was to punish me that he talked with evident pleasure of the delights of being a grandpapa; the new interest it excited when all others had nearly ceased; and the refuge it afforded against that dreary and loveless solitude

to which childless old age was exposed. This was the last day of my illusions, or of my being enabled to enact the youthful.'

These very agreeable and justly popular works afford us an occasion to make a few remarks upon the importance which, not only in our own country, but throughout Europe, the Novel has assumed. Every species of fiction is, to a certain degree, the reflection of the prevalent tastes and opinions of the age in which it appears. Art is but the impression of the Civilisation by which it is produced. Sophocles is not more true to Athens than Cervantes to Spain—than Shakspeare to England. No genius can suffice to re-establish and revive the exact literature of a former age, because it cannot restore the feelings and the habits from which that literature sprung. He, therefore, who desires in the present day to bring a tragedy of Grecian life upon the stage remoulds the form in which the representation is cast. The theme may be Greek, but the spirit is still English. So, when Scott led us back into the times of *Cœur-de-Lion*, or Elizabeth, the characters were of the past age, but the sources of interest were derived from the feelings that exist in the present. It is in proportion as the taste for reading has become diffused that the novel has extended its province and confirmed its authority. The novel is the popular epic. It has recourse to the same elements of interest as the poem, but adapts them to more familiar shapes. As long as the reading public was partial and confined—even the novel, addressing itself to scholars—had something scholastic in its form. It dwelt in allegory—it nourished itself on learning, and reflected back on its readers their own pedantries and conceits. After the Restoration, the wide schism of feeling and sentiment that existed between the court and the people tended to create a spurious class of light literature, intended for courtiers, and void of the robust and earnest spirit which poetical literature only assumes when addressed to, and borrowed from the multitude. Hence that startling contrast of obscene frivolity with stilted bombast, which pleased the court,—now in the licentious comedy, now in the extravagant romance—that were found on the tables of such as the Duchess of Portsmouth and the Earl of Rochester. In proportion as wit was coarse, romance was superfine. But while Cleliás and Cassandras charmed the polite, the mass of the people found the representative of their most cherished beliefs, their most fervent fancies in the '*Pilgrim's Progress*.' Bunyan's work is the poetry of Puritanism. A novel it cannot be called; for it has nothing to do with real life, any more than the visions of Fifth Monarchymen had to do with practical forms of government. But precisely for that reason was it true to the age in which

it was composed. The spirit that had overthrown the Stuarts is more visible in Bunyan's allegory than in Milton's 'Defence.' It was only in later reigns, as the court and the people became more united, and the literary public more equalized and more extended, that were produced in England those immortal novels that, having recourse to life as it is, for the materials of romance, please alike the wisest and the dullest—the homeliest and the most refining. In France, during the last century, the philosophical spirit of the age is strongly stamped upon many of its greatest fictions; and what the novel borrowed from philosophy it may be said to have lost in truth. There is no flesh and blood in the characters of Marmontel—they are but actors in a dramatized aphorism. 'The Candide' and 'The Zadig' of Voltaire are only brilliant caricatures. Yet we question, if he had lived in our time, when great events have superseded the speculative by the practical, and studied the illustration of actual life, not the refutation of mechanical dogmas, whether he would not have been the greatest novelist of Europe. The more we examine his tragedies, the more we feel assured, that the very philosophy that secured his fame with his contemporaries crippled the exertion of his natural powers. If he had painted human beings, instead of laughing at abstract things, Voltaire would have had still higher qualities than Le Sage,—in his wit, his knowledge, his fancy, his powers of pathos, and, above all, his deep sympathy with the 'masses,'—for the realization of the popular novel.

A new mine in fiction was opened by Richardson in *Clarissa*. He led the novel away from the delineation of manners, the exposition of foibles, and the portraiture of humours, into the deep recesses of the human heart. He raised the tale into the tragedy when he united it to the passions. Rousseau was the French Richardson—more eloquent in words—far less pathetic in effect. Subsequently, Goëthe, in the story of *Werther*, made use of the same materials for creating grave interest and exciting tragical emotion. But that great genius had the art to be equally minute as Richardson, without being equally tedious. He has at once the simplicity of the English writer and the rhetoric of the Frenchman. No translation can convey any idea of the astonishing simplicity of 'Werther,'—its exact fidelity to domestic habits, and to feelings the most commonly experienced, and only made sublime by the height to which they are carried; every man has felt like Werther, as he has felt like Hamlet, but not to the same excess. These three writers may be considered the most august founders of the domestic novel of sentiment and passion, in contradistinction to the social novel of observation and humours, perfected by Fielding and Le Sage,\*

Goldsmith excels the three in delicacy—but falls far short of them in passion. He is to the comic novel what they are to the tragic.

The mine which Richardson opened is one that appears to us unexhausted and inexhaustible. The mere novel of manners soon becomes obsolete. Hence the oblivion which has already closed over most of the novels of 'Fashionable Life,' in spite of much ill applied vivacity and perverted talent for observation. But the novel of real feeling, while seemingly not more pretending, advances claims to no ephemeral reputation. The public, however, are apt to confound the one with the other; and if the story be cast in our own day, and the characters taken from the drawing-room or the counting-house, we are, too, inclined to suppose that any difference in the interest excited arises rather from the livelier talent of the writer than the higher nature of his design. Thus, we have heard the charming story of 'Violet, or the *Danseuse*,' classed with the novels of fashionable life—though it belongs to a class widely distinct: if the reader will compare 'Violet' with 'Almacks,' he will observe at once the difference between the novel of feelings and the novel of manners.

In life as it is, lies the true empire of modern fiction; in that life within life—the thoughts, feelings, aspirations, which the study of a single family will reveal to us—(latent to the common eye, yet, individualizing each with separate attributes of power, weakness, beauty, deformity)—lies its true philosophy,—its metaphysics that dissects and analyzes—its poetry that embodies and re-creates. Many authors of talent, especially those that resort to history for romance, appear to us to fall into the error of supposing that the novel requires the incidents of the stage. Hence there is something mechanical in their plots; and, in seeking after external effects, they weaken their hold upon the very imagination they desire to seduce. In the novel, the slightest incidents are sufficient to touch and interest, if they are connected with the heart;—nay, it often happens that the more trivial their nature the more absorbing their effect. There is not an incident in 'The Simple Story,'—at least in the first two volumes of that enchanting novel,—out of the range of the most ordinary life: it is that very closeness to life that constitutes its charm. The modern novel, to be thoroughly faithful to the age it illustrates, must be content to dispense with the wild events and the strange adventures which are at variance with the smooth tenor of our civilisation; but in the more intellectual and spiritual phenomena of the age, there are ample and unused materials for the Marvellous, the Pathetic, the Humorous, the Sublime. Civilisation, which tends

to make the actions of men uniform, only multiplies varieties in their opinions and their minds. Unquestionably, there is far more food for the philosophy of fiction in the stir and ferment, the luxuriant ideas and conflicting hopes, the working reason, the excited imagination that belong to this era of rapid and visible transition, than in the times of 'belted knights and barons 'bold,' when the wisest sage had fewer thoughts than a very ordinary mortal can boast of now. With us, activity is transferred from the physical existence to the spiritual: a faithful delineation of the last is the appointed destiny of the Romance of the Nineteenth Century.

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ART. V.—*Lectures on European Civilisation*. By M. GUIZOT, late Minister of Public Instruction in France. Translated by Priscilla Maria Beckwith. 8vo. London: 1837.

WHATEVER difference of opinion may exist in France as to the merits of M. Guizot as a politician, there is, we apprehend, very little with respect to the value of his labours in the field of history. In 1812, he was appointed to the Professorship of that branch of study in the University of Paris. His lectures delivered there, his translation of Gibbon, enriched with many additional notes, his essays on the History of France, his fragment on the English Revolution, and his History of Civilisation in France, have justly procured for him a very distinguished place in the ranks of literature. The work before us is the Course of Lectures, fourteen in number, which he delivered in 1827, immediately after the restoration of Cousin, Villemain, and himself to their professorial functions, which had been in abeyance during the previous seven years of Jesuit ascendancy.\* The occasion, which was in fact the commencement of a new era for France, and the high reputation of the restored professors, caused their renewed labours to be received with an unexampled degree of attention. The subject chosen by M. Guizot was the investigation of the different causes which have contributed to give to European society its particular form and character. He brought to his task an indefatigable industry in collecting his materials—a rigid severity in discarding unnecessary detail—a complete com-

\* To this circumstance M. Guizot makes a temperate allusion in his opening Lecture. They were restored by the Martignac Ministry.



mand of his subject—masterly powers of generalization, and the caution indispensable to their safe employment. The result was a production of great originality and boldness. He has placed within the framework, as it were, of a small volume, the whole History of Europe, from the fall of the Roman Empire to the present day. By his power of imparting large and general views, he raises us to his own elevation, and enables us to look down with him upon the vast plan, and embrace at a glance the widely extended surface, on which all the striking and prominent features appear in their due proportions, while the minuter details connect the whole by their harmonizing tints, or lift it up here and there with more brilliant colours. We then descend with him among the events themselves. In presenting to our minds each leading event, each grand epoch, he places before us a succession of pictures, in miniature scale indeed, but conceived and executed with all the force and grandeur of a Michael Angelo. In pointing out the lessons to be derived from these events,—the causes, character, results, and value of these great epochs,—he binds them again into one connected whole, and gives to his work the charm of completeness and unity;—like a Greek temple, which, though small in actual dimensions, yet by its noble simplicity of design, exquisiteness of proportion, and purity of embellishment, fills the mind to overflowing with ideas of sublimity and beauty. His style is clear and forcible; though not free from that evident straining after a kind of mathematical precision of language, which gives somewhat of a pedantic air to the modern school of French historians. It is also too apt to run into repetitions;—a fault for which a lecturer may perhaps be allowed to plead the excuse which is usually claimed for an advocate; both being obliged to place the same idea in different lights, and present it under different forms, in order to enable the less active intellects to seize and take a firm grasp of what is sought to be communicated. The Course was published in Paris soon after its delivery. Two translations\* have recently appeared; and we are glad that, though long delayed, they have at length opened to a more extended circulation in this country, a work capable of being extensively serviceable. A very large portion of the irritation and hostility generated in periods of

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\* Of the two, that which we have placed at the head of this article very much excels the other in neatness, precision, and force. It is not, however, free from inaccuracies; and, we may add, that we never met with a book, the punctuation of which was so provokingly incorrect.

In the flowing and somewhat diffuse style of the Oxford Translation (1838, 2d Edit.), much of the spirit of the original is lost.

change arises from the absence of general views, and the inability to satisfy the mind as to what is likely to follow, from the want of clear notions of what has preceded the times in which we live. Nothing can be more effectual to allay groundless fears and to correct indefinite apprehensions, than a just and orderly view of the whole European Political System, of which we form only a part. We are thereby led to correct the errors of our mental vision, and to see things in their right place and bearing. We gather confidence amidst the changes going on around us, by being brought to feel that they are not the results of a transitory agitation, or the outbreaks of a temporary passion, but the undulation of impulsions given to society in remote ages, and embracing all Europe in their operation. In this light, we consider M. Guizot's work as a seasonable contribution to the literature of this country. It cannot fail to afford that valuable support to the cause of civil and religious liberty, which must always be derived from an exposition of enlarged and comprehensive views, and their temperate, enlightened, and philosophical advocacy.

This work possesses, besides, an additional interest, in unfolding some of those political principles or *doctrines* of M. Guizot and his party, from which they derive their political designation. He maintained them with honourable independence under Napoleon. At the Restoration, his literary celebrity introduced him into the service of the old dynasty, under the auspices of his friend M. Royer Collard; himself distinguished,—like many other leading men in France of late years,—at once as a Professor and as a Statesman. He was soon called to important posts under the Ministers of the Interior and of Justice; and, from that time, his relations with the elder Bourbons became alternately those of a supporter and opponent, according to his view of the political bearing of the leading questions of the day. From 1820 to 1827, he chiefly devoted himself to his literary labours. When the Villèle Ministry threatened the institutions of his country, he threw the whole weight of his abilities into a systematic opposition to their projects, and was a strenuous supporter of the Revolution of 1830. From that epoch, he has been called upon from time to time to fill some of the highest offices of the state. He was Minister of the Interior from July to November in that year; and embraced the opportunity to carry into effect many useful reforms. But his most conspicuous field of action was when, under Soult's administration, from October 1832, he filled the office of Minister of Public Instruction. Whatever may be thought, upon the whole, of his political career and character, his exertions in that post justly

entitle him to the gratitude of his country. Well-known as a man of high moral worth,—the protector of learning, which his own powerful talents had illustrated and advanced the enlightened advocate of toleration, the leader of whatever Protestantism still exists in France,—he brought all the energy of his faculties to bear on the improvement and diffusion of Education; and on reviving in the hearts of his countrymen the germs of that moral influence which the course of events during many past generations has been strongly calculated to extinguish. By the organization of a National System of Education, promised to his country by the Charter of 1830, he re-laid on firm ground the foundations of moral order. The edifice may be slow in rising, but the right beginning has been made. Αρχή πολιτείας απαστης νεων τροφη. He has added his own country to the number of those which have cordially adopted and acted upon the belief that henceforward national safety and happiness must rest on the basis of national education.\*

In these Lectures, before he proceeds to point out the springs of those influences which, taking their rise in remote ages, still visibly diffuse themselves throughout the civilisation of Europe, M. Guizot seeks to present a clear idea of the full meaning of the

\* In connexion with this topic, we may mention as a proof of an increased attention in France to the interests of religion, that a monthly publication, devoted to that subject, has been in existence about three years, and has met with reasonable support. Its objects, we are fain to believe, are much less ambiguous than its name. It is not easy to guess that *L'Université Catholique* means a Review. M. Guizot thus speaks of it in a recent article by him in the *Revue Française*.

‘De nos jours, par le cours d’événemens, par des fautes reciproques, ce mal est tombé sur nous;—la Religion et la Société ont cessé de se comprendre, et de marcher parallèlement. Les idées, les sentimens, les intérêts qui prévalent maintenant dans la vie temporelle, ont été, sont chaque jour, condamnés, reprouvés, au nom des idées, des sentimens, des intérêts de la vie éternelle. La religion prononce anathème sur le monde nouveau, et s’en tient séparée; le monde est près d’accepter l’anathème et la séparation.

‘Mal immense, mal qui aggrave tous nos maux, qui enlève à l’ordre social et à la vie intime leur sécurité et leur dignité, leur repos et leur espérance.

‘Guerir ce mal, rapprocher l’esprit Chrétien et l’esprit du siècle, l’ancienne religion et la société nouvelle, mettre un terme à leur hostilité, les ramener l’une et l’autre à se comprendre et à s’accepter reciproquement, telle est la pensée qui a inspiré *L’Université Catholique*, et que ses auteurs poursuivent depuis trois ans avec la plus honorable persévérance.’

term *Civilisation*. He asks what is the real and fundamental distinction between those states of society to which the term is applied, by the common consent of mankind, and those from which it is withheld? It is plain that it cannot be truly applied to those states of society in which, as in the Theocratic Governments of the East, a certain degree of intellectual and moral culture is permitted, but liberty is proscribed, and the arts of social life are stationary. Nor to the Republics of modern Italy after the extinction of their liberties;—their material existence becoming then perhaps more easy, but their intellectual and moral life withering and contracting as soon as the impulse given in the days of Freedom was exhausted. Nor to the state of Europe, under the Feudal System, when ‘there was a great developement ‘of certain individual forms of liberty, but great disorder was ‘prevalent, and the inequality of conditions extreme.’ The *elements* of civilisation may, perhaps, be recognised in each of these states of society, but none of them presents to the mind the picture ‘of what the common sense of mankind would de- ‘nominate civilisation.’ On the other hand, there are epochs,—as those brilliant ones of Pericles, Augustus, Leo X. and Louis XIV.—which the general opinion of mankind adopts as ages of civilisation, notwithstanding that, in each, liberty was already stricken, if not destroyed, and the social state was in many respects manifestly imperfect. Again, even in the low state of social embellishment and refinement, amidst the conflicts and agitations which characterise the state of society in England in the seventeenth century, we do not hesitate to recognise the condition of a people becoming civilized. What, then, is the primary and prevailing notion which accompanies the term civilisation? It is that of Progress—Improvement;—it awakens the idea of a people busied in enlarging the common stock of those things which most benefit human nature; fostering and drawing forth art, science, literature; giving full play to the spring of intellect; intent on moral culture; unfolding their material resources; ameliorating their social institutions; augmenting the general well-being of society, and equitably adjusting the power and advantages thus produced. And when there is seen a zealous and general pursuit, at the same time, of the greatest number of these high aims; when the freest scope and activity are given to each of these sources of Individual and Social good; when, in the same community, and at the same moment, Order and Liberty,—Wellbeing, and Intelligence, *Material* and *Moral* Improvement, the amelioration of Society and of Individuals,—exist and advance together in just and harmonious combinations, it is then alone that a people can be said to embody the complete idea of the civilized

state, to do justice to its abundant capabilities, and to enjoy in their full extent its invaluable rights and privileges.

The existence of these two main streams, as it were, of civilisation,—the *Material*, and the *Intellectual and Moral*,—making their way through every department of the community,—distributing on all sides their appropriate influences, flowing onward simultaneously, but with varying rapidity, now in advance, now in the rear the one of the other, now blending their currents, and swelling with a full tide the happiness of mankind,—is a circumstance which is often too little regarded. M. Guizot, in his first lecture, forces it out into great distinctness; and makes it evident that the full and perfect developement of civilisation depends on the application of well-directed efforts towards enlarging the channel of *each* of these streams, removing obstructions from their course, and conducting them with impartial care throughout the whole body of society. He asks,—

“If either of these two elements of civilisation alone be sufficient to constitute it? If the developement of the social state, or of the individual man, were manifested alone, would civilisation exist? Would mankind recognise it? Or have the two facts such an intimate and necessary connexion, that if they are not exhibited simultaneously, they are nevertheless inseparable, and that, sooner or later, they will produce each other?”—P. 20.

That the material condition of mankind is benefited by the improvement of morals and the developement of intellect, is manifest enough. But the truth of the converse, that *material* does in fact sooner or later produce *moral* and *intellectual amelioration*, though not less certain, is not so readily recognised. M. Guizot appeals, by way of proof, to general opinion, to history, and to the *nature* of the two principles.

‘Whenever a great developement of riches and of power becomes apparent in a country,—whenever a revolution in the distribution of social wealth is effected, this new fact excites opposition and hostility. The adversaries of change contend, that this progress of the social state does not ameliorate, does not equally regenerate the moral state, the intellectual nature of man; that it is a false and deceptive progress, detrimental to morality, to the perfection of human nature. The friends of social developement repel the attack with energy; they maintain, on the contrary, that the progress of society necessarily advances the progress of morality,—that the intellectual life is always most purified and ameliorated where the external condition enjoys the greatest prosperity.’—P. 21. \* \* ‘Reverse the hypothesis. Suppose the moral developement in a progressive state. What do those who labour to advance it generally promise? What did the religious dictators, the sages, the poets, all who in the origin of societies exerted themselves to form and to soften manners promise? They promised the amelioration of society, the

more equal division of property. What, I ask, do these contests, these promises infer? They infer, that in the spontaneous and intimate conviction of men, the two elements of civilisation,—the developement of social and moral existence, are intimately connected, and that mankind expect that the one should succeed as a necessary consequence of the other.'—P. 22.

Again, history, and the nature of the two facts themselves, make the same reply.

'A revolution is accomplished in a state of society; it becomes better governed; rights and property are more equitably distributed among individuals; that is to say, the outward condition of the world is purer and happier, and the practice both of governments and of mankind, in their relations with each other, is ameliorated. Well, do you believe that the spectacle of this amelioration of external circumstances will not re-act on the inward nature of man, on humanity? All that we are told of the force of example, of custom, and of splendid models, is founded solely on this conviction, that an external fact which is well-directed, reasonable, and just, will, sooner or later, more or less completely, produce an intellectual fact of the same nature; that when the world is better and more equitably governed, man himself is rendered more just; that the mind is regenerated by external circumstances, as external circumstances are by the mind; that the two elements of civilisation are strictly connected; that ages, obstacles of all kinds may intervene; that they may be compelled to undergo a thousand transformations before they are again brought together; but that, sooner or later, they become reunited, is the law of their nature, the general fact of history, the instinctive belief of mankind.'—P. 25-6.

This eloquent exposition of the fact, that the combination of these two leading elements is essential to the existence of real civilisation, and that they do in truth produce each other, is an answer to much that is often so inconsiderately urged against that much-abused class of reasoners, the Political Economists. It is a not uncommon error to imagine, that the only rational mode of permanently benefiting a country and raising the character and condition of its population, is to attend to its moral culture; that when this is secured, all that it is desirable to possess will follow; and that the vast increase of material resources,—the gigantic births of science and of labour,—the rapid multiplication of all that contributes to cheer and to adorn life,—are but so many instruments for the nourishment of vice and luxury, for the corruption and degradation of mankind. But if it be true that in order effectually to raise human nature, the moral and mechanical forces must be applied on all sides and at once; if to remove penury, by which 'the thought is chilled,' and to provide for the material wants of man, be the first steps towards unfolding his mental qualities; if it be true that from

the body's ease and comfort the mind 'receives a secret sympathetic aid ;'—and, to pass from individuals to nations,—if the immensely increased intercourse which has arisen since the maxims of political economy have been generally received, has caused a sense of their mutual usefulness to each other to become more and more widely diffused among the people of distant, and heretofore often hostile countries ; if, in consequence, national prejudices are wearing away, and the recurrence of wars of mere passion or ambition rendered every year more improbable ; those who, by the pursuit of that science, have contributed to such results, have been no mean benefactors to the human race. The Political Economist brings no trifling tribute to the mass of human knowledge, when by teaching the laws which regulate the production and distribution of national wealth, he aids in giving life and activity to *one* of the main principles of civilisation,—the development of the *material* resources of the country. He leaves the other field to its destined and appropriate labourers. They both work together for the great harvest,—the amelioration of the social, and of the moral and intellectual condition of man. There is no fear of this great end being too much forced on and accelerated. The combined energies of all are, in fact, essential to maintain the movement of society towards it. And when, with M. Guizot, we watch society from its infancy, and see those events from which mankind has derived the greatest benefits, gradually unfolding themselves, and moving onward with time itself, we are led to moderate our impatience, and to repose on the benevolent dispensations of that Supreme Wisdom, which in the midst of disturbances and obscurations, ceases not to lead on the grand and harmonious progression of social and moral good.

M. Guizot confines himself, in these Lectures, chiefly to tracing out the causes which have affected the political and social condition of Europe : its moral and intellectual history he treats of more at large in his work on the progress of civilisation in France. In his masterly mode of dealing with his subject, he has far outstripped all previous competitors in the same field. Schlegel has viewed it through the distorting medium of his religious enthusiasm. Dr Miller, in his 'Lectures on the Philosophy of Modern History,' has treated it at much length, and has referred the combination of events into one great scheme of moral government to six leading causes,—general, local, personal, adventitious, existing institutions, and external compression. M. Guizot, with stronger powers of analysis, and an equally definite result, has pointed to the following as the main sources of the distinctive character of European civilisation : First, the early organization of the

*Church*, and her labours to mould and bring into order, by means of a moral power, the chaos of material power which then pervaded society; and, subsequently, to bring all other power into subjection to herself. Secondly, the principle of submission to one head and source of authority, arising from the impression left on men's minds by the long-familiar idea of the imperial sovereignty, and producing in after times the *Monarchical principle* in the states of Europe. Thirdly, the *Municipal institutions* which every where reappeared as soon as the shadow of the empire began to pass away, and which eventually gave a new birth to civil liberty. Fourthly, the feeling of personality—the pleasure of *individual independence*,—a sentiment introduced into the civilisation of Europe by the Barbarians. It is almost superfluous to observe that this sentiment was unknown to antiquity. The Greek or Roman lived but for his city or country—the individual was absorbed in the citizen. But the free and migratory inhabitant of the northern forests knew little of the ties of local attachment; and his existence was uncontrolled, except by the restraints of a voluntary subordination. In this we recognise the germ of the feudal system,—the origin of some of the most prominent features of European character.\*

These various and distinct principles of government, and sources of individual thought and action, mingled together and co-existent in the social organization of Europe, give to it that *complex* nature which signally distinguishes it from the ancient forms of civilisation, of which *unity* was the prevailing feature.

The monotonous institutions of Egypt and India rendered society stationary. In Greece and Rome, after periods of struggle, either aristocracy, democracy, or pure monarchy, finally prevailed; expelling or proscribing every thing of a contrary tendency, and leading, through a tyranny, to degeneracy and degradation.

‘It has been far otherwise in the civilisation of Modern Europe. All the *principles*, all the *forms of social-organization*—the spiritual and temporal power—the elements of theocracy, monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy,—all classes, all social institutions, are mingled together, and a prodigious inequality is observed in the liberty, riches, and influence of

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\* M. Guizot also attributes a fair portion of influence on the progress of civilisation to the genius of great men, such as Charlemagne and Alfred, and to great discoveries. Some of the facts cited, as well as those which, in so compressed a summary, have been omitted, may reasonably suggest modifications of M. Guizot's views, without affecting their justness upon the whole.



individuals. These opposing forces are also in a continual state of warfare, without any one principle being able to stifle the others, and obtain supremacy over society. \* \* \* In the *ideas* and *sentiments* of Europe the same variety, the same conflict is exhibited. The creeds of theology, of monarchy, of aristocracy, and of democracy, obstruct, combat, limit, and modify each other. \* \* \* The adherents of absolute power shrink instinctively from the results of their own doctrine; we feel they are surrounded by ideas and influences which correct their reasoning, and prevent it being carried out to its full extent. The partisans of democracy are restrained in a similar manner.—(P. 39-40.)

A further effect of the simultaneous presence and activity of these conflicting principles is, that, applying the most powerful and continual stimulus to the various energies of mankind, they bring into the light of day those 'riches of the human intellect' which would otherwise have lain undiscovered or neglected. It was to such conflict and opposition of contending principles in ancient Greece, either of the aristocratic and democratic states against each other, or of the corresponding parties within the bosom of each, and not, as M. Guizot says, to the natural development of the democratic principle, hurrying men spontaneously into a state of overheated action wherever it chanced to predominate, that the world owes those splendid outbursts of national genius, which once overspread those memorable regions. The presence in modern civilisation of so many distinct and adverse elements, gives birth, indeed, to a system of complicated checks which must tend in some degree to repress its free and rapid expansion. The more urgent, therefore, becomes the necessity for unremitting exertions to set in motion or roll aside the impediments which stand in its way. Its progress may be slower than impatient benevolence may desire; but it can hardly admit of a doubt that, by this system of mutual restraint, pause, and compromise, a footing more permanent, and eventually a more extended sway are secured to liberty—to the human mind higher and more durable benefits—and to the whole social condition of man an indefinite extension and advance in all directions. And the truth of this position he afterwards enforces, by comparing the different states of society in those countries where a single principle obtained the predominance; with that of England, in which, more than elsewhere, they have all been able to preserve an independent existence.

Proceeding from his point of departure, the Fall of the Roman Empire, he divides the history of European Civilisation into three great periods.

'1st, The first period was that of *origin and formation*,—a period when those various elements of our society emerged from chaos, entered into existence, and displayed themselves under their native forms,

with the principles that animated them. This period extended from the *fifth* almost to the *twelfth* century.—(P. 257.) \* \* \* Society was during this period composed of kings, a lay-aristocracy, a clergy, citizens, serfs, civil and religious authorities, the principles, in a word, of all that constitutes a nation and a government; yet there was no government, no nation. There was, properly speaking, no people—no actual government in the sense we at present attach to these words—nothing of the kind existed during the period we are considering. We meet with a multitude of partial forces, special facts, and local institutions; but nothing general, or public, nothing political, no real nationality.—(P. 254-5.)

The oscillations of society during the movement and migration of nations,—the appearance on the scene of the Barbarians, of the small Republics which fenced in the remains of liberty, of the Church, of the Empire of Charlemagne, the early efforts of the Feudal System to correct the anarchy which followed the dissolution of that monarch's empire,—these are the scattered features which compose the dark picture of this first period of European civilisation.

‘2dly. The second period was a time of *experiment and trial*; the different elements of social order approached each other, entered into mutual combinations and intimate relations, without producing any thing regular and durable. This condition did not, properly speaking, cease before the *sixteenth* century.—(257.) \* \* \* Viewed only in itself, independent of its results, it is a period without character,—a period in which confusion was continually increasing, without any apparent cause,—a period of undirected movement, of unsuccessful agitation. Kings, nobles, the clergy, and the citizens,—all the elements of social life appeared to move round the same circle, incapable either of progress or repose. Attempts of all kinds were made. They all miscarried. Endeavours were made to establish governments, to found a system which should secure public liberty. Even religious forms were attempted; but nothing succeeded, nothing was accomplished. If ever the human race appeared devoted to an agitated, and yet immutable destiny, to incessant yet fruitless toil, it was in the interval between the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries.—(P. 256.)

Here are presented to our view the events which throw so gorgeous a colouring over this transition period of European society,—the feudal troubles, the excitement of the crusades, the overflowing ambition of the papacy, the agitated and brilliant career of the Italian republics.

‘3dly. The last was the period of *actual developement*, when society in Europe assumed a definite form, when it followed a determinate direction, and advanced rapidly and with a common effort towards a clearly defined and precise object. This is the period which *commenced in the sixteenth* century, and at present pursues its course.—(P. 257.)

It was the growth and preponderance of the monarchical power

which gave this final and determinate impression to the social state of Europe. Taking advantage of the exhaustion of Feudalism produced by the Crusades, it gained strength enough to bind up into one system, nobles, clergy, and citizens,—‘all classes, all interests, all the various elements which had by turns sought to govern society,’—and to unite them for a common purpose, and in a common submission. It produced that crystallization of society, as it were, round certain centres, from which the nations of Europe derive, in the main, their present outlines. It caused from that time forward ‘two grand objects to occupy the theatre of the world—‘the government and the people’ (p. 255). The conflicts of these two great forces, on the one side to repress liberty, on the other to give it scope and encouragement, form some of the chief incidents of that great drama which for the last three hundred years has fixed the attention of Europe; and still continues to fill men with emotions corresponding with the fluctuating progress of human welfare and happiness.

In following these various elements through the different stages of their development, and pointing out their respective influences on the formation of European character and institutions, M. Guizot touches on many subjects of interest, from which we are compelled at present to abstain. We cannot, however, resist the temptation of giving an example or two of his manner of conveying, by a few touches, a lively representation of some of the leading institutions and events of history. The following is an animated sketch of the early condition of *Feudalism* :—

‘Let us consider Feudality in its simplest, in its primitive and fundamental form. Let us imagine a single possessor of a fief in his domain, and consider what will be the condition, what will be the employments of those who compose the small society which is formed around him.

‘He establishes himself on an elevated and isolated site, which he takes care to render strong and secure :—he erects there what he denominates his castle. With whom does he establish himself? With his wife, his children,—perhaps with some freemen, who, not having become proprietors, attach themselves to his person, and continue to live with him, and eat at his table. These all inhabit the interior of the castle. Around, at its base, are grouped a small population of *coloni*, or cultivators, and serfs, who labour on the domains of the possessor of the fief. Amongst this humble population religion appears, founds a church, and introduces a priest. In the early periods of the feudal system, this priest was generally at the same time chaplain of the castle, and curate of the village. But the two characters were afterwards separated, and the village possessed its own priest, who dwelt beside his church. This is the elementary feudal society,—the feudal *molecule*, if we may so express it.’—(P. 115–6.)

His account of the growth, enfranchisement, and subsequent

social influence of the *Communes*, is vigorous and comprehensive. We can only bestow on it a few lines. Their existence is almost contemporary with the earliest history of European society. When Rome began to extend herself, she fought against municipalities; and she either left or founded them where she conquered. The necessity of a strong central organization, in order to hold together such a vast mass of conquered towns, in which the spirit of Freedom was not extinguished, caused the Roman world to acquiesce more readily in the establishment of the empire. When the grasp of its despotic administration began to relax, the municipal institutions every where immediately re-appeared. They struggled through the disturbed periods of the Barbarian invasions. On the establishment of feudalism they fell under the dominion of the feudal lords; and, at length, in the 11th century they rejected the yoke, and sprung forth with noble energy to engage in the contest for emancipation.

‘Notwithstanding their weakness, and the prodigious inequality between their condition and that of their lords, the towns revolted on every side. \* \* The first facts that we meet with in the history of these events are invariably the rising of the citizens, who arm themselves with whatever weapons they may happen to have at hand; the expulsion of the retainers of the lord, who had been sent to practise some extortion; an attack on the castle, or some other warlike proceeding. If the insurrection miscarries, what is the first act of the conqueror? He orders the instant demolition of the fortifications erected by the citizens, not only around their town, but around every private dwelling. \* \* \* Treaties of peace succeed;—for the municipal charters were actual treaties of peace. \* The burghers frequently implored the aid of the king against their lord, or solicited his royal guarantee, when the charter was promised and sworn to. \* \* In this manner the citizens became connected with the head of the state, and began to have relations with the general government. \* \* At length a new social class—the Burgher Class—was formed.’—(Pp. 230, 236.)

This was the nucleus of those active and powerful Middle Classes,—the watchful guardians, the energetic champions of Liberty,—in the variety of whose interests and passions, and in their continual conflicts,—‘in the constant necessity of alternately combating and yielding,’—M. Guizot recognises ‘the most fertile, the most energetic principle of progress in European civilisation.’—(P. 239.)

The causes which precipitated Europe into the Crusades, he describes as two;—religious impulse, and that love of excitement and adventure which lingered with the remembrance of barbaric freedom. We would willingly give some of his brilliant pictures of that epoch, but we must hasten to his impartial and valuable sketch of the influence which the Church has ex-

exercised on the moral and intellectual character, and on the political condition of Europe. It would detain us too long were we to attempt to follow him through his able view of the earlier periods of Christianity ;—its existence during the first century simply as an association of men animated by the same sentiments, and professing the same doctrines, but without any definite form of worship, discipline, or magistrature ;—its gradual hardening in the second century into an *Institution*, whose characteristics were a form of doctrine,—a body of clergy, with subordination of offices,—the distribution of revenues,—the intervention of the entire Christian community in all matters of discipline and doctrine,—and a remarkable uniformity of both throughout the Christian world. The great moral weight which the clergy had acquired in the social scale is visible even among the corruptions which a continuance of prosperity and security had already introduced before the termination of the fifth century. Their organization, extending throughout the whole empire, and the attraction to their ranks, of whatever intellectual ability had not yet perished beneath the shade of despotism, caused all authority, as it fell from the enfeebled hands of the civil power, to pass into theirs.\* When the successive storms of the barbarian invasions passed away, they were the first to rise above the surrounding desolation. They laboured to convert the barbarians, and to teach them submission to a law superior to that of force. They exerted themselves to repress slavery, and to replace the barbarous ordeals by rational principles of jurisprudence.† They also transmitted such learning as remained, by clinging to the use of the Latin Liturgy, to the Vulgate, and to the authority of the Fathers. The splendour of their ceremonial, which, as M. Guizot remarks, performed an important part in the conversion of the Barbarians ;—the solemnity of their music ; the rude charms of their imperfect poetry ; the legendary tales of saints, (to which M. Guizot has directed attention in another valuable work ;)—these must have been so many additional influences by which, during those barren ages, the Church was the means of keeping imagination alive, of quickening intellect, and improving the heart. These were also the first links of that mysterious chain which she gradually and completely wound around the human mind ; not only confining

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\* M. Guizot refers to several edicts in the Theodosian and Justinian Codes, placing *municipal* affairs in the hands of the bishops and clergy.—P. 60.

† P. 188-192.

‡ Hist. de la Civilisation en France. Vol. II. p. 123-4.

its ineffectual strength for many ages within the limits she chose to prescribe in Theology, Philosophy, and even in Mathematical and Physical Science; but finally bending for a while the whole political destinies of Europe into accordance with her own views. How this double tyranny, this long-subsisting supremacy over the intellectual and social condition of man grew up to its full and complete developement is well known. M. Guizot follows it from the early struggles of Ecclesiastical power for existence,—when, in self-defence against barbarian violence, it gave the first example of the assertion of that invaluable truth,—‘That material force has neither right nor power over the mind,’—through its subsequent career,—widening its prospects after Gregory I. had succeeded in placing the Papacy in the seat of temporal power; teaching that theology was the exclusive domain of the clergy; ever making more and more complete the separation between the clerical body and the laity; abandoning the sacred principle it had originated, by denying the right of private judgment, and asserting a right to compel belief; proceeding, in fact, step by step, from the enjoyment of freedom to the desire of ruling over all temporal power, and steadily advancing towards the crisis of its claims and its ambition, the close of the eleventh century, and the pontificate of Gregory VII. We may agree with M. Guizot, that, however great the abuses which soon flowed, as by a natural process, from the extravagant power acquired by the Popes in those ages, its immediate result was beneficial to civilisation; by correcting the barbarism which had again overspread society after the dissolution of the empire of Charlemagne. He does, we think, no more than justice to the character of Gregory VII. by the following observations:—

‘We have been accustomed to consider that Pontiff, as a man who wished to render every thing immutable; as an enemy to intellectual developement, to social progress; as a man whose desire was to retain the world in a stationary or retrograde condition. Nothing is further from the truth. Gregory VII. was a despotic reformer, like Charlemagne, and Peter the Great. He effected nearly as much for the ecclesiastical order, as Charlemagne in France, and Peter the Great in Russia accomplished for civil existence. His aim was to reform the Church, and through the Church to reform civil society; to introduce into the world a greater degree of justice, morality, and order; he desired to effect all this for his own advantage, by means of the papacy.’ P. 209.

Pursuing onwards the chain of events, from the attempt of that extraordinary Pontiff ‘to subject all power to the clergy, the clergy to the papacy, and the world to a vast and regular ‘theocracy’—the turning point of modern ecclesiastical history—M. Guizot proceeds to trace out the causes which led to the

overthrow of the rigorous and unnatural despotism which ensued, and which, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, held all Europe in its grasp. A spirit of resistance was awakened against it in two quarters. One source of its discomfiture is obvious and well known. Some of the most spirited Sovereigns in Europe dealt blow after blow at the *temporal* authority of the Papacy within their dominions; and their persevering exertions made it evident at the opening of the fourteenth century, that the endeavour on the part of the Popes to establish a permanent theocratic organization throughout Europe had failed; and the Church, receding more and more from her extravagant ambition, was from that time compelled to act upon the defensive. But another and more important movement was at the same time taking place against it in the bosom of the people. The human mind was slowly recovering its activity, and advancing towards independence. Universities were founded. The Scholastic Philosophy of the eleventh and twelfth centuries sprang up and expanded; and although its subtleties were misemployed, they braced the intellect for subsequent and more valuable achievements. The Schoolmen were the first to revive the Spirit of Free Enquiry. They were the first to set the example of claiming that Creeds and Opinions should be proved by Reason. 'The scholars of Abelard demanded, as he himself informs us in his introduction to Theology, philosophical arguments, such as were proper to satisfy the mind; entreating him to instruct them not merely to repeat what he taught, but to comprehend it.' (P. 212.) From that period, the progress of reason was steady and uninterrupted. The Councils of Constance and Basle, and the Bohemian insurrection, were manifestations of its workings. They were two vigorous attempts at reform; one within the Church itself, the other among the people at large. It was evident that these attempts, though unsuccessful, were but the precursors of something more formidable. The principles promulgated by those Councils,—the assertion by them of an authority superior to that of the Papacy,—could not fail to penetrate and take deep root in the popular mind. The art of Printing came in aid, and scattered the seed. The establishment of Censorships is a proof how soon this mighty engine for the diffusion of intelligence, and for leading men to think for themselves, became formidable to the ecclesiastical authorities. Mr Hallam has pointed out the earliest known instance, we believe, of the establishment of this office.\* A mandate to that effect was issued by the Archbishop of

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\* Hallam's *Literature of Europe*. Vol. I. p. 348.

Mentz in 1486. It alleges, by way of justification, that the art had been *abused* by the circulation among the people of books respecting the duties and doctrines of religion, translated from Latin into German. The continual dissensions of the secular and regular clergy with each other, and of the mendicant orders with both,—each exposing the other to the ill-will of the people; and the denunciations of ecclesiastical corruption with which European literature had so long abounded, contributed, as Mr Hallam observes, ‘to loosen the associations of ancient prejudice, and were ‘powerful towards change.’\* This disposition was rapidly matured by the study, growing almost into a worship, of those forms of freedom, grandeur, and beauty disclosed in the literature of antiquity, which raised the mind up towards their level, and made men more sensible of the trammels in which they had so long been held.† Aided by the temporal power, which had already checked and weakened the spiritual, reason rose up and completed the conquest. The Reformation burst forth. M. Guizot assigns to it its true character when he calls it ‘a great ‘movement of the human mind towards freedom,—an insurrection ‘of reason against absolute power in spiritual affairs.’—(P. 385.) The impressions made on M. Guizot’s mind as he contemplates the ‘sweeping by’ of that momentous period in the history of human thought and passion, cannot but be instructive; and his reflections on this subject are the more valuable, as proceeding from one who looks upon those events from a point without the circle of our own contentions, and with a calmness of judgment which is only found above the low and restless region of party strife. We can do little more than direct attention to his masterly and impartial observations on this great epoch, contained in the eleventh and twelfth lectures. We may be allowed, however, to give the following short extract.

‘We hear this great event imputed by the enemies of the Reformation to accident; to some error in the course of civilisation. They tell us, for instance, that the sale of indulgences having been confided to the Dominicans, the jealousy of the Augustines was excited; Luther was an Augustine monk; the quarrel between the two orders was therefore the determining cause of the Reformation. Others have ascribed it to the ambition of sovereigns; to their rivalry with the ecclesiastical power; to the avidity of the lay nobility, who wished to seize the pos-

\* Hallam, *ibid.* p. 185.

† The Popes of that period were among the chief patrons of learning and learned men. ‘The magicians themselves broke the charm by which they had bound mankind for so many ages.’—BOLINGBROKE, Vol. I. *Study of Hist. Lect.* VI.



sessions of the Church. They attributed its origin to private interests and passions.

‘On the other hand, the friends and partisans of the Reformation have endeavoured to prove, that it owed its origin solely to the pure desire of effectually reforming the abuses of the Church; they represent it as the means of redressing all religious grievances; as an attempt conceived and executed with the sole design of reconstituting a pure and primitive church. Neither of these explanations appears to be well-founded. The second is more true than the first; at least it is more grand, more consonant to the extent and importance of the event; still I do not think it exact. In my own opinion, the Reformation was not an accident, the result of chance or of some personal interest; neither was it the fruit of a simple design of religious amelioration, of Utopian humanity and virtue. It was produced by a more powerful cause, a cause very far superior to all particular causes. It was a desire, hitherto unfelt, to investigate, to judge freely and uncontrolled, those facts and opinions which, until that time, Europe had received, or was presumed to have received, from the hands of authority.’ Pp. 383, 4.

In confirmation of this position, M. Guizot asks whether, if the Church had consented to reform abuses and modify doctrines, on condition of being allowed to retain her dominion over the human mind, the religious movement would have been satisfied? There can be no doubt that it would not. In the eyes of the people, the charm of the Papal supremacy had been effectually broken by the bold disclaimers uttered by the Councils of the fifteenth century. Even in the early and peaceful times of the new opinions, scholars had begun to testify their joy at the approaching deliverance. M. Guizot argues, and we think justly, that the effect which it has displayed in every country where it has penetrated,—the results with which it has been universally attended amidst a variety of circumstances, in spite of manifold obstacles and disadvantages of chance and fortune, must have been its constant object of pursuit, and must be regarded as the distinctive mark of its character. Surrounded in Germany by the rigours of feudalism, in Denmark by absolute power; persecuted and checked amidst the republicanism of Holland, and the struggling constitutional liberties of England;—‘all these diversities of situation and circumstance,’ it delivered the mind from its long subjugation, and set it free to exercise itself without restraint in all directions. Even in France, where it was suppressed, polemical discussion was carried on with great activity up to the period of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes; and generated that freedom of thought which prepared the way for the great philosophical revolution in the eighteenth century. The counter-proof is obvious and convincing. While a degree of liberty and activity, till then unknown, has been conspicuous

during the last three centuries in those countries in which the Reformation attained much influence, 'in those where it was early stifled, or where it was not allowed to attain any development, the human mind was not enfranchised, and has fallen into inaction and effeminacy; and of this, the condition of two great states, Spain and Italy, affords abundant proof.'—P. 392.

There can be no doubt that this was the real character of the Reformation,—the deliverance of mind from the thralldom of spiritual power. Yet it is precisely of this character that the partisans of the 'new school' of religion at Oxford are most studious to deprive it. We have been led, on two or three occasions, to expose some of their peculiar doctrines. They are so completely at variance with many of the principles which have been settled in the minds of the generality of men for the last hundred and fifty years, that scarcely any historical investigation can be long pursued without their being found to cross the path in every direction. We lately had recourse to the armoury of Hooker and Locke, in order to dispose of their attempt at a revival of the doctrine of 'divine right.' They here present themselves to us, busy in another field, 'gleaning the blunted shafts that have recoiled,' and aiming them again at the freedom of the human mind. They deny that the laity regained at the Reformation, or that they ever had, or that they can possibly have, any *right* to exercise an independent judgment in matters of religion. They allow, indeed, that it may be the duty of all who, according to their notions, may be capable of the task, to investigate and judge for themselves. But they seek to restrain men from the independent exercise of their reason on spiritual matters, by fearful warnings of the danger of dissent from their doctrines, and separation from their communion. Their well-compacted and plausible theory, according to their own account of it, 'is neither Protestant nor Roman, and has never been realized.'\*

We cannot believe that it ever will. Independently of its utter inconsistency with all rational principles of judgment, and with the history even of those Apostolical times on which they claim to take their stand,—which propositions there would not be much difficulty in demonstrating,—its exclusiveness would render it instantly repulsive, but for that certain degree of fascination belonging to every theory which, with sufficient definiteness and distinctness to arrest attention, allows its outlines to mingle with

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\* Newman's *Popular Protestantism*. London, 1837.

the shadows and mysteries of the past.\* It may for a time fill the imagination of those who are seeking for a system of ecclesiastical polity and doctrine possessing more consistency and completeness than that under which they live. But its demand of a second surrender, into the hands of a priesthood, of all independence of thought and action in spiritual affairs, will, we should hope, effectually prevent its ever obtaining a permanent hold on public opinion. The world has seen enough of spiritual domination. The only antagonist-power which can long stand up against its encroachments is Reason. Let men be again brought to yield an unquestioning submission to authority, under the threat of the alleged dangers of free enquiry, and where is the barrier against superstition? However sincere and single-minded the piety of those who have at this moment placed themselves at the head of this revived and amended Romanism, who would undertake to define the limits of the possible usurpations of priestcraft, when all obstacles were again set aside, and spiritual zeal had acquired that excess of heat which inevitably follows its accelerated movement on being freed from all seasonable restraint?

We may readily admit, with M. Guizot, that this 'emancipation of the human mind was, during the progress of the Reformation, rather a fact than a principle, rather a result than an intention.'—(P. 393.)

'The Reformation, in this respect, performed more than it undertook, more, perhaps, than it desired. Unlike many other revolutions, the consequences of which have been very inferior to their conception,—in which the reality by no means corresponded with the idea,—the Reformation was more splendid in its results than in its design; it appears more glorious as an event than as a system. It never fully comprehended how much it performed, and would have shrunk from the avowal if it had.'—(P. 393.)

\* \* \* Although it laboured to destroy absolute power in spiritual affairs, it was ignorant of the true principles of intellectual freedom; it had enfranchised the human mind, but still assumed the right to govern it by legal enactments. \* \* \* It had never ascended to the first cause, it had never descended to the ultimate consequences of its work. Thus were two faults committed; on the one hand, it neither knew nor respected all the rights of the human intellect; and while it claimed them for itself, it violated them elsewhere. On the other hand, it did not investigate how far the rights of authority ought to extend. I do not speak of that coercive authority which never can possess any right to interfere with reason, but of a purely moral authority, which acts only on the mind, and solely by the means of influence.'—(P. 395.)

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\* 'Method, carrying a show of total and perfect knowledge, has a tendency to general acquiescence.'—BACON.

It will not be disputed that this want of consistency and completeness is one of the main reasons why the Reformation has not advanced its standard beyond the frontiers it won for itself at its first outbreak.

'This narrowness of mind and inconsistency were frequently taken advantage of by its enemies. The adversaries of the Reformation knew very well what they were about, and what they required. They could point to their first principles, and boldly admit all the consequences that might result from them. No government was ever more consistent than that of the Romish Church. In *principle* it much more completely adopted its own system, and maintained a much more consistent conduct, than the reformers. There is immense power in this full confidence in what is done, this perfect knowledge of what is required, this complete adoption of a system and a creed.—(P. 396.) \* \* \* In the Reformation, on the contrary, where a knowledge of its first principles and of its ultimate consequences appeared to be wanting, something incomplete, inconsequent, and narrow has remained, which has placed the conquerors themselves in a state of rational and philosophical inferiority.'—(P. 398.)

We wish that in this country we could feel the truth of what, in connexion with this subject, M. Guizot proceeds to state without qualification,—that the Reformation has banished religion from politics. Wars, indeed, are no longer undertaken with an exclusively religious purpose, and the fires of persecution are, we trust, extinguished for ever. But on the Continent, notwithstanding the signal advances that have been made in many countries towards a full and perfect toleration, the present condition of Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, Poland, in short, of every state where Catholic, Protestant, and Greek are opposed, shows that religion still exercises on politics a vast influence. With us, the heats of exasperated contests still remain. In one part of the empire but little progress has yet been made towards softening down the inevitable grievances of conquest; in another, sects which originally rose up as a revulsion against the assumption of extravagant authority, do not cease to vindicate the legitimate liberties of the human mind; and, on all sides, intolerance is but too eager still to pour its 'rancour into the vessel of our peace.' The Reformation yet remains to be completed. To reconcile the claims of tradition with those of intellectual liberty, to mark the lawful bounds of authority in spiritual matters, and to determine the just mode of its relation with the civil power, is a problem still unsolved and full of perplexity. The effecting such wholesome alterations in the English establishment as shall render it less exclusive in doctrine, and more rational in discipline, will be the work of the next religious movement,—the elements of which are at this day in a state of strong and visible ferment.

M. Guizot proceeds to connect the great era of religious liberty with that of civil liberty which ensued. At the period of the Reformation two mighty powers had become developed in society, different in their nature and contradictory in their objects; one dealing with the mind of man, the other governing his material existence; one setting him free to range through every region of thought and speculation; the other directing, according to its arbitrary will, every motion of civil life. Freedom of enquiry had erected its standard on the one side, pure monarchy on the other. At the time when the first had accomplished the defeat of absolute power in spiritual affairs, monarchy had, in Spain, France, Germany, and England, triumphed more or less completely over the ancient feudal and communal liberties. 'It was inevitable that these two forces should come into collision, and that many conflicts should arise between them before they should become reconciled.' (P. 404.) These conflicts, which agitated England in the seventeenth century, and France in the eighteenth, occupy the concluding portions of M. Guizot's work.\* He traces them to their original source, the movement of Free Enquiry at the Reformation, which, letting loose at length its long collected energies, and having overthrown the ancient bulwarks of spiritual despotism, advanced forthwith to the attack of absolutism in temporal affairs. The cause of the simultaneous appearance of these two opposing forces was, according to M. Guizot, 'that religious society had made a more speedy progress than civil, and its revolutions in consequence occurred at an earlier period. Religious society had already reached the epoch of the emancipation of individual reason, when civil society had only advanced so far as the concentration of all particular powers into one general power. \* \* They both were works of progress in the course of civilisation, but of different stages of that progress; their moral date was different, though they coincided in actual time.' P. 404.

M. Guizot asks why the collision took place in England earlier than elsewhere?—Why the revolutions in the political world approached in that country nearer in time to the revolutions in the moral world than they did in France?

'On the continent, in some of those countries where the Reformation had made some progress, the same desires, the same necessity for politi-

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\* The last two Lectures contain a compressed and clear account of the history of parties in this country during that great struggle; and an instructive estimate of the reign and policy of Louis XIV.

cal liberty, were manifested; but the means of success were wanting. These new desires, these new wants, met with no sympathy, they found no support, either in institutions or manners; they consequently remained vague and uncertain, and sought in vain to satisfy themselves. In England it was very different. In that country, the spirit of political liberty which reappeared in the sixteenth century as a consequence of the Reformation, found in existing institutions, and in the entire social state, means both of support and of action. P. 409. \* \* \* In England, the civil and religious orders, aristocracy, democracy, monarchy, local and central institutions, increased and advanced together, if not with equal rapidity, at least separated by a very small interval. During the reign of the Tudors, for instance, while the principle of pure monarchy was making such extraordinary progress, the democratic principle, the power of the people, almost at the same moment penetrated society and acquired strength. The revolution of the sixteenth century broke out. It was at once religious and political. The feudal aristocracy had been greatly weakened, and bore at that epoch all the marks of decay; but it continued to hold its place, and was still able to perform an important part in that revolution, and to influence its general results. The same fact is apparent in the whole progress of English history. Not one of the ancient elements of society ever completely perished; no new element ever completely triumphed; no special principle was ever able to obtain an exclusive dominion. There has always been a simultaneous development of all the different powers, and a sort of compromise between the claims and the interests of all of them. \* \* The preponderating principle has invariably been obliged to tolerate the presence of its rivals, and even to admit them to a share of power. Pp. 436, 7. \* \* It was not, therefore, difficult to constitute a regular government in that country. \* \* It had made a nearer approach to liberty than the greater number of other states. From the same cause, national good sense, and intelligence respecting public affairs, were certain to become more rapidly formed there than elsewhere. P. 438. \* \* \*

‘On the continent the march of civilisation has been much less complete, and much less perfect. The different elements of society,—the religious and the civil orders—monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy,—have never been simultaneously developed, but have appeared successively. Each principle, each system, has prevailed by turns. During a certain period, for example, the feudal aristocracy, although we cannot say it possessed an unlimited and exclusive power, yet had a most marked preponderance in society. The monarchical and democratic principles, each in its turn, became pre-eminent at certain epochs.’—(P. 436.)

The different consequences to England and France stand out in strong contrast. While England was consolidating her liberties, France was prostrate at the feet of Louis XIV. And when the conflict between free enquiry and absolutism occurred at length in the latter country, after the delay of a century, its first result was to set up another tyranny, in the place

of that which was overthrown. Reason claimed to be the sole actor in new-modelling society. Philosophy undertook to govern the world. The work to be done was manifest enough, but the mode of doing it was to be discovered. A sense of intolerable evils had goaded the nation into action, but left them totally uninformed of the means of removing them. A long-continued and all-pervading despotic administration had allowed no room for the formation of political habits, and the growth of political experience; so that when the bold theories, to which a prodigious and exuberant intellectual activity gave birth, came in contact with social facts, and the realities of life—when speculation passed at length into action—their union was found to be impossible, and the ‘shock of their meeting’ could not fail to be violent and disastrous. Nor did there exist any moral influence of power to break the concussion, or to turn aside its violence. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes had prevented the growth and expansion of those pure principles which would have checked the corruptions of the age, and moderated its excesses. Ridicule and sophistry, after doing their work in overturning priestcraft, found truth itself defenceless, and met with no obstacle to prevent their effecting its temporary overthrow.

The following passages are interesting, as conveying M. Guizot's opinion of the social and moral effects of the convulsions in his own country during the last century—

‘I have arrived at the close of this course; I must here pause. Before I part from you, however, I wish to call your attention to the most important, and in my opinion the most instructive fact, that this grand spectacle \* reveals to us. It is the danger, the evil, the insurmountable vice of absolute power, whatever it may be, whatever name it may bear, and for whatever object it may be exercised. You have seen that this was the chief cause of the decline and fall of the government of Louis XIV. Well, the power that succeeded it,—the human mind, which was the actual sovereign of the 18th century—underwent the same fate. It possessed in its turn an almost absolute power, and entertained an unlimited confidence in itself. Its movement was splendid, good, and useful; and if it were necessary to pronounce a decided opinion, and to sum it up in a few words, I should say, that the eighteenth century appears to me one of the grandest periods in history,—that which has, perhaps, rendered the greatest service to humanity, which has caused it to make the greatest and most general progress towards amelioration. If I am called upon to pass judgment upon its public ministry, if I may so express myself, I should give sentence in its favour.

‘It is *not* the less true that the absolute power exercised by the human mind at that period produced a deteriorating effect upon it, and in-

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\* The French Revolution.

duced it to treat contemporaneous facts, and all opinions that differed from the prevailing one, with contempt, and an illegitimate aversion ;—an aversion which led to error and tyranny. The error and tyranny which were intermingled with the triumph of reason at the close of the 18th century, which existed in so large a proportion, that it ought to be proclaimed instead of being concealed,—this portion of error and tyranny, I say, was especially the result of the aberration of the human mind produced by the extent of its power. It is the duty, and it will, I think, become the distinctive character of our age, to recognise that all power, whether intellectual or worldly, whether it be possessed by governments or by the people, by philosophers or ministers, and in whatever cause it may be exercised,—that all human power, I say, bears within itself an innate vice, a principle of weakness, a facility of being abused, which renders it necessary that some check should be imposed on it. Now, the general liberty of all rights, of all interests, of all opinions,—the free manifestation of all these forces,—their legal co-existence,—this, I say, is the only system capable of restraining every force, every power, within legitimate bounds ; of preventing any one from encroaching on the other, and, in a word, of establishing freedom of inquiry for the benefit of all. This is the great result of the struggle which took place between absolute power in the temporal world, and absolute power in the spiritual world, at the close of the eighteenth century. This is the lesson it has bequeathed to us.—Pp. 466–8.

We have alluded to the political opinions of M. Guizot and his party. Their germ, as it were, may be recognised in the above extract. They take their origin from the conviction, that the state of society in which *all* the elements of the social state are allowed to co-exist, is more favourable to permanent and general liberty, than that in which one element obtains the undisputed predominance ; and that the great diversity of habits, manners, associations, interests, strongly acting and re-acting on each other, by emulation, by contrast, by collision, forces out into a much more full and perfect developement all the faculties, all the qualities peculiar to each ; and affords the best prospect of securing for a people the highest results of free government and improving civilisation—the amelioration of the social state, and the improvement of individual character. ‘ As the most perfect life is that which animates the most complex organization, so that state is the noblest in which powers, originally and *de* finitely distinct, unite after the varieties of their kind into centres of vitality, one beside the other, to make up a whole.’ This is *their* opinion as well as that of the able historian whose words they are ; \* and these have, accordingly, been the objects

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\* Niebuhr, Vol. I. p. 424. Their application to the social condition of this country is obvious.



of M. Guizot and his party from the Restoration, when they first assumed a public character, to the present day. They found France fused into a fiery mass by the Revolution, and by the military despotism that succeeded. They sought to separate the mingled and confused elements, and to re-apply them, purified by the process, to their appropriate uses. The power of a class,—of a majority—of one—had in turn trampled under foot every other power. M. Guizot and his friends sought to reanimate the weak, to curb the strong; to give time and space for detaching inveterate opinions, reconciling conflicting rights, adjusting partial interests, bringing opposing forces into harmony, and providing for each the means of defending its existence, and guaranteeing itself against injustice.

It is (according to a recent French writer), in consequence of this 'passion for construction, for collecting on every side order and discipline, for setting all right,' in accordance with their own ideas, that they have laid themselves open to the charge of inconsistency, which is one of the causes of their present unpopularity in France. M. Guizot is accused of aiding, in 1814, to strangle, almost at its birth, the liberty of the press. A few years afterwards, he was conspicuous in his endeavours to liberalize the old Bourbon Government. In 1815 he was acting under an arbitrary and retrograde Ministry. In 1827, rushing into impetuous opposition to Charles X. and his Ministers, he joined the Society *Aide-toi*, and set all France into a blaze by pamphlets burning with liberalism and independence. He supported the Revolution of 1830; but, after a short and cordial co-operation with a Liberal Ministry, he threw off his connexion with the Popular Committee, and the Society *Aide-toi*, and joined the monarchical party and M. Perier. In 1832-3, as Minister of Public Instruction, he imparted solid and durable benefits to his country; by organizing a well-considered and comprehensive system of national education, and distributing, with a wise and liberal hand, the seeds of moral and intellectual culture. Of late years, his defence of the 'State of Siege' and of the Arrests, his opposition to the Amnesty, his open attacks on the popular party, his fixing upon them the stigma of being *La mauvaise queue de la Revolution*, and some of his maxims of government, of which these Lectures contain not a few specimens,—showing a disposition to place the basis of power on an aristocracy of talent and presumed virtue, without a due portion of popular control,—have brought himself and his party into considerable disrepute. His worst enemies do not, however, accuse him of sinister motives in his not unfrequent changes of position—from the side of power to that of liberty, and from that of liberty to power—and the present crude and fluctuating state

of political knowledge, opinions, and habits in France, may afford to M. Guizot and his friends a much fairer excuse than can be reasonably urged in behalf of some conspicuous desertions of the popular party in our own country. The contests going on in the two countries are of a totally different nature. In France it is anarchy and absolutism against order and constitutional government. In England it is (to use the words of Niebuhr\* on a similar subject) 'a continuation of the old struggle between the aristocracy and the commonalty; the latter, feeling that it is come of age, and ripe for a share in the Government; the former, striving to keep it in subjection and servitude. But the contest is unequal, for a spreading growing power encounters one that is hemmed in, and decreasing in relative weight. In England, political habits are so settled, and the forces on each side so accurately estimated, that sudden changes are almost impossible. In France, it may perhaps be reasonably thought that the political balance requires almost as nice an adjustment as that of a spirit-level, — any undue inclination may cause the whole body of society to gravitate precipitately towards one point. M. Guizot's eye seems ever on the watch to keep the balance even:—'Semper Rostris Curiam, in senatu populum defendere: multitudinem cum principibus, equestrem ordinem cum senatu conjungerem.'

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History of Rome, vol. II., p. 351.

† Cic. *In Pisonem*.

ART. VI.—*Works of Art and Artists in England.* By G. F. WAAGEN, Director of the Royal Academy at Berlin. 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1838.

IT is of great importance both to artists and collectors that the performances of the one class, and the acquisitions of the other, should be occasionally brought to the test of impartial and enlightened *foreign* criticism. Artists associating constantly with each other, and surrounded on all hands by productions of their own national school, are apt to identify the favourite painter of the day, or, at all hands, the school itself, with the idea of perfection. The collectors of pictures, in like manner, often form an overweening estimate of the merits of their galleries;—are sensitive if the merits of a picture are called in question, and receive with an indifference, about as genuine as that of ‘Sir Fretful’ in the play, the information communicated by some officious connoisseur, that their favourite Titian is only a respectable copy, or their copper Otho a genuine Bristol farthing. And yet these unpleasant truths must be told sooner or later, unless the cause of art is to be sacrificed to the delicate sensibilities of individuals; nor are they ever likely to be told in a way more calculated to convince, or less likely to offend, than when a foreigner, fully master of his subject, sits down in a spirit of candour and fairness to take a general review of the state of the arts in Britain; and, removed from the influence of personal or party feelings, to express an independent, well-considered, and properly *qualified* opinion.

In this point of view, we think the work of Dr Waagen is likely to be useful; as the production of a well-informed foreigner, on the whole exceedingly free from prejudices, and writing not for effect, but, in as far as we can discover, with a conscientious anxiety to state the truth, without reserve and without exaggeration. The book, no doubt, might have been rendered much more piquant and amusing, and might have *appeared* to possess a much higher degree of originality, if a more dashing style of criticism had been adopted;—if the author had always dogmatized instead of doubted, dealt out eulogy instead of modified praise, and sarcasm instead of censure; but such is not the turn of Dr Waagen’s mind. In fact, a little knowledge and experience of the mistakes into which even the ablest artists themselves have fallen, in their conjectures as to the genuineness of pictures, must soon convince men of sense of the absurdity of attempting to play the dictator in criticism. Thus our Watteaus, in the National

Gallery, purchased under the direction of the ablest judges, and unquestioned till lately, are now said to be the works of Lancret; the Christ on the Mount of Olives, for which Mr Angerstein gave two thousand pounds, on the assurance of Mr West and Sir Thomas Lawrence that it was the original, turns out to be only an ancient and excellent copy. The original is in the collection of the Duke of Wellington, who obtained it from the King of Spain. Dr Waagen holds it to be clear that the Erminia with the Shepherds, in the National Gallery, originally attributed to Annibal Caracci, is now rightly assigned to Domenichino. Mr Irvine, who made the purchase for Mr Buchanan, and one of the best judges of pictures whom this country has produced, is equally clear that it is a Caracci and no Domenichino. Instances like these throw a doubt over all pictorial criticism, so far as it pretends to detect with certainty the manner of a particular artist, or to distinguish an able copy from an original. Of this Dr Waagen must be well aware; and hence, though in one or two cases he pronounces a positive opinion, his views are generally stated doubtfully rather than decidedly; and we are, therefore, the more inclined to adopt his conclusions in those instances where, as in the case of the so-called Titians at Blenheim, the Leonardos, and the Christ on the Mount of Olives, in the National Gallery, he indicates a distinct opinion against the genuineness of the pictures. Then, he is the very reverse of an exclusionist in taste: with a just leaning toward the higher and more poetical schools of Italy, he can admire and do justice to the homelier nature of the Spanish and the Flemish. Scarcely any portion of the book, indeed, seems written more completely *con amore* than the notice of Sir Robert Peel's collection, most of the masterpieces of which are of the Flemish school. He is enthusiastic on the subject of the *Chapeau de Paille* (certainly a strange misnomer for a black beaver hat), delighted with the Wouvermans, Ostades, and Cuyyps, and declares the sum of four thousand guineas, paid for a picture of a man on a grey horse, followed by two dogs, by Isaac Van Ostade, the brother of Adrian, to be in his opinion 'reasonable' in comparison with others.

In his way from Berlin to England Dr Waagen revisited his native city of Hamburg, after an absence of twenty-eight years. The impressions produced by this visit are simply and pleasingly recorded. He was rejoiced to find that, after travelling in Germany, France, and Italy, Hamburg with its lofty towers still had in his eyes 'a very stately appearance.' He visited the places where he had played as a boy, the houses where his grandmother and parents lived, and was surprised to see how little and confined they appeared. 'Many almost effaced recollections of

‘ my earliest years were renewed. In particular, I could not look without emotion at the house in which the early sight of the various works of art which my father possessed gave my mind that impulse which was afterwards to determine the direction of my life.’ As he approached the English coast he was powerfully struck, as all foreigners are, by the countless vessels whitening the sea, steering to or from the entrance of the Thames, and reminding the stranger that he is approaching the centre of the commerce of the world. Bright sunshine alternating with a clouded sky and flying showers, afforded him an opportunity of commencing his professional studies, by tracing on the shipping in the river all the favourite effects of the Dutch marine painters, Van de Velde and Backhuysen. ‘ Now for the first time I fully understood the truth of these pictures in the varied undulation of the water, and the refined art, with which, by shadows of clouds, intervening dashes of sunshine, near or at a distance, and ships to animate the scene, they produce such a charming variety in the uniform surface of the sea.’ Greenwich he dismisses with faint praise, as an ‘ asylum for invalid seamen, the splendid buildings of which *are adorned with numerous pillars.*’ He observes, as he drives through the endless streets, groups at work in the shops of the smiths and shoemakers, which in picturesque arrangement and striking light and shade, recall to his recollection the pictures of Adrian Ostade, or Schalken. Of the modern street architecture of London, with its composition ornaments, and architectural decorations of pillars and pilasters ;—and in particular, the *abnormities*—to use Dr Waagen’s expression—of Nash, and the lately erected monument to the Duke of York, he thinks very poorly. The street architecture is condemned as destitute of those continuous simple main lines, indispensable to general effect in architecture, and to which all decoration must be subordinate. Farther, the decorations are introduced without regard to their own meaning, or the destination of the edifice ;—a fault particularly observable in the columns, which, instead of being used as the supports of a wall, are frequently ranged before it ‘ like unprofitable servants.’ The Duke of York’s monument is but a bad imitation of Trajan’s pillar—a kind of monument first introduced by the Romans, and unknown to the purer taste of the Greeks—necessarily rendering the statue on the top ‘ little and puppet-like,’ and, in this case, unrelieved even by those bas-reliefs on the shaft, which give to Trajan’s pillar, and to the Parisian imitation of it, a richness of effect, arising from the lavish profusion of art, and reconciling the spectator to the want of architectural propriety in the isolation of the column.

On the other hand, he is powerfully impressed by the beauties of our parks, with their picturesque groups of trees, their broad sheets of water, and backgrounds of stately or venerable architecture; the rural air of their more retired pastures, sprinkled over with cows and sheep; the gaiety and brilliancy of those thoroughfares through which the tide of London life pours in such restless motion;—by the magnificence, external and internal, of the club-rooms, and the evidence of boundless wealth which every where presents itself to the eye of the traveller. With the society of England he is still more captivated; and, indeed, it could hardly be otherwise, considering the courtesy and kindness with which he was every where received. Galleries and collections, with scarcely an exception, are thrown open to him—he passes from the Duke of Devonshire's to Sir Robert Peel's, from the Duke of Wellington's to Lord Lansdowne's; he spends his mornings in the contemplation of the treasures of art, and he adjourns in the evening to some ball or fête, to behold the conceptions of Guido and Vandyke realized in the living beauties of the English aristocracy.

We shall arrange the remarks we have to offer upon the work,—which, as it follows no other arrangement but the order of time, is of a very desultory kind, and might advantageously have been reduced to a more systematic form,—under two heads: first, The English School of Painting; and second, The treasures of foreign art contained in the numerous galleries and collections of which England has to boast.

The estimate formed by Dr Waagen of the English school of painting, as the result of his examination of the different collections, ancient and modern, appears to us to be just; though it will certainly disappoint those enthusiastic partizans who think Turner equal to Claude and Canaletti united, and Etty the rival of Titian. 'Let me tell you, sir,' says Carmine, in Foote's farce of *Taste*, 'he that took my Susannah for a Guido gave no mighty 'proofs of his ignorance, Mr Puff.' The opinion of Carmine, we fear, is shared by not a few of our English artists. Vanity or ignorance blinds them to the vast difference which still separates the best specimens of the modern, from the master-pieces of the older schools; and those who hesitate about placing modern and ancient art on an equality, are suspected of a groundless and prejudiced admiration for what is old, merely because it is so. To these Dr Waagen's view of the arts in England will not give satisfaction. He concedes to the English School the merit of effective and brilliant colouring, but denies its claims to the higher and more spiritual part of painting—pure design and elevated composition. It is great, as a whole, in the secondary qualities of

painting ; and hence, though deficient in the higher, it is justly preferable to those which are great in neither, but, like the French School of the days of David (for we are happy to observe of late a marked improvement in French colouring), attain only to a respectable mediocrity in both. But to place it on a level with the great Schools of Painting of the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries is folly : to suppose even that, by any appliances, by any course of study or combination of circumstances, we shall ever see the Golden Age of Painting revived in England, seems to us little less. We infer this on grounds, some of which have reference to all modern schools of art, while others have a more particular application to our own.

In the first place, we attribute little to physical and much to moral causes, in all speculations as to the progress or decline of art. We think it almost decisive as to the inefficiency of physical causes to explain the process of decay or revival, that in Italy the arts have found a grave ; whilst in the ungenial climes of England and Germany alone do there appear hopes of their resurrection. To many even of those moral causes to which the revolutions of art have been referred we ascribe little weight. Forms of government seem to have little influence on its movements ; it flourishes at times under despotisms ; it is found declining under republics ; every thing in its history announces that its ebb or flow depends on a higher source ;—that source, in fact, from which forms of government themselves take their rise, namely, its correspondence with the state of the national mind, and its importance as the expression in outward forms of that national feeling. Art has always attained, and can only attain, its highest developement, where painting has a direct influence upon the whole habits and being of a people ; where it awakens enthusiasm in the mass instead of a critical admiration on the part of the few. Make it the rude yet important medium of popular instruction ; render it a source of elevated emotion accessible to all ; connect it with religion, the life of man's life, and it soars to a corresponding elevation in its conceptions, and excellence in their execution. It does not neglect the mechanical ; for, on the contrary, the highest periods of art are the most distinguished for the accuracy of their imitation ; but it so merges it in the intellectual, that, as in nature itself, the successive steps of the process are unseen, the medium is obliterated, and the result only stands before us as if it had grown into shape and colour through some inward principle of life.

Such was the condition of art under the polytheism of Greece ; for, so far as their mythological system constituted a religion, religion and art were synonymous. Such was its condition in the

days of early Catholic art. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries it was the ally of faith, and almost on equal terms with theology. It was the embodiment, in outward symbols, and in popular forms, of mysteries in their own nature abstract and incorporeal. It rendered intelligible and pathetic those touching passages from the Divine history, which otherwise were shut up in the Latin of the Vulgate, and made them speak to all hearts through the universally intelligible language of the eye. It had its birth in enthusiastic feeling—for few then consecrated themselves to the service of art except from a deep inward prompting and natural call to that vocation; and it generated and kept awake that enthusiastic feeling in others. It was a part of that redeeming principle of earnest faith, which spread its influence, in one shape or other, over the whole course of action of the time, deep and genuine, when it existed at all, and certainly then existing in the mass of the community, though obscured and perverted;—that faith which founded altars, endowed churches, gave birth to pilgrimages and penances, dictated crusades, and made the whole of Christendom bend in submission before the footstool of some feeble old man as the successor of St Peter.

As the handmaid of religion, nay, as part of religion itself, Art had then a principle of existence apart from the patronage which is bestowed upon it, as an instrument of luxurious ornament, or as ministering to the refined pleasures of taste. Patronage, indeed, and reward followed in its train—for under reward must be viewed not mere wealth but station in society, rank, influence—and thus the lower ambition and more vulgar cravings of artists were gratified, as well as the nobler; but the masterpieces of early art, those on which all ages have since recognised the stamp of the highest genius, had their birth in that lofty character with which painting was then invested; rendering it something of a priesthood as well as a profession,—excluding the mediocrity which arises as soon as mechanical dexterity comes to be the substitute for feeling,—making the artist feel his immediate influence over the public mind, and, like an actor on the stage, derive new excitement and enthusiasm from the consciousness of his power.

But not merely was Painting, as an instrument in the hands of Religion, the means of exciting the sensibilities and elevating the mind to the conception of divinity; it was actually, in the earlier ages, a means of national education. It positively enlarged the boundaries of knowledge before the general diffusion of books by printing; it was the substitute, first for the drama, and next for books. As Lord Chatham confessed that he derived most of his acquaintance with the history of England from Shakspeare's



plays, so the chief information connected with history which the people possessed during the golden era of Catholic art was derived from pictures. In them also, as in the scenes of the drama, they could study the living play of human passions; and even where they did not communicate positive ideas, they yet exercised, by means of fancy, and the excitement of the sense of beauty, an indirect influence upon the understanding—valuable, because its effect, so far as it went, was not partial but universal. In this way painting became not merely an ornamental but a useful art; a practical power in the state, to be cultivated and set in motion through the establishment of guilds and societies, as we now found schools and universities: the artist felt himself, and was felt to be, important to society, as furnishing the necessities of the mind, in the same way as the other members of those guilds and crafts did the necessities of the body.

This state of society has past away, and we can no more expect to see the revival of painting, as it then existed, than we could hope to rebuild the ruins which time has overthrown, and call back, amidst modern civilisation, with its accompanying benefits and evils, the institutions of the fifteenth century. The genius of Protestantism is hostile to any close connexion of religion with the outward symbols and forms of art; it has a just fear of that identification of the symbol with the thing signified which the Romish faith appeared too apt to encourage. But even in Catholic countries, that strength of religious feeling to which the finest monuments of the middle ages owed their birth, is at an end. The crane still stands on the roof of the unfinished Cathedral of Cologne, as it was left there four hundred years before. Antwerp and Strasbourg stand, each with its solitary spire, where the architect had projected two,—never in all human probability to be finished, for they have outlived the wants and the opinions of the time. Books, now circulating in boundless numbers through every class of society, communicate a thousand ideas which painting could not convey—at least continuously—and with a precision to which it never could aspire. Penny Magazines banish pictures, and yet prove how strong must have been the influence of pictorial representations on the popular mind, when books were unknown, by still attempting to lend to the attractions of reading the additional interest derived from engravings.

It is not by the institution of academies, by prizes or patronage, that the effect of this change on the prospects of art can be counteracted. We have seen these experiments tried, and with what success? We appeal to a candid and impartial enquirer, Mr James. 'We cannot avoid observing that the art seems 'even now to decline in the inverse ratio of the increase of exer-

'tion made in its favour, and though for many years past the study has met not only with a liberal private patronage, but been honoured with legislative encouragement; though schools of design have been established, private collections thrown open, public lectures instituted, and public rewards distributed in every country, in almost every city of consequence throughout Europe, yet the produce of the modern school has been uniformly meagre of talent, and void of any power of exciting interest.\*

'No genuine work of art,' says Fuseli, than whom no one had a higher feeling of what art in its best sense demands, 'ever was or ever can be produced but for its own sake; if the artist do not conceive to please himself, he never will finish to please the world. Can we persuade ourselves that all the treasures of the globe could suddenly produce an Iliad or a Paradise Lost, or the Jupiter of Phidias, or the Capella Sestina? Circumstances may assist or retard parts, but cannot make them; they are the winds that now blow out a light and now animate a spark to conflagration.'

We must admit, then, that neither in England nor elsewhere do we anticipate that coming millennium of the arts which some zealous admirers of the English school appear to contemplate. Painting will hereafter, we fear, be every where essentially a decorative art, rather than a means of exciting solemn thought or high imagination. Altar-pieces are now rare; great paintings for public institutions equally so; but were they more frequent than they are, we doubt whether any material change would be thereby effected on the general tendency of modern art towards the brilliant and the striking. The conception, the style of composition, even the colouring in the pictures of a great artist, are not accidents; they are the settled result of habits of thought, by which he is unconsciously acted upon; which have become part of the man, which he finds reflected in the minds of other men by whom he is surrounded:—simplicity, dignity, true and unstrained expression, flowed as naturally from the earnest and devoted character of the artists of the fifteenth century as the theatrical effects of expression, arrangement, and colour, in modern pictures flow from the more artificial habits and more mechanical inspiration of the present day.

It is in vain even that individual minds, conscious of this, endeavour to 'unsphere the spirit of the past,' and to regain something of this primitive simplicity—by carrying to excess the

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\* The Italian Schools of Painting, with Observations on the Present State of the Art.

principles of the earlier artists. They are still weighed down by the taste of the age; it is a forced, and not a natural simplicity which they attain—the simplicity of reviving the costume of the Golden Age, while rational persons are content to go warmly and decently attired. Hence the result is, on the whole, a failure; we praise the effort, perhaps, as a laudable effort to revive better principles of art, but there the matter ends;—‘*laudatur et alget.*’ This at least is the feeling which the modern performances of the German school, including the works of Cornelius and Schnorr, have left upon our minds. They are full of thought; scientifically drawn; the composition seems of a grand and simple character; the colouring, though that is certainly their least merit, as good as that of many pictures of the Italian School; and yet we have never been roused or melted by them: we have never felt, in contemplating them, the slightest trace of that thrill of admiration with which the spectator first glances at the Prophets of Michael Angelo, the Peter Martyr or the Entombment of Titian, or the Lazarus of Sebastian del Piombo. They seem to differ, not in degree merely, but in kind; and to make no nearer approach to the excellences of the old masters than a waxen image does to life.

In the second place, in the case of the English school, there are several circumstances which have operated, and will, we fear, for some time, continue to operate unfavourably for the chance of any great perfection in art. Rising into existence only when all the Continental schools were on the decline, and when painting had been reduced, in a great measure, to a manufacture;—when the demands of religion, the basis on which historical painting had elsewhere grown up, no longer existed, and the decoration of palaces and public buildings had become of rare occurrence, the chief field open to the English artist lay in portraits and landscapes. Dr Waagen observes, and we believe truly, that ‘even the traditions of the technical part of painting, which had been conscientiously handed down in the old schools of living art, as the most indispensable fundamental condition, even of the highest performances, had been gradually forgotten, as of inferior importance, amid all those dead rules of pure taste, and ideal beauty of form.’—(Vol. I. p. 229.) So that there were at once wanting to the English school, in its outset and progress, a proper foundation of technical knowledge, and an elevated intellectual direction of art.

The pursuit of the ideal, as it was called, was long injurious to the progress of the arts in this country. The attainment of ideal grandeur or beauty, in its true sense, is no doubt the fit object of the labours of the artist; but there is no practical ideal, so far as painting is concerned, except selection and combination of the

finest particulars in the natural. The account given of the Venus of Zeuxis shows that such was the practice and understanding of the ancients. In modern art, half the heads in the best pictures of Raphael are portraits. What are the best backgrounds of Nicolas Poussin, but combinations of lines taken from the country nearer Tivoli, La Riccia, or the Eternal City itself—such as the Castle of St Angelo, the Tower of Nero, the ruins of the Forum, and the walls of Rome? In like manner, many of Claude's subjects can be traced from the Trinita de Monte, where he lived;—the scenery of the vale of the Tyber, the fine outline of the Vatican, Monte Mario, and the Villa Medici, perpetually recur in his pictures.\* This, then, is the true ideal; the judicious choice and apposition of what is best in nature. Every other ideal is false and delusive, only leading the artist far from nature, without bringing him one step nearer to that conception of grandeur or beauty to which he aspires.

And yet English art long laboured under the fatal error, that the exact imitation of reality was inconsistent with the loftiest style of the art; and that to create an ideal, the artist must form an abstraction from nature, not a union of its finest points. The result was a series of conventional forms, faces, and attitudes, in composition; groups composed in the taste of theatrical tableaux; emptiness substituted for breadth; an indifference to all details, a general looseness and indistinctness of form. Our English artists totally forgot or despised the example of all their great Italian predecessors. From the foregrounds of Titian's landscapes it has been said, and almost without exaggeration, that one might study botany; the waterfowl (cranes) introduced by Raphael into his Cartoon of the miraculous draught of fishes, are executed with even Dutch fidelity to nature. Vigneul-Marville says of Poussin, 'Old as he was, I frequently saw him among the ruins of ancient Rome, out in the Campagna, or along the banks of the Tyber, sketching a scene which had pleased him; and I often met him with his handkerchief full of stones, moss, or flowers, which he carried home, that he might copy them exactly from nature.'† But attention to details like these was, for a time, thought beneath the dignity of English art. The more the subject could be generalized, the more every thing could be deprived of individuality, so that the whole might be fused into a washy abstraction called the ideal, so much the better; till at last the chief part of the compositions of the Eng-

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\* Maria Graham's *Life of Poussin*, p. 37.

† *Ibid.*

lish school might have been justly characterised as pictures of *nothing*, and extremely like.

This error, no doubt, has been to a great extent cured. 'We are now content to believe, that the ideal must be sought in nature itself; but still, some portion of the error lingers about our conceptions of art; and displays itself in the inattention to details, the want of proper making out of forms, the tendency to produce it by a few strokes cleverly dashed in, and calculated to produce effect at a distance, but appearing as mere spots on nearer inspection. We have never, in fact, entirely got over the injurious effect produced by the inversion of the natural order of study—by making colouring precede the acquisition of correct drawing. 'As is usual among heaven-born geniuses in this department of the fine arts,' observes Sir Walter Scott, in describing the education of Dick Tinto, 'he began to paint before he had any notion of drawing.' 'It is a misfortune,' says Dr Waagen, 'for the English school, that it at once began where other schools left off.' 'From the most scrupulous execution of the details, which seeks to bring every object as near as possible to the reality, even for close inspection, the older schools but very gradually acquired the conviction, that the same effect might be produced at a moderate distance with fewer strokes of the pencil, and thus attained a broader handling. But the English school began at once with a very great freedom and breadth of handling, where, in the works of Hogarth and Reynolds, indeed, every touch is seen in nature, and expresses something positive, but in most of the later painters, degenerated into a flimsiness and negligence; so that but a very superficial and general image is given of every object, and many pictures have the glaring effect of scene-painting, while others are lost in misty indistinctness.'

But though in the higher department of historical painting we indulge no great expectations of signal success for Great Britain, there are others in which the English School has already attained, and will probably maintain a character of excellence and originality. In portrait painting, it is unquestionably at this moment the first in the world,—the only one which approaches to the spirit of the elder masters. The portrait of Lord Heathfield, grasping the keys of Gibraltar, by Reynolds, is one which does not suffer beside the Titians that surround it. The speaking portraits of Lawrence, full of grace and English character, want nothing but the aid of a more picturesque costume to rival the best of Vandyke. In landscape, again, England possesses an equal superiority over the other Continental nations at the present moment. From the first, indeed, landscape has flourished in England. The cant of idealism did not interfere with *its* pro-

gress. The artist resorted to nature itself; he threw upon his canvass the faithful reflection of our breezy coasts, and downs, our fresh woodland scenery, our moors and hills, and the thousand effects of light and shadow exhibited beneath our ever varying skies. Nothing can surpass the truth and sparkling freshness of the productions of our best English landscape-painters, such as Callcott;—the trees seem to rustle, the waves to dash and curl, with their manifold tints and reflections, the streams to bubble and murmur in our ear. And no where is the excellence of the English Landscape School displayed in a more charming form than in the productions of our painters in water colours;—an art of which, in its present state of perfection and power, Britain may be regarded as the creator. Dr Waagen admits that till he had seen the productions of our English artists he had no idea of the depth, force, richness, and clearness of colour which could be attained in this mode of painting. He speaks in high terms of those of Lewis and Cattermole; with more qualified approbation of the portraits of Chalon; with admiration of the landscapes of Copley Fielding. ‘His pictures have a truly national character, ‘as in the scenery of this country the eye dwells with real delight ‘on the deep luxuriant green of his meadows and trees, with which ‘he knows how most happily to combine the sea that bathes the ‘verdant coasts of England. With unerring mastery he avails ‘himself of all the advantages that painting can command by ‘decisive contrasts of light and shade, or by delicate transition to ‘produce the most striking effects.’

But, perhaps, the chief claim of the English School to original invention in art is founded on what Dr Waagen calls the ‘moral ‘humorous’ department; in which he admits that England has done much to enlarge the domain of painting in general. Of this Hogarth was the great inventor, while Wilkie at the present day has preserved the spirit of Hogarth, though in a quieter and more chastened style; his pictures bearing to Hogarth’s very much the same relation which comedy bears to farce. We are happy to see that Dr Waagen does justice, not merely to Hogarth’s invention, but also to his technical ability as a *painter*, which, since the time of Horace Walpole, it had been too much the fashion to decry. We remember, on our first visit to the National Gallery—full of erroneous conceptions as to Hogarth’s practical skill, derived from the common misrepresentations on the subject—being astonished by the handling and colouring of the pictures in his *Marriage a-la-Mode*. ‘All the most delicate shades of his ‘humour are here marked in his heads with consummate skill and ‘freedom, and every other part executed with the same decision, ‘and for the most part with ease. Though the colouring, on the ‘whole, and the pictures, as they are almost wholly painted in

‘dead colours, with hardly any glazing, have more the look of distemper than of oil paintings, the colouring of the flesh is often powerful; and the other, very broken, are disposed with so much refined feeling for harmonious effect, that in colouring they stand in a far higher rank than numerous productions of the most modern English School, with all glaring inharmonious colours. Only the fifth picture, the death of the husband, has lost its chiaroscuro by turning dark.’—(I. p. 233.) It is remarkable that for these six pictures Hogarth received only the pittance of £110, while, in 1797, Mr Angerstein paid for them £138*l*.

Of Wilkie our author speaks as follows:—

‘Wilkie is in his department not only the first painter of our times, but, together with Hogarth, the most spirited and original master of the whole English school. In the most essential particulars Wilkie has the same style of art as Hogarth. With him, he has great variety, refinement, and acuteness in the observation of what is characteristic in nature; and in many of his pictures the subject is strikingly dramatic. Yet in many respects he is different from him. He does not, like Hogarth, exhibit to us moral dramas in whole series of pictures, but contents himself with representing, more in the manner of a novel, one single striking scene. His turn of mind is besides very different. If I might compare Hogarth with Swift, in his biting satire, with which he contemplates mankind only on the dark side, and takes special delight in representing them in a state of the most profound corruption, of the most frightful misery; I find in Wilkie a close affinity with his celebrated countryman Sir Walter Scott. Both have in common that genuine refined delineation of character which extends to the minutest particulars. In the soul of both there is more love than contempt of man; both afford us the most soothing views of the quiet genial happiness which is sometimes found in the narrow circle of domestic life, and understand how, with masterly skill, by the mixture of delicate traits of good-natured humour, to heighten the charm of such scenes; and if, as poets should be able to do both in language and colours, they show us man in his manifold weaknesses, errors, afflictions; and distresses, yet their humour is of such a kind that it never revolts our feelings. Wilkie is especially to be commended, that in such scenes as the ‘Distress for Rent,’ he never falls into caricature, as has often happened to Hogarth, but with all the energy of expression remains within the bounds of truth. It is affirmed that the deeply impressive and touching character of this picture caused an extraordinary sensation in England when it first appeared. Here we first learn duly to prize another feature of his pictures, namely, their genuine national character. They are in all their parts the most spirited, animated, and faithful representations of the peculiarities and modes of life of the English. In many other respects, Wilkie reminds me of the great Dutch painters of common life of the seventeenth century, and likewise in the choice of many subjects—for instance, the *Blind Man’s Buff*; but particularly by the careful and complete making-out of the

details, in which he is one of the rare exceptions among his countrymen. If he does not go so far in this respect as Douw and Franz Mieris, he is nearly on an equality with the more carefully executed paintings of Teniers and Jan Steen. His touch, too, often approaches the former in spirit and freedom, especially in his earlier pictures.

One of them, the *Blind Fiddler*, is in the Gallery. You know this admirable composition from the masterly engraving by Burnet. The effect of the colouring is by no means brilliant; yet the tone of the flesh is warm and clear. The colours, which, as in Hogarth, are very much broken, have a very harmonious effect, the light and shade being very soft, and carried through with great skill. From the predominance of dead colours, the whole has much the appearance of distemper, as well in the above respects as in the naïveté and close observation of nature, and the good-natured humour of the subject. This picture is a real masterpiece, which deserves the more admiration, since we find, by the date affixed, that it was painted in 1806, when Wilkie, who was born on the 18th of November, 1785, at Cults, in Fifeshire, was not more than twenty-one years of age.—(I. p. 241.)

To Turner, we think, Dr Waagen scarcely does justice. That he is often extravagant, we admit; and unfortunately such was the character of the two works—*Ehrenbreitstein*, and the *Burning of the two Houses of Parliament*—which appeared in the Exhibition of 1835; which are the subject of the Doctor's observations. And such, we regret to add, is also the character of those capriccios which figure under his name in the present Exhibition, and which, however suited to mislead the taste and captivate the admiration of those 'barren spectators' who are led away by tricks of colour and a species of misty and gorgeous indistinctness, are yet only calculated to 'make the judicious grieve.' Still, if Dr Waagen had given himself the trouble to enquire after and examine some of Turner's earlier drawings and paintings, he would undoubtedly have come to the conclusion that he is a man of first-rate genius,—infusing a spirit of poetry into his better pictures, which places him but a little lower than the great landscape-painters of Italy. Eastlake is extolled for his true and refined feeling and tempered harmony of colouring; and the praise is just; though we are constrained to add that we have as yet seen no work of his which impressed us with the idea of power or originality of conception. To Etty he gives the praise of 'fancy, gracefulness, and technical skill;' but qualified by the remark that 'he too uniformly repeats the Greek profile in the heads; that many attitudes are exaggerated, and that the crude colours in the drapery disturb the harmony.' Leslie's pictures in the Exhibition of 1835 he does not appear to have liked; but he was delighted with the admirable productions of Landseer, 'who designs men and animals with a refined physiognomical feeling, in the most spirited man-



ner, and paints them in a solid impasto, in all their parts, in true and clear colouring, with a light and flowing pencil.' The praise is just, so far as it goes; but it might with truth have been extended much farther. In our opinion, and with every leaning towards the older masters, Landseer is the greatest painter of animals that ever existed; while in addition to the exquisite handling of his pictures, and thorough knowledge of the anatomy of the animal painted, he often throws into compositions of this kind a degree of sentiment and poetry of which we confess we find little even in the best pictures of Rubens or Snyders.

To Martin, we think, Dr Waagen is more favourable than his eccentric genius and monotony of composition deserve; but as the passage is striking, we shall extract it.

'I gratefully accepted the offer of Professor Wheatstone to introduce me one evening to Martin, who happened to have in his house his most distinguished work, the Destruction of Babylon. I found him a middle-aged man, of pleasing manners, and of lively enthusiastic disposition. In explaining his picture to several of his guests, he imparted a more lively interest to it by the pleasing animation of his manner. Beneath the fearful light of the clouded moon the immense city extends, over which nightly destruction has come. Innumerable enemies have already penetrated into it; the flames are already rising in some places; the elephants that carried the Babylonians to the last struggle are overpowered; all this is seen in the remote distances. In the foreground the king, irresolute and inactive, surrounded by his women, awaits his fate. His brother manifests in the most lively manner his indignation at the cowardly and wavering conduct of the sovereign. These are some of the principal features of the very rich whole, which teems with thousands of figures, in which the most varied and striking attitudes, as well as the composition of the whole, manifests a rare power of invention. The figures in the foreground are about eight inches high, the execution free but careful, the colouring powerful and clear, the effect of the whole very striking. But with the poetical imaginative feeling which predominates in the whole, the naturalness, nay, even historical truth in the details is very remarkable. In the buildings, the works and accounts relative to the most ancient architecture of the East have been carefully consulted; nay, the artist desired me to observe how the figures immediately under the walls exactly corresponded in their proportions with the accounts handed down to us of the height of those walls. I now perfectly understood the extraordinary approbation which Martin's pictures have met with in England, for they unite, in a high degree, the three qualities which the English require, above all, in a work of art,—effect, a fanciful invention, inclining to melancholy, and topographic historical truth. In no works of art that I have hitherto seen, is the contrast between the more modern and antique way of conception in the arts so striking as in these. The conception is essentially that of a landscape, and the impression made by them is chiefly produced by their effect as landscapes; for, among the countless figures, it is only in

those of the foreground, and even in these, in consequence of their small size, but insufficiently, that the intended moral effect can be produced. In the conception of the ancients the human figure everywhere prevails; and that in such a manner, that even scenes in which, in reality, many thousands took part—for instance, the taking of Troy—are represented by a comparatively small number of persons. This effect is obtained by their being all placed in an architectonic symmetrical order in the foreground, so that in their attitudes and characters the expression of the whole moral intention of the subject can be very clearly manifested. The relations of space, the scenery are but generally intimated.' (II. p. 162.)

The poorest part of the exhibition (and the department in which English art is most deficient) was the Sculpture. Our inferiority in this walk Dr Waagen ascribes to the want of opportunities of studying the naked form in its free movement, and to a certain mistaken national prudery, which dislikes representations of the naked figure. In our sculpture, such as it is, the want of feeling for beauty of form and leading lines, which exists even in our painting, is peculiarly prejudicial, because here it cannot be disguised by the magic of colour. Some sculptors, again, he thinks, are fettered by viewing their subjects in the light of portraits, and imitating all the fortuitous details of the dress; others, aiming at an empty and false ideal, degenerate into an indefinite swollen softness. This, however, is rather general. The reader will be better able to appreciate the justice of Dr Waagen's views by observing their application to the works of our leading sculptors:—

'The most celebrated and the most admired is at present F. L. Chantrey. He is really a man of very eminent talents in the natural style, so that all those who require nothing more of sculpture than that it shall represent every object precisely as it appears in nature, must often be highly gratified by his works. But he who makes higher pretensions, and requires that, in the imitation of nature, sculpture shall make modification dependent on the nature of the material on which the sculptor works—for instance, the marble or the bronze—might certainly find himself disappointed; for the sculptor should endeavour, as much as possible, to make us forget in his work the marble or the bronze as a rude mass. This he attains chiefly by a flat treatment; great prominences, such as many things,—for instance, locks of hair, folds in the draperies composed of thick materials,—occasion in real life, he is to avoid; because appearing in the stone as thick swellings, they remind us too much of the material, and produce a heavy effect, very different from that of their prototypes in reality. Where elevations are necessary, he finds means to moderate the impression as a mass, by dividing them into several parts, by more or less marked depressions, and thereby breaking them. All actual depressions, on the contrary, he marks with great sharpness and precision. To these principles the antique sculptures owe a great

part of their agreeable effect. The works of Chantrey, therefore, please the experienced eye in proportion as the neglect of the observance of those principles is less apparent. This neglect is least of all perceptible in the Busts, which by their likeness, animation, and careful, often well-felt execution, are very pleasing. It is more striking in his portrait-statues, which, from the ponderous masses of drapery, deficient in good intention, have a heavy, awkward, inorganic appearance. But it is most offensive of all in free ideal compositions, in which the poverty of invention, the uniformity of the countenances, the want of grace, and of a more profound knowledge of the forms, the observance of all accessories, which are more admissible in the portraits, render the impression still more disagreeable. Of the great number of large and small pieces which I saw in Chantrey's Attelier, I was most pleased with those in which, more than in others, a faithful imitation of nature is sufficient, such as sleeping women and children. I was least of all satisfied with a colossal equestrian statue. Chantrey is not equal to such great proportions: the horse especially appeared to me very defective. The multitude of important works which this artist executes in this erroneous style, combined with the attraction of the talent which they evince, must naturally have an unfavourable influence on the taste in sculpture in this country.

Next to Chantrey, Richard Westmacott is the most eminent sculptor in England. He is a great admirer and thorough judge of the antique. The eternal models of sculpture, the principal parts of the Elgin marbles, are arranged with much taste in his Attelier. In his own works an aim at the antique manner is manifest, but not always crowned with success. I here saw the celebrated vase of one block of Carrara marble, on one side of which the victory of the Duke of Wellington over Napoleon, at the battle of Waterloo, is represented in relief, in an action of cavalry; and on the other King George of England receiving the treaty of peace. These compositions are too general, too like academy studies, to excite my admiration. The form of this most colossal of all marble vases, the height of which I estimate at eighteen feet, resembles on the whole that of the well-known Borghese vase in the Louvre, but far less happy in the profile. The upper part especially, on which are the bas-reliefs, is deficient in gracefulness of outline. The lower part, richly adorned with admirably-executed acanthus leaves, appears to greater advantage. The very careful execution of this most colossal work, which is intended to adorn an apartment in the new building of the National Gallery, is worthy of admiration; the appearance of it is very grand. Westmacott is a man of extensive knowledge in the arts, and understands how to treat marble with uncommon softness; but, unfortunately, his gracefulness often degenerates into affectation, and he is not sufficiently sensible of the necessity of architectonic arrangement, which is indispensable in sculptured monuments. For the experienced eye requires, in masses and lines corresponding with each other, the predominance of a positive law of art, and is offended by the aim at a naturalness, which has the appearance of pure accident. Thus I saw in his Attelier the monument of a woman who died in childbed, who raises herself while her two children are introduced upon and near her,

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in quite common attitudes. In his busts he has less truth and animation than Chantrey.

‘E. H. Baily, a much less known and admired sculptor than the two preceding, is, however, distinguished above them in his later works, by a more correct feeling for arrangement and graceful outline. He executed the sculptures which are destined to be the architectonic ornaments of the new National Gallery. The Britannia between the well-executed Lion and Unicorn of the English arms, as well as two other allegorical figures, have, in the attitudes, the repose and rectilinear tendency which is suitable for such works. The disposition of the figures, for one pediment, is likewise very intelligible and opportune in corresponding masses. The other, on the contrary, is unfortunately confused by being too crowded, and offends the eye by a too decided tendency of the figures towards one side. The monument of a physician,—Hygieia, by the urn, feeding the serpent,—notwithstanding the triteness of this thought, pleased me very much by the gracefulness, the calmness of the attitude, and the good drapery. Other monuments, for instance, of sleeping women with children, manifest a lively sensibility for beautiful forms and a deep feeling for the pathetic. Lastly, several busts—for instance, that of Lord Brougham—are distinguished by spirited conception, and by a treatment conformable to the above-mentioned laws of sculpture.

‘I found more feeling for graceful effect and aim at architectonic disposition than in most English sculptures, in six allegoric figures, less finished indeed, by George Rennie, which adorn coignes in a part of the Bank, lately erected by the able and amiable architect Richard Cockerell. I consider myself extremely fortunate in becoming personally acquainted with these two men, who are animated with real enthusiasm for art. The statue of a boy in marble, in the Atelier of Rennie, is very highly finished in that agreeable thinness which is so much admired in the celebrated statue of the Boy drawing the Thorn from his Foot in the Capitol; only the treatment of the hair is too prominent.

‘At Mr Thomas Campbell’s, the sculptor, I had the pleasure of seeing a number of busts, which have great merit by their animation, striking resemblance, and careful execution. Art has here brought together in peaceful proximity many of the heads of the Tories and Whigs. By the side of the eagle-eyed bust of the Duke of Wellington, I saw here the noble and mild features of Earl Grey; with the Duke of Buccleuch, the colossal bronze bust of the Duke of Devonshire, and that of the Duke of Bedford.’

We must now pass to the other division of the work, viz., the observations on our collections of ancient and foreign art.

The impression left on the mind after closing these volumes is, that of cabinet pictures, at least, and we rather think, pictures of all kinds, England possesses the richest collection of the works of the great masters in the world. In other countries, a few great public museums in the capitals may indeed produce a more striking effect, by a greater accumulation of fine

pictures in a single place; but here, besides the numerous and noble collections of London, the finest specimens of art are scattered over the whole country, ornamenting every castle or country-seat to the extremities of the empire. At this moment the extent and value of our treasures is unknown to the great mass of the community; but we feel persuaded that if the whole could be concentrated in one exhibition, the boasted treasures of the Louvre would appear poor beside them. The number and value of the great works of art which Great Britain possesses is the more remarkable, since some of the earlier collections here, containing works of rare excellence and value, have been from different causes dispersed, and are now for ever lost to the country. It is exceedingly interesting, for instance, to trace the growth of our British collections, from the first attempt made by Henry VIII. (which, including miniatures, contained only one hundred and fifty specimens), to their present state of affluence, notwithstanding the casualties and untoward events by which the growth of art was occasionally retarded. To Charles I., who possessed the finest and most elevated taste in painting, belongs the distinction of forming the first Gallery of Paintings on a large scale. The basis of his collection consisted of that which had been formed by the Dukes of Mantua, and purchased from them for Charles by Buckingham, at the price of eighty thousand pounds; together with numerous presents from crowned heads, and from the English nobility. The number of pictures scattered through the different palaces was thirteen hundred and eighty-seven, and that of works of sculpture three hundred and ninety-nine. Of the pictures, eighty-eight were masterpieces of the different Schools, particularly the Italian. In the King's own residence at Whitehall he had placed forty-six of the finest, by Raphael, Correggio, Titian, Giulio Romano, Caravaggio, Andrea del Sarte, Georgione Luini, and Parmigiano.

The fashion thus set by the King inspired a similar taste in the Earl of Arundel, the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Montague, and many other of the English nobility. The gallery of the Duke of Buckingham, in particular, appears to have been rich in specimens of the Italian School. For one of these, the *Ecce Homo* of Titian, containing nineteen figures as large as life, afterwards acquired by the Archduke Leopold William, and now in the Belvedere Gallery, the Earl of Arundel in vain offered the Duke seven thousand pounds in money or land; probably the largest sum, considering the value of money at that time, ever offered for a single picture, with one exception to be subsequently noticed.

When we glance at the list of the great works contained in these galleries it is impossible not to regret the Gothic bar-

barism which induced Cromwell to sell by public auction the noble collection of Charles—thus sacrificing irrecoverably for this country some of the finest gems of painting, and retarding, by the removal of high and pure models, the progress of art in Great Britain. Perhaps it is rather matter of wonder, considering his own want of taste, and the indifference, if not aversion to the fine arts entertained by the Puritan party, that he should have directed the Cartoons to be purchased for the nation at the price of three hundred pounds.

The sale, which took place in London in 1653, was attended by agents from foreign princes, and amateurs from all parts of Europe. Among the purchasers we find the Spanish ambassador of Philip IV., who bought to such an extent, that eighteen mules were required to convey his acquisitions from Corunna to Madrid; the Archduke Leopold William, then governor of the Austrian Netherlands; Christina Queen of Sweden; and Cardinal Mazarin. Some of the very finest pictures which now adorn the Louvre were purchased by Jabach, a banker of Cologne, who afterwards disposed of the collection to Louis XIV. Among these are the Jupiter and Antiope of Correggio, the Entombment, and the Disciples at Emmaus, by Titian.

The galleries of the Earl of Arundel and the Duke of Buckingham shared a similar fate. It diminishes, however, in some measure our regret to find that a great many of the pictures thus dispersed ultimately found their way back to Great Britain.\*

In the reign of Charles II., we find the royal collection again increased to upwards of eleven hundred pictures, and above a hundred works of sculpture. James II. added about a hundred pictures, but not of great merit or interest.

Another calamity, however, befell the new collection. By the burning of Whitehall, in 1697, the principal gallery, containing seven hundred and thirty-eight pictures, was in a great measure destroyed. Of the three pictures by Leonardo da Vinci, three by Raphael, twelve by Giulio Romano, eighteen by Giorgione, eighteen by Titian, six by Old Palma, six by Correggio, seven by Parmigiano, twenty-seven by Holbein, four by Rubens, thirteen by Vandyke, and fourteen by William Van de Velde, most of which, there is reason to believe, were genuine, it is doubtful if any one now exists.

One other grievous loss to the country must be added to the last, viz. the sale of the collection of Sir Robert Walpole at

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\* Dr Waagen even thinks that of the eighty-eight master-pieces of the gallery of Charles I., seventy were recovered by Charles II.

Houghton, which was purchased by the Empress Catharine for thirty thousand pounds, and which now forms one of the most important parts of the Imperial Gallery at the Hermitage.

But to balance these losses, accidental or voluntary, great and valuable acquisitions were made during the eighteenth century by eminent individuals, who introduced the custom of placing their collections chiefly at their country-seats.\* Of these Dr Waagen particularly mentions the Dukes of Marlborough, Bedford, Devonshire, and Hamilton; the Marquisses of Lansdowne and Bute; Earls Pembroke, Exeter, Leicester, Warwick, Spenser, Burlington, Radnor, Cowper, and Egremont; Mr Methuen and Mr Welbore Agar Ellis. Dr Waagen remarks, that these collections, with the exception of Lord Cowper's at Panshanger, were of an inferior class to that of Charles,—abounding more in works of the decline of art in Italy than of its present period—with the exception of the Venetian school; but they are rich in excellent specimens of the Flemish and of the French, as represented by its greatest painter, Poussin.

The most important additions which have been made to our British collections since the middle of the eighteenth century, have been owing, directly or indirectly, to the French Revolution. The finest and most extensive was the famous gallery formed by the Regent Duke of Orleans, and sold by Egalité in 1792, in order to obtain the money necessary for his political schemes. This splendid collection, which consisted of four hundred and eighty-five pictures, and contained the most costly treasures of the most flourishing periods of the Italian, Flemish, and French schools, was especially rich in pictures of the age of Raphael and the Carracci. Ultimately, almost the whole collection reached Great Britain. The portion containing the Italian and French schools was purchased by the Duke of Bridgewater, the Marquis of Stafford, and Lord Carlisle, for forty-three thousand pounds. These noblemen selected for themselves ninety-four of the finest pictures, and the remainder, being disposed of by auction, produced about forty-one thousand pounds; so that their patriotic interference to secure these treasures to Great Britain was rewarded by their acquisition of the *élite* of the gallery, for little or nothing.

The Orleans collection was succeeded by that of the French minister, Calonne, sold in 1795, and purchased for England. It consisted of three hundred and fifty-nine pictures; and contained a number of the master-pieces of the Dutch school of the seventeenth century, as well as some admirable works of French and Spanish painters.

The distress, confusion, and insecurity produced in all the

Continental States by the convulsions of the French Revolution, now opened up another source from which England, the only country exempted from these anxieties, was speedily enabled to add largely to its treasures of art. Hundreds of works which had adorned the altars of churches, or the palaces of kings and nobles, were forced into the market; and the finest of these were generally secured for Englishmen, by the efforts of Mr Day, Mr Ottley, Mr Buchanan, Messrs Champenowne and Wilson. In Rome, the families of Aldobrandini, Barberini, Borghesi, Colonna, Corsini, Falconieri, Guistiniani, Ghigi, Lancellotti, and Spada; in Genoa, those of Balbi, Cambiasi, Cataneo, Doria, Durazzo, Gentile, Lecari, Marano, Mari, and Spinola, were compelled to part with the greater portion of their collections of art. In Florence, the Riccardi Palace; in Naples, the Royal Palace Capodi Monte, lost some of their finest pictures. The greater part of what was thus lost to Italy was gained for England.

From Belgium and Holland there has been a constant importation of the finest pictures since 1798. 'As even in the smallest towns in Holland there were often pictures of the best masters, that country was formally explored like a hunting-ground by the picture-dealers; and in such little towns notice was given by a public crier that those who had old pictures might come forward. By this means the most charming works of Holbein, Ruysdael, and other masters were brought to light.' Besides individual pictures, the number of which it is impossible to ascertain, though it is certain it is very great, two Dutch collections, choice in selection, though moderate in extent,—that of the Countess Holderness, and that of Mr Crawford,—were sold by auction in London in 1802 and 1806.

From France we acquired, in 1801, all the finest pictures of the well-known collection of citizen Robit; in 1815, the collection of Lucien Bonaparte; and the *elite* of those pictures which Sebastiani had found means to obtain in Spain, among which were some pictures of great value; in 1817, that of the Receiver-General, Laperriere; and, in the same year, the small but admirable collection of Prince Talleyrand. Besides these, a great number, selected from the old French collections of the Duke de Praslin, the Duke de Choiseul, the Prince of Conti and others, and from the acquisitions made by France from other countries during the revolutionary wars, have been brought from Paris by Messrs Delahaute, Erard, Le Brun, and S. Lafontaine, and disposed of in England, where they now remain.

It was not till the French invasion in 1807 that an opportunity presented itself of turning the treasures of Spain to similar account; the exportation of pictures from Spain being prohibited



under severe penalties. The most valuable pictures, too, either belonged to the Crown, or to convents and other religious establishments. But in 1807, Mr Buchanan, whose exertions had been the means of already securing to this country so many masterpieces of Italian and Flemish art, succeeded in procuring the aid of a coadjutor every way qualified for the task, in the landscape-painter Wallis, who ventured upon a journey to Spain; and, notwithstanding the troubled state of the country, and the difficulties with which the undertaking was surrounded, succeeded in procuring for England some of the choicest specimens of the Spanish painters. To this bold undertaking we owe the celebrated Murillos from the Santiago Palace; many capital pictures from the collections of Alba, Altamira, and the Prince of the Peace; some pictures were even obtained from the Escorial; the convent of Loeches, near Madrid, furnished its contingent in the colossal pictures of Rubens, presented to it by the patron of Gil Blas, the Count-Duke of Olivarez; and Seville contributed a fine collection of Murillos.

From these sources—immensely increased by the numerous private purchases made by amateurs and others abroad—England has procured, and at present contains more first-rate pictures in oil than any other country in the world. In statuary, again, the collection of the Elgin Marbles alone may be regarded as balancing the high advantages of Italy in regard to sculpture.

The first collection visited by Dr Waagen was that of the drawings in the British Museum, the bequests of Mr Payne Knight and Mr Cracherode. The following passage from his letter on this subject is interesting, as exemplifying both the patient study and dexterous adaptation of the means and instruments of their art, evinced by the elder painters:—

‘ The drawings of the great masters have a peculiar charm. By them, more than by works of any other kind, you are introduced into the secret laboratory of art, so that you may follow a painting from the first germ through its various stages and changes, till it attains its perfect form. Mr von Rumohr, with his usual refined sense of art, directs our attention to the sure mechanical taste with which these old masters always employed in their drawings the material which was best adapted to the object they had in view. If they wanted to sketch upon the paper a first thought just as it arose in the fancy, they usually chose the red Italian chalk, with which sketching is so easy, or the soft Italian black chalk. The breadth and softness of the strokes immediately gives to such a first sketch something picturesque and massy; and, at the same time, the material allowed of further finishing, in a high degree, if it were desired. But if they wished to arrest a rapidly passing effect in nature, as it was fresh in their fancy, to seize an accidental happy, quickly changing cast of drapery, or to mark sharply and distinctly the main features of some

character, they preferred the pen, which allowed them to unite the easy flowing line with the sure and distinct indication of the forms. If they desired in the portrait, in a study, in the composition, to express the most delicate movements of the forms, the fine play of the surfaces lying within the outlines, they generally took a rounded silver pencil. On paper covered with a mixture of white lead and pale yellow ochre, verdigris, or some red, such a pencil marks but lightly and softly, and therefore allows of changing and improving *ad infinitum*, and by leaning harder, at length to mark decidedly, among all the others, the design in favour of which the artist has determined. If they wished to decide on the main distribution of light and shade, the full camel's hair pencil dipped in sepia or Indian ink, with its elastic point, its bold fullness, led the most rapidly and surely to their object. In such drawings the outlines of the forms are often not marked, but result only from the limits of the shadows: when it was required, at the same time, to mark the form, the use of the pen was added. Lastly, for a more detailed marking of light and shade, coloured paper afforded them a middle tint, by the help of which they produced, with black chalk in the shadows, and white in the lights, a very delicate gradation and a great relief of the parts. On account of these many advantages, this mode of drawing has been very commonly used. It is not till after having seen, from a great number of such drawings, on how many sides a picture has been conscientiously prepared, that we can understand the great perfection and extraordinary composition of so many pictures of the times of Raphael; and it is not till we have learnt to consider such pictures as the final result of a long series of studies of the most highly gifted minds that we are penetrated with a due sense of their great value.\*

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\* As connected with the subject of drawings by the ancient masters, we may notice the recent discovery of a valuable collection of drawings by Salvator Rosa, in the Library of the Council (Ruths-bibliothek) at Leipzig. From a communication of Dr Vogel to the *Morgenblatt* (*Kunst Blatt*. 17th April, 1837), it appears that two volumes of drawings by that great master have very recently been discovered in that library, containing in whole two hundred and twenty-three. One of the volumes is marked with the arms of the Cardinal Barberini. Dr Vogel describes the drawings, which are executed with the pen, as possessing all the finest characteristics of Salvator's style. Among the number are many of the sketches executed for his finest pictures; six for his *Tityos* gnawed by the Vulture; several figures for his great picture of the Martyrdom of St Cosmo and St Damian, at Rome; a sketch for his *Ascension of the Virgin*, in Milan; studies for the *Resurrection*, in the Church of Madonna de Monti Santo in Rome; for his *Pythagoras* and the *Fisherman*, besides many other single figures, apparently studies from peasants, banditti, or from some of those turbulent companions with whom the painter was associated in Masaniello's revolutions. On the whole, the collection would appear to be the finest out of Britain. Dr Vogel offers no conjecture as to the mode in which the volumes have reached Germany.

There is no subject connected with the arts on which we feel a stronger interest than our National Gallery; and we naturally turned to this portion of the work as the one on which the opinions of the author would be best appreciated by English readers. Small as the collection still is, Dr Waagen admits that it 'contains a series of pictures of the first class, fully worthy of an establishment of this kind, formed by the richest nation in the world.' This opinion was expressed when the Gallery contained only the original collection of Mr Angerstein, the collections of Sir G. Beaumont, and Mr. Holwell Carr, the Bacchus and Ariadne of Titian, and the Marquis of Londonderry's Correggios. Since his visit, the collection of Lord Farnborough has been bequeathed to the Gallery; and there is little doubt that the donations of a few years will enable this National Institution to contend on equal terms with the great Continental Galleries.

But though bearing testimony to the high character of the collection as a whole, the author is by no means disposed to recognise the pretensions of many of the individual pictures. He will not admit that the Gallery is in possession of a single Leonardo da Vinci; and though he allows that the Christ with the Doctors bore the name of that painter in the Aldobrandini collection, and also that it gives a good idea of Leonardo's manner, he has no hesitation in setting it down as a work of Bernardino Luini. The school of Michael Angelo is still more worthily represented in the raising of Lazarus, by Sebastian dal Piombo, which he pronounces to be the most important picture which England possesses of the Italian School. This picture affords a remarkable instance of the great and still increasing value of works of art of the highest class. It was purchased by Mr Angerstein for three thousand five hundred guineas. Mr Beckford afterwards offered him twenty thousand pounds for it, probably the largest sum ever offered for a picture; Mr Angerstein, however, insisted for guineas, and thereupon the negotiation dropped.

The Holy Family, from the Aldobrandini collection, ascribed to Andrea del Sarto, the third of the great Florentine painters, Dr Waagen, on the ground of its heavy brown tone and clumsiness of forms, ascribes to one of his scholars, probably Poligo. The Roman School is poorly represented; the portrait of Pope Julius II., which bears the name of Raphael, being merely 'an excellent old copy from the Borghese palace.' Indeed, with the exception of the picture by Garofalo, from the Corsican palace, he seems to think the Gallery is in possession of no distinguished pictures of the Roman School.

On the contrary, his admiration of the Correggios is bound-

less; though he thinks they too have suffered not a little from retouching,—particularly the picture of the education of Cupid, where a very dark retouch under the nose of Venus gives the goddess the appearance of taking snuff, ‘which is not consistent with her character, nor with the genius of Correggio.’ In regard to the Bacchus and Ariadne, the Adoration of the Ganymedes of Titian, he merely repeats the common opinion of their excellence. The Venus and Adonis from the Colonna palace, however, he pronounces to be only ‘a very good school copy’ from Titian;—an inference resting partly on the heavy dark tone of the landscape, and partly on the surer ground that the original picture, which was painted by Titian in 1548, for Ottavio Farnese, is now in the possession of the King of Spain, and forms a conspicuous ornament of the royal museum at Madrid.

Among the seaports, and marine pieces of Claude, he gives the preference very decidedly to the one painted by that master for the Duke of Bouillon in 1648, and purchased from the picture-dealer Erard,—the embarkation of the Queen of Sheba. Of his rival Gaspar, who is scarcely less a favourite in England than Claude himself, he thinks we possess one of the very finest specimens in the great landscape of Abraham leading his son to the sacrifice.

To attempt to follow minutely these observations on the pictures in this Gallery, or in others, would be very uninteresting. We must limit ourselves to a mere enumeration of the different collections of which these volumes contain a detailed account. Besides the National Gallery and the British Museum, the first volume contains notices of the collections in Windsor Castle, at the Duke of Devonshire’s, and Mr Wilkins’.

In the Windsor collection he is chiefly interested by the room containing the works of Vandyke: of the pictures of the Italian school he seems hardly to conceive any to be of the first class. The collection of the Duke of Devonshire, on the contrary, abounds with fine pictures of this school. Dr Waagen enumerates with high approbation three Titians, a Paul Veronese (the Wise Men’s Offering, one of his very finest), three Tintorets, a Caracci, two Domenichinos, and Perseus and Andromeda, by Guido; some admirable Salvators and Poussins, with, as might be expected, an abundant supply of fine pictures of the Flemish school. Perhaps the most interesting article which it contains is the celebrated *Liber Veritatis* of Claude, a name given by him, as already mentioned, to a book containing drawings, by his own hand, of all the pictures he ever painted, and intended as a check on the numerous attempts made, even in his own lifetime, to pass off the performances of other painters as his. The number of drawings

which it contains is two hundred. On the back of each is marked the number, with the cipher of the painter, the place for which the picture was painted, and generally the date.

'The well-known prints, after Barlow, in the work published by Boydell, give but a very general and monotonous representation of these fine drawings. The masterly, light, and delicate mode of the execution, from the slightest sketches to those which are finished with the greatest care, really exceeds belief. The latter have the effect of finished pictures. With the simple material of a sketch with the pen, Indian ink, sepia, or bistre laid on with the pencil, and heightening the lights by white, the character of every time of the day,—the sunny, the cool, and the misty,—are expressed: for the general tone of the freshness of morning, he has most happily made use of blue paper, and for the warm glowing tone of evening, of sepia. Some are merely traced with a pen. In one (No. 27) only the principal forms are slightly marked with a blacklead pencil, and the broad masses of light laid on in white with a pencil.'

Of the select, though not numerous, collection of Sir Robert Peel, with which the second volume commences, and which is chiefly remarkable for its specimens of the Flemish and Dutch school, we have already mentioned that Dr Waagen expresses high admiration. The next great collection he examined was the Bridgewater Gallery.\* By the variety of its contents, it holds the first rank among all the collections of paintings in England; for it contains three hundred pictures, and has masterpieces of the Italian, Dutch, and French schools, while the Flemish, Spanish, and English are not neglected. Here are four of Raphael's finest Madonnas; Titian's Three Ages of Life, his Venus with the Shell, Diana and Actæon, and Calisto; a noble Entombment by Tintoret; masterly specimens of Ludovico and Annibale Caracci; six excellent Domenichinos; four Claudes, all of superior excellence, particularly a Morning Landscape; four pictures by Gaspar in his best manner. Two Salvators, one of which is generally known by the name of the Augurs, and which was formerly in the collection of the Duke de Praslin, entirely differs from the usual style of this master, in the great brightness, clearness, and delicate finish of the parts; for generally his pictures are painted in tones originally so brown, that they have now become quite black and often unintelligible.

Besides numerous good specimens of the secondary masters of the Italian school, such as Pietro da Cortona Mola, Lauri, Cignani, and Luca Giordano, the Gallery contains the celebrated Seven Sacraments, and Moses striking the Rock, by Poussin; an admirable portrait of the Duke of Alvarez, by Velasquez; two Vandykes—the one a Virgin and Child, the other a portrait—and both favourable specimens of his powers; seven admirable

little pictures by David Teniers; Rembrandt's portrait of himself; Hobbemas, Ruysdaels, Cuyp, Wouvermans, with specimens of all the secondary artists of the Flemish and Dutch schools without end.

In the account of the Hampton Court Collection, and the Cartoons, which follows, Dr. Waagen particularly remarks the judgment shown by Raphael in the adaptation of every part of the Cartoons to the purpose for which they were destined, namely, to be wrought in tapestry.

'In no other of Raphael's large works are the compositions so simplified, the masses so large, the several figures kept so distinct from each other. By the colossal size of the figures thus obtained, it became possible to reproduce in the tapestries all the parts, for instance, the characters and expression, with more fidelity than could have been done, had the proportions been smaller. The colours are expressly chosen, so that the variety, splendour, and depth might be taken advantage of, which are peculiar to the various shades of dyed wool and silk. Lastly, the artist being sensible that purely mechanical workmen must have their models and patterns most clearly before them, has observed the greatest precision and accuracy in the execution of all the parts. A slight wash of a brown colour, the paper being doubtless used for the lights, preceded the actual painting. Upon this the local colours are laid on with the greatest breadth and mastery, the lights and deep shadows laid on with a body, and also much hatching in the shadows. From the deadness of the distemper colours, the strongly broken colours of many draperies, the very deep shadows and bright lights, the total effect resembles that of fresco painting, and is equally forcible and harmonious.'

Though these Cartoons were not, in fact, entirely painted by Raphael's own hand—for it appears, even from Vasari's account, that he was assisted to a considerable extent by his scholar, Francesco Penni—Dr Waagen truly remarks that they may with more justice be described as works of Raphael's hand, than the frescoes in the hall of the Torre Borgia; since in the Cartoons, his hand is evident in most of the principal parts, while in the whole there is more of the unity of his spirit.

The history of these great works is singular. The tapestry weavers at Arras commenced their operations by cutting each of them perpendicularly into six or seven slips, for the convenience of working from them. The tapestries, after being finished, were exhibited in Rome, while the pattern pictures sunk into oblivion. When Rubens called the attention of Charles I. to the subject, only seven of them were to be found in such slips; the others appear to have been previously torn to pieces, for only some miserable fragments of them have ever come to light. Charles appears to have purchased them with the intention of having tapestry woven after them, though it is not known whether that

intention was carried into effect or not. In the valuation of the royal property they were estimated at three hundred pounds, and purchased at that price by Cromwell's order for the nation. King William III. caused the slips to be joined and put in stretching frames, as they now appear. It is surprising, considering the rough usage which they have received, and their frequent removals, that they still retain, even in the colouring and chiaroscuro, so much effect. We extract Dr Waagen's notice of the Death of Ananias.

‘In the masterly structure of the composition, this cartoon has the first place; and from the advantage of being seen at the distance of the whole length of the apartment, the effect is most astonishing. All the means by which Raphael knows how to give such great beauty and clearness to his extensive compositions—the veiled symmetry, the elevation of the back-ground, the high point of sight, the decisive side-light, the judicious diversity of the local colours—are applied in the happiest manner. At the same time, this cartoon affords the most perfect specimen of the circular composition, which gives so many advantages. Thus it was possible for Raphael to show the outward contour of all the principal figures, and also to make all the secondary figures understood. The impression of the apostles, Peter and James, who appear in the most sublime dignity as judges in the name of the Holy Ghost, derives extraordinary force from their elevated position; the full front view, and the contrast with the reprobate Ananias on the floor, which lies low, is one of the most striking that modern art has produced. The helplessness of all the limbs of Ananias incomparably expresses that he is struck by God—that in the next moment he will be no more. The impression made by this awful judgment, the terrors of which Raphael has so powerfully represented in its effects on the spectators, he knows how to alleviate with the finest feeling, and quite in the spirit of the Bible. St John, who always appears as the mildest and most affectionate of the disciples of Christ, gives, together with an alms, a blessing to a believer, whose features are expressive of the purest veneration, of the most sincere gratitude. The whole garment of St John, with the purple-tinted shadows, is in happy unison with his character and this art. Unluckily, just this part of the picture is obscured by the above-mentioned shadow. Equally happy is a trait on the other side of the picture. Among those who bring their gifts to the apostles, there is a woman, with money in one hand, who takes back some pieces with the other. Raphael manifestly intended this woman for the wife of Ananias, who, according to the Scriptures, suffered, soon after him, the same punishment for the same crime. Thus we already see the following moment indicated. But it would lead me too far to go into the detail of the beauties of this composition. The short proportions of the figures, which Raphael had gradually adopted in Rome, is particularly marked and striking in the apostles Peter and James. Along a join which passes through Peter, his cloak is much damaged. In consequence of the bad putting together of another, the figure supposed to be meant for James is rather drawn

together; especially a piece of the breadth of the left shoulder is lost, and the right hand of Ananias rendered indistinct. His left leg now appears very hard for want of the middle tints; the heads of the apostles, who stand farther back, are more or less defaced. Notwithstanding these and many other injuries, and the painting over in several places, the general keeping is not essentially affected. In the execution there is a great inequality. Some heads, by their great animation and force, betray Raphael's own hand. In most parts, a certain coolness and subduedness of the tones, a more careful, than spirited treatment, indicate the work of Penni. Only some of the figures in front have the rather clumsy forms, the heavy brick-red tone of the flesh, which is so unpleasant in the fresco-paintings executed by Giulio Romano; for instance, in the *Incendio del Borgo*, in the Vatican, and therefore induces us to imagine that he was concerned in this part. This is applicable especially to the man crying out and the woman near him, whose heads, on the contrary, may be by Raphael. It is very interesting to observe close at hand the difference of these parts, which I was allowed to do by means of a ladder.'

Next to the cartoons, the nine pictures entitled the *Triumphs of Julius Cæsar* by Andrea Maulegria, are the most interesting in the Hampton Court Collection. Unfortunately these great works, the master-pieces of Maulegria, were coarsely painted over by Laguerre in the time of William III.; so that but a slender notion can now be formed of their original excellence. Still enough remains to excite the admiration of Dr Waagen in no ordinary degree.

The next collections visited are those of Mr Ottley and Mr Rogers, both small but both select. The gem of the latter is the Christ appearing to Mary Magdalene, by Titian. The great collection of drawings belonging to the Messrs Woodford, the museum of Sir John Soane, and the collections of Mr Edward Jolly and Sir Abraham Hume (the last very fine), are next described. Of the collection of the Duke of Marlborough a long and interesting description follows. Dr Waagen concurs with Passavant in doubting, or rather denying the genuineness of the so-called Titians at Blenheim, presented to the great Duke by Victor Amadeus. Passavant supposed them to be the work of a scholar of Titian. Dr Waagen thinks he can point out who that scholar was. 'Even the absurd taste of the borders more that the pictures cannot be by Titian, and this is still proved evident from the pictures themselves. Where should we ever find, in this greatest of colourists, such a heavy untransparent colouring, such red shadows, as here in the flesh of the male figures? The character of the heads; the, in some instances, pointed forms; the feebleness of the drawing, particularly in many of the feet, lead me to recognise in them the style of



‘Alessandro Varottari, called Il Padovanino, (born in 1590, died in 1650), of which agreeable master this is, however, a remarkably careful and select work.’

Next follows the collection in Stafford House, abounding in master-pieces of all the schools. A picture by Correggio in this gallery, of a Pack-horse and an Ass with their Drivers, painted, as Dr Waagen observes, with great mastery and breadth, is said to have been executed by Correggio ‘as a sign for a public-house to pay his score.’ The case of poor Dick Tinto, with his ‘blem’ of the Wallace Head, appears not to have been without a precedent in the school of Lombardy.

The remaining collections described in the Second Volume are those of the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis of Westminster, Mr Hope, the Royal Collection, that of the Royal Academy, the Dulwich Gallery, those of Lord De Grey, Lord Normanton, Lord Northwick (now, we regret to see, about to be dispersed), Lord Hatherton, the Duke of Northumberland, Lord Garvagh, the Marquis of Landsdowne and Lord Ashburton. His estimate of the Dulwich Gallery is much less favourable than we had anticipated. ‘I had heard this collection so highly extolled in many quarters, that my expectations were very highly raised; but, on the whole, they were by *no* means fulfilled, and I was convinced that it has been much overrated. In none of the galleries which I have seen in England do the pictures agree so ill with the names given to them, and where much that is excellent is so mixed with much that is indifferent and quite worthless.’ Accordingly, the Doctor makes sad havoc with the pretensions of many of the celebrated pictures in the Gallery. He does not even allude, for instance, to the Jacob’s Dream by Rembrandt,—one of the most striking and poetical pictures ever painted,—and, in fact, dispatches the subject of the alleged Rembrandts with the observation, that ‘among the pictures which bear the name of Rembrandt, there are some very good works of his school, but probably none by his own hand.’

The Third Volume is occupied with the collections in the country. It contains descriptions of the galleries at Panshanger, Stratton, Longford Castle, Wilton House, Bowood, Carsham, Mr Beckford’s at Bath, Leigh Court, Bristol, Warwick Castle, Sir J. Tobin’s, the Liverpool Institution, Castle Howard, Chatsworth, Alton Tower, Oakam Hall, Keddleston Hall, Burleigh House, Holkham, Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, Althorp, Woburn Abbey, and Luton House.

It is impossible to present any abridgement of the accounts given of these galleries; but Dr Waagen’s volumes will always

afford a most valuable work of reference to those who wish to become acquainted with the extent of the treasures of art which we possess. When we close the book, indeed, we only regret that the variety and numbers of these should be so little known to the mass of our countrymen; and that so many should wander abroad in search of the best specimens of art who might have gratified their curiosity more effectually nearer home.

Beyond the descriptions and criticisms of works of art, we have little either to praise or to censure in Dr Waagen's volumes. His observations on society, manners, &c. in England, are neither new nor deep; even for picturesque descriptions of natural scenery he appears to have little turn; and any deeper speculations on our institutions he studiously, and, we think, wisely avoids.

We regret to add, that the translation is very indifferently executed. It is flat and slovenly, and abounds with expressions which certainly are not English, whatever affinity they may bear to the German. Should it reach a second edition, we would suggest to the Translator the necessity of a strict revision.

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ART. VII.—*An Historical Essay on the Real Character and Amount of the Precedent of the Revolution of 1688: in which the Opinions of Mackintosh, Price, Hallam, Mr Fox, Lord John Russell, Blackstone, Burke, and Locke, the Trial of Lord Russell, and the Merits of Sidney, are critically considered. Addressed to the Right Honourable CHARLES W. WYNN, M.P.* By R. PLUMER WARD, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1838.

THIS is a Conservative Pamphlet in the disguise of an Historical Essay. The author is apparently one of those unhappy persons whose peace of mind has been disturbed by Reform. He is affected with a morbid horror of what he calls revolutionary principles, 'which, among all ranks,' he tells us, 'in all places and at all times—among men, women, and children—morning, noon, and night—are debated with more or less acrimony—producing divisions among friends and families—setting sons against fathers, and making fathers wish their sons had never been born.' We pity his unfortunate case, and fear it is not to be remedied by any exertions of his own; for we are persuaded that nothing he can write or do, will assuage the storm that howls around him and destroys his rest. He may abuse all Whigs, past and present. He may brand Hampden and Vane,

Russell and Sydney, as rebels and traitors. He may demonstrate to his own satisfaction, that the Civil War in the time of Charles I. was an unjust and unnatural Rebellion. He may stigmatize the Revolution of 1688 as a work of fraud, perfidy, and hypocrisy. He may decry King William as a man stained with dishonour, and practised in the arts of falsehood and dissimulation. He may retail and adopt against Fox all the blunders of Mr Rose. He may misunderstand Mackintosh, and confound him with the Editor of his Fragment. He may correct Hallam, confute Locke, and sneer at Lord John Russell. All will not do. He will neither arrest nor divert the progress of Reform, nor silence the disputants that distract him.

We shall not follow Mr Ward in his discursive career, but content ourselves with pointing out some oversights he has fallen into, which may deserve his consideration, in case his book should meet with such favour from the Carlton Club as to reach a second and corrected edition.

We should have thought that the calm and temperate discussion of the right of resistance, which Mackintosh has introduced into his Historical Fragment, would have satisfied every one who was not a thorough-going stickler for 'passive obedience' and 'right divine.' But Mr Ward, though he discards these doctrines with scorn, is not content with the cautions and limitations which Mackintosh opposes to the rash and indiscreet exercise of this imprescriptible right of the subject. 'When the rulers of a nation,' says that moderate and dispassionate enquirer, 'are requested to determine a question of peace or war, the bare justice of their case against the wrongdoer never can be the sole, and is not always the chief matter, in which they are morally bound to exercise a conscientious deliberation. Prudence in conducting the affairs of their subjects is in them a part of justice:' and, applying these principles to 'a war made by the people against their own Government,' he goes on to say, 'the chiefs of a justly disaffected party are unjust to their fellows and their followers, as well as to all the rest of their countrymen, if they take up arms in a case where the evils of submission are not more intolerable, the impossibility of reparation by pacific means more apparent, and the chances of obtaining it by arms greater than are necessary to justify the rulers of a nation towards their own subjects for undertaking a foreign war. A wanton rebellion, when considered with the aggravation of its ordinary consequences, is one of the greatest of crimes. The chiefs of an inconsiderable and ill-concerted revolt, however provoked, incur the most formidable responsibility to their followers and their country. An insurrection rendered necessary

‘by oppression, and warranted by a reasonable probability of a happy termination, is an act of public virtue, always envired with so much peril as to merit admiration.’

On these limitations of the moral exercise of the right of insurrection, Mr Ward bestows his praise; but he complains that they are merely prudential considerations—that nothing is said of rebellion being ‘a crime, *per se*—and that if well managed, so as to promise success, then all is fair, warrantable, and legitimate.’\* It has escaped him, in his heat and fury against revolutionary doctrines, that in the whole course of the argument, Mackintosh assumes there has been *just* cause for revolt; and that even in that case he regards it to be the duty of the disaffected party to consider well the chances of success, and to take into account not only the immediate evils of civil warfare, but to weigh the consequences of failure, not merely to themselves, but to their country. If Mr Ward had not been blinded by passion, he must have seen that Mackintosh was arguing on his own side.

A legal and technical difficulty occurs to Mr Ward against the lawfulness of any particular insurrection, supposing the general right of insurrection to be admitted. The disaffected think they have cause of war against the King. The King thinks they have not. Who is to decide between them? Whichever party takes upon him to decide, that party assumes the character of judge in his own cause. There is no common umpire, no tribunal to be appealed to. ‘Abstractedly speaking,’ it may be true that there is just cause for resistance; but who is to pronounce that the case has actually arrived? We fear we must reply in the words of Paley, ‘every man must judge for himself;’ and though Mr Ward declares that answer to be untenable, we despair not of being able to bring him over to Paley’s opinion. Though he repudiates with horror the right of insurrection, he has no objection ‘to shoot the King in self-defence, *when the case arises*, at the risk even of his neck, if he is in the wrong.’† But who is to judge when the case arises? Must not Mr Ward, like every other man, judge for himself?

Mr Ward is still more grievously offended with the doctrine of a reformatory revolt, propounded by Mackintosh.‡ That cautious and temperate philosopher not only admits the right of insurrection against systematic oppression, but where the rulers of a people ‘obstinately withhold from their subjects securities

\* Vol. I. 40.

† Ib. I. 120.

‡ Ib. I. 108—119.

‘for good government,’ he is of opinion that a reformatory revolt, though more hazardous than a defensive revolution, may be perfectly justifiable. Mr Ward exclaims against this doctrine on account of the abuses to which it may lead. Revolts arising from no actual grievances, and purely reformatory in their origin, we believe to be ideal existences. We agree with Mackintosh, that ‘in civilized times mankind have suffered less from a mutinous spirit, than from a patient endurance of bad government.’ But supposing an insurrection to have been produced by oppression, would Mr Ward object to the leaders of the revolt employing the power, with which it had invested them, to correct the imperfections of the Government that had led to it? If he lived in Turkey or Persia, and were to shoot the Sultan or the Sophi *when the case arose*, would he scruple to employ the force he had acquired, for the introduction of a better system of Government, though morally certain that the next Sultan or Sophi would be no better than his predecessor? Would he have killed Tarquin, but shrunk from the establishment of the Consulate? Would he have resisted John, *if attacked in his castle*, but hesitated to have appeared against him at Runnymede? Would he have expelled James, but refused to vote for the Bill of Rights?

Mr Ward frequently addresses the gentleman, to whom his essay is directed (Mr Wynn), as if Mackintosh had been the common friend of both; and for that reason probably he takes liberties with him as a friend which he would not have ventured upon with a stranger. He imputes to him, on several occasions, opinions which he never expressed nor entertained. It is well known to every reader of the Historical Fragment left to us by Sir James Mackintosh, that a small part only of the volume in which it was first published was the composition of that amiable and excellent man. As the work he had begun was left imperfect, the publishers, to whom the copyright had been transferred, employed another person to bring it down to the Revolution. The gentleman to whom the task was delegated entertained very different views from Mackintosh of that great event, and had formed a very different estimate of the characters of the principal actors concerned in it. His Continuation is therefore generally at variance with the opinions expressed by Mackintosh, and frequently in direct opposition to them. Mr Ward is aware of this difference, and in many places is careful to distinguish the Continuation from the original Fragment. But at other times he confounds them, and imputes to Mackintosh opinions the reverse of those he actually entertained.

Knowing the profound veneration of Mackintosh for the

memory of King William, we were not a little surprised to find it asserted by Mr Ward,\* that, in the opinion of Sir James, King William 'had no abhorrence of blood'—that 'he was the supposed murderer of De Witt'—and 'would not have scrupled to 'destroy James.' We looked to the references, and found that these were not the opinions of Mackintosh, but opinions quoted or alluded to by his Continuator.†

In discussing the Rye-house Plot, Mr Ward tells us, that 'Mackintosh relates (and at least does not refute), on Montague's 'authority, that King William was aware of it.'‡ The passage referred to was not written by Mackintosh, but by his Continuator.§ The inference which that gentleman draws from Montague's letter is not justified, in our opinion, by the letter, and at any rate it is not made by Mackintosh. How Mr Ward could, in this instance, have confounded Mackintosh with his Continuator it is not easy to conceive. Mackintosh states in his History, that he has in his possession copies of the private correspondence of William with Bentinck, from 1677 to 1700, 'written with the unreserved 'frankness of warm and pure friendship, in which it is quite 'manifest that there is nothing concealed.'|| This 'confidential 'correspondence,' he adds, 'manifests, in the case of what is 'called the Rye-house Plot, indifference and even dislike to 'those who were charged with projects of revolt;'—expressions which the author could not honestly have employed, if he had found proofs, or even slight indications in the correspondence, of William's participation in the plot.

In another place Mr Ward accuses William of employing 'a 'paltry equivocation' in a letter addressed to the Emperor of Germany before his expedition to England, and appeals to Mackintosh as holding the same opinion.¶ The opinion quoted is not that of Mackintosh, but, as usual, the opinion of his Continuator.\*\*

In commenting on a sentence of Mr Fox, which he strains and perverts to a meaning it will not bear, Mr Ward concludes with this observation:—'This (the opinion he attributes to Mr 'Fox) goes beyond Mackintosh, or even the Regicides; for both 'those parties were for *trying* the Sovereign, though, the thing 'not being usual, they did not know how.'†† The passage Mr Ward alludes to is the following:—'His removal (that of James)

\* See Note, Vol. I. p. 87.

† Hist. Rev. ch. xvi. 515, 522, 526; ch. xviii. 572; ch. xix. 603.

‡ See Vol. II. 227; see also I. 291. § Hist. Rev. ch. xii. 371.

|| Mackintosh, 344. ¶ Ward, I. 291. \*\* Hist. Rev. ch. xv. 461.

†† Ward, II. 80.

‘once resolved, there were two modes of proceeding to effect it —either a fair and full trial, or a sentence against him on the ‘notoriety of his acts.’ This passage was not written by Mackintosh, but by his Continuator.\*

Mackintosh observes ‘that the highest obligation of a citizen is that of contributing to preserve the community; and that every other political duty, even that of obedience to the magistrature, is derived from and must be subordinate to it. It is a ‘necessary consequence,’ he adds, ‘of these simple truths, that no man who deems self-defence lawful in his own case, can, by any engagement, bind himself not to defend his country against foreign or domestic enemies. Though the opposite propositions really involve a contradiction in terms, yet declarations of their truth were imposed by law, and oaths to renounce the defence of our country were considered as binding, till the violent collision of such pretended obligations with the security of all rights and institutions awakened the national mind to a sense of their repugnance to the first principles of morality.’ Mr Ward wonders what can be meant by oaths binding men to renounce the defence of their country, professes ignorance, and calls on the learned gentleman, to whom his essay is addressed, ‘to point out any such oath recorded in our history.’† The task is not difficult, notwithstanding Mr Ward’s convictions to the contrary. The oath alluded to by Mackintosh is nothing more recondite than the oath of allegiance imposed by the Parliament of Charles II. By that oath the subject was made to declare ‘that it is not lawful, on any pretence whatsoever, to take arms against the King.’ Without a violation of this oath, how was it possible for any one to employ force in defence of his life, his family, his fortune, or his country, if attacked by the King? Mr Ward admits that a King *may* become a tyrant, and *may* be an oppressor of the country he is called upon to govern; and Mr Ward further declares, that he ‘would repress grievances by the sword, if there were no other mode.’‡ But, if his oath of allegiance bound him not to take arms against the King ‘on any pretence whatever,’ how could he, without breaking his oath, draw his sword against him, even in defence of his own life or of the liberties of his country?

Presuming justly that Sir James Mackintosh must have repeatedly taken the oath of allegiance, Mr Ward asks, where, with these objections to the oath, were his scruples when it was administered to him? § The answer is plain. The oath of alle-

\* Hist. Rev. ch. xviii. 567.

† Ward, I. 120.

‡ Ward, I. 15.

§ Ib. I. 16.

giance had been divested of its objectionable clauses before it was taken by Sir James Mackintosh. It was reduced to the simple oath, which it is at this day, that he would bear true and faithful allegiance to the King.

Another difficulty submitted to his learned friend seems not less capable of a ready solution. Mackintosh has observed that 'the duty of legal obedience seems to forbid that appeal to arms, which the necessity of preserving law and liberty allows, or rather demands.' Mr Ward asks triumphantly how it is possible to 'reconcile the *law* of obedience to the obligation of taking arms for the preservation of *law*;' and submits 'this difficulty, or rather impossibility, to the penetration and logical mind of his friend.\*' His learned friend must have less penetration, and less power to discriminate, than we believe him to possess, if he cannot understand, and even make Mr Ward understand, the possibility of violating *one* law in order to preserve *all* other laws. Mr Ward himself has shown in another place, without apparently knowing it, how possible it is to vanquish this impossibility. If a King, he introduces an opponent to ask, were to 'attack your person or house with no warrant from law? — I would shoot him,' exclaims Mr Ward, 'if I could not defend myself without it.†' That is to say, Mr Ward would not scruple to violate the law of obedience in order to maintain the laws that guard his person and his property.

But these points, we are told, need not be discussed beforehand. When a case for resistance, or for self-defence, as Mr Ward calls it, actually arrives, men will act upon it from the impressions of the moment. They ought to be told, and made to swear, that arms are to be taken against the King *on no pretext whatsoever*. But whatever oath they take, they will not be restrained by it, when the case for resistance, or, if you will, for self-defence, arises. We see no reason for this reserve. Why are not men to be taught their political as well as their private duties? We are persuaded that one trained in the cautious and prudent school of Mackintosh would be less apt, *when the case arrived*, to break out into blamable excesses, than the pupil of Mr Ward, who had been left, without previous instruction, to apply his remedy, as physicians prescribe their nervous potions to be taken by their patients, *pro re nata*.

Sir James Mackintosh is not the only victim of Mr Ward's hasty and mistaken criticisms. He charges Mr Hallam with giving the foreign policy of James as one of his reasons for the

\* Ward, I. 14.

† Ib. I. 120.



expulsion of that monarch.\* Mr Hallam might have done so, but he does no such thing. He mentions the foreign policy of James as one of the reasons that might induce the Prince of Orange to prefer his expulsion from the throne to any limitation of his prerogative, which still left him the title and attributes of royalty; but he does not state that policy as one of the reasons, which, in his opinion, justified or even prompted the English people to deprive him of his crown.

Mr Ward censures† the same careful and accurate historian for saying, that the right of the House of Brunswick to the crown of England can only be deduced from the Convention of 1688; and gravely tells us, that it is founded on the clause of the Bill of Rights which excludes Catholics from the throne; as if the Bill of Rights itself did not emanate from the Convention of 1688! He further tells us, that the Act of Settlement did not *create*, but merely *acknowledged* the pre-existing right of the Royal Family; as if it did not vest the crown in the Princess Sophia, and her posterity, being Protestants, to the virtual exclusion of the House of Savoy and of the elder branches of the Palatine family, though they should conform to the established religion of England, and renounce the errors of the Church of Rome. Has not Blackstone himself declared, that the Princess Sophia is the common stock or ancestor from whom the descent of our Kings is to be derived; the inheritance being vested in her and in the heirs of her body by Act of Parliament?

But Whig authors are not the only authorities whom Mr Ward pursues with his criticisms. He finds fault with Echard for recording an opinion, that when the royal authority is suspended, the Peers have a right to exercise for the public good the executive powers of the state. ‘Ingenious as this doctrine may be,’ he can find ‘no ground for it in our books of constitutional law.’‡ If he had looked into the rolls of Parliament in the reign of Henry VI. he would have found ample proofs that such were considered at that time to be the constitutional rights of the Peerage.§ With much greater severity and with equal knowledge of the subject, he criticises the great and learned men who opposed the first Charles in the Parliament of 1640. He accuses them of committing ‘a gross error or a grosser falsehood,’ when they said that the words of the ancient coronation oath, which bound the King to execute the laws *quas vulgus elegerit*, referred not only to the laws which the people *had* chosen, but to the laws which

\* Ward, I. 10, 11.

† Ib. I. 248.

‡ Ib. II. 68.

§ Rot. Parl. V. 242, 409.

they *should* choose.\* When he denounced this translation as ‘a fraud, which the most furious of their apologists could not vindicate,’ he was not aware that the words of the old coronation oath, in the Norman French, as taken by Edward II. and ordered to be administered at every coronation—*si rex non fuerit literatus*—are still extant; and that this disputed clause is thus translated: ‘Sire, grauntez vous a tenir et promettez vous a defendre les leys et les custumes dreyturels les queux la comunaulte de votre realme *aura* eslutz.’† Mr Ward has much to read, and much to learn, before he can adventure with safety and without discredit into the field of constitutional history.

After an encomium, not unmixed with disparagement, of the abilities and character of Mr Fox,—an artifice not unusual with adversaries who think themselves sure of victory,—Mr Ward proceeds to an examination of Mr Fox’s historical work. He begins with expressing his doubts whether one engaged in political warfare during the whole of his life, can be a person qualified to write history with impartiality. It is possible that the exertions of Mr Fox in support of free and popular principles may have biassed his mind in favour of those who have fought and bled in the same sacred cause. But is it not at least equally probable, that an old placeman, early initiated in political strife, though hardly elevated above the mutes of his party, and long dismissed from office, may retain, even in age, the hatreds and prejudices he had imbibed in youth, which are ever found to be stronger in the followers of the camp than in the leaders of the army? Aware of the probability of this resort, Mr Ward protests his impartiality. ‘Having survived every person and every object that could warp his judgment, he has long taken leave of every thing like party spirit.’ We give him credit for the sincerity of this declaration, but only see in it a convincing proof that the bias of his mind is so immovably fixed and settled as to render him unconscious of its existence. It is impossible to read twenty pages of his book without perceiving that he has retained all the fears and fury of 1793, uncorrected by age, reflection, or experience.

We shall not follow with minuteness the running commentary of Mr Ward on Mr Fox’s History. We cannot imagine how any man who has arrived at years of discretion can waste his time in discussing at length such questions as the following:—Whether the civil war in the time of Charles I. is justly or intemperately denominated a rebellion by Lord Clarendon?—Whether the House of Commons would have acted like rational

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\* Ward, I. 76, 222.

† Statutes at large, I. 168.

beings, if on the eve of a civil war they had left the power of the sword in the hands of the King, because it is constitutionally vested in the Crown?—Whether all kings are implied in the phrase of *Cæsar and other tyrants*?—Whether the people, if they commit excesses, may not be assassinated?—Whether the admitted insincerity of Charles, in the early part of his reign, did or did not excite a reasonable suspicion that he was not afterwards to be trusted?—Whether the death of the King is a fit subject of comparison with the attainder of Strafford?—Whether the Parliament had, after their victory, a right to constitute themselves republicans?—Whether the publicity given to the execution of Charles does not elevate that act above the secret assassinations of former kings by their successors?—Whether Cromwell was more infamous than great?—Whether it be a prejudice to consider usurpation a deeper crime than tyranny?—Whether hypocrisy is or is not the most degrading of human vices?—Whether churchmen are more in the wrong when they abuse the name of religion, than politicians and demagogues when they abuse the name of liberty?—Whether the Highland Host, employed by Lauderdale and others in Scotland, to hunt and shoot the Presbyterians who frequented field-preachings when excluded from all places of worship built of stone and lime, are to be denominated hired assassins; and if so, whether all soldiers, commissioned to put down insurrection must not receive the same appellation?—Whether a decree, pronouncing it to be *Impious and Atheistical* to maintain that all civil authority is derived from the people,—that there is a mutual compact between the king and his subjects, and that it is lawful to change the succession to the crown,—is or is not as ludicrous as to call an act of perjury a flat burglary?—Whether an ebullition of regret over a dead enemy is a proof of mercy and intended forgiveness to a living one?—Whether the treatment of the Dissenters by the High-Church party in the time of Charles II. ought to be called a *Tory* persecution?—Whether a bill prepared for the preservation of the person and Government of James II. served, from accident or design, as a model for imitation in the reign of George III.?—Whether the unfortunate Argyll deserved the appellation of a great man?—Whether the nameless counsellor, who was conscience-stricken at seeing him in a sweet and tranquil slumber has been calumniated by Mr Fox?—Whether the character of the Duke of Monmouth is more deserving of our commiseration or of our contempt?—These and other topics, captious, or frivolous, on which Mr Ward expatiates with much self-complacency, we shall leave untouched, and proceed to objections of a more tangible form.

Mr Fox describes Monk as one, 'than whom a baser was not 'to be found in the lowest ranks' of his army. He scrupled not to 'lay the nation prostrate at the foot of a monarch, without a single 'provision in favour of its liberties—he acquiesced in the insults 'so meanly put on the illustrious corpse of Blake, under whose 'auspices and command he had performed the most creditable 'services of his life; and, in the trial of Argyll, he produced 'letters of friendship and confidence, to take away the life of a 'nobleman, the zeal and cordiality of whose connexion with 'him, proved by such documents, was the chief ground of his 'execution.' Mr Ward takes fire at these calumnies against 'the 'restorer of the Stuarts.' If Monk was taciturn and close, so was the first Prince of Orange. If he went all lengths with Cromwell, he was not more base than others. If he restored the King without conditions, did not the high-minded Hollis co-operate with him? That he acquiesced in insults to the corpse of Blake, or betrayed the confidential letters of Argyll, Mr Ward, trusting to the accuracy of Mr Rose, stoutly denies. We recommend to him, before printing a new edition of his book, to extend his reading to Mr Laing's '*History of Scotland*,' and to Serjeant Heywood's '*Vindication of Fox*.' He will there find ample reasons for distrusting the researches and rejecting the conclusions of Mr Rose; and may discover, to his mortification, that he has been hasty in charging Mr Fox with calumny, and somewhat precipitate in pronouncing him degraded to the rank of a party-writer of little or no authority. For 'historian,' says Mr Ward, in a truly regal style, '*we cannot allow him to be.*'

If Mr Ward should object to Laing and Heywood as Whig, and therefore prejudiced historians, we refer him to the President of Magdalen College, Oxford, whom no one will suspect of that evil tendency. If he will look into the preface of Dr Routh to the edition he has published of Burnet's *History*, Mr Ward will find the following passage:—'The question so 'ably discussed by Sergeant Heywood, in his *Vindication of 'Fox's historical work, as to the conduct of General Monk during the pending trial of the Marquis of Argyll, has been 'finally set at rest. It now appears, on the authority of Sir 'George Mackenzie, one of the assigned defenders of the Marquis, that Monk, when advertised of the scantiness of the probation, did actually transmit to Scotland several official letters, 'formerly received by him from the Marquis, for the purpose of 'procuring that nobleman's condemnation.'*

In case Mr Ward should be still incredulous, we shall favour him with an extract from Sir George Mackenzie's own *Memoirs*, where the account of this base transaction is given in a more circumstantial and more dramatic form. 'The relevancy of the

'articles' (against Argyll) 'being discussed' (in the Scottish Parliament), 'probation was led for proving that, after the year '1651' (when the indemnity was granted), 'and his accession to the King's murder, which was excepted out of the letter; and though many witnesses were adduced, yet some thought the probation not full enough. But *after the debate and probation was all closed*, and the Parliament ready to consider the whole matter, one who came post from London knockt most rudely at the Parliament door; and upon his entry with a packet, which he presented to the Commissioner, made him conclude that he had brought a remission, or some other warrant, in favour of the Marquess, and the rather, because the bearer was a Campbell. But the packet being opened, it was found to have in it a great many letters which had been directed by the Marquess to the Duke of Albemarle, when he was General in Scotland, and *which he reserved to see if they were absolutely necessary; and being by these diligent envoys advertised of the scantiness of the probation, he had sent them post by M'Naughton's servant.* No sooner were these produced but the Parliament was fully satisfied as to the proof of the compliance, and the next day he 'was forfeited.'\*

We presume that even Mr Ward will be satisfied with these proofs of the baseness of Monk; and having on this occasion unjustly accused Mr Fox of venting calumnies, we trust he will be more cautious of bringing forward such charges in future.

From an expression in the Letter of King James to the Council at Edinburgh, Mr Fox has inferred that it was intended to apply the torture to Argyll. Mr Ward combats this inference with much warmth; and having refuted to his own satisfaction that imputation, he remarks triumphantly, that in no instance have 'Mr Fox's prejudices exhibited themselves so glaringly, and may we add so weakly,' as on this occasion.† If Mr Ward had looked a few pages back to a former part of Mr Fox's narrative, he would have seen that Argyll had been told he was to be put to the torture; and if he had looked to Barillon's Despatches in the Appendix to Mr Fox's history, he would have found out the reason why torture was not applied.‡ The Earl of Argyll, says the French ambassador, has left a full confession in writing, in which he discovers all who assisted him with money, or aided his designs;—*that has saved him from the torture—cela lui a sauvé la question.*

Heywood's Vindication was published in 1811, Mackenzie's

\* Mackenzie's Memoirs, p. 40.

† Ward, II. 110.

‡ Fox, 199. Appendix, cxiv.

Memoirs in 1821, and Routh's Burnet in 1823. Mr Ward appears to have seen none of these works, but to have trusted implicitly to the able argument (as he calls it) in Mr Rose's book. When such recent publications, relating so directly to his subject, have been overlooked by Mr Ward, it suits him ill to rebuke Mr Fox, as he repeatedly does, for his want of industry and research; or to sneer at his candour and supposed determination to admit no fact into his History without the strictest enquiry into its truth. To parody his own words\*—the questions relating to Argyll had been amply discussed before Mr Ward wrote, 'and he was or was not aware of the discussion. If he was, though he might not have been convinced by it himself, he was bound in duty to justice' (which he doubtless worships), 'to lay it before his readers.' If not, what are we to think of his rashness to hazard, without due examination, a charge against Mr Fox, 'on which such an excess of vituperation was 'to be founded?'

Still following in the wake of Mr Rose, the next object of Mr Ward's animadversions is the fidelity, or, as he facetiously terms it, the *infidelity* of Burnet's history; of which, 'with the exception, perhaps, of Mr Fox, there seems to have been but 'one opinion.' With submission to Mr Ward, we think we can produce another opinion in favour of the Bishop, to which, if we mistake not, he will bow with deference. The venerable Dr Routh, writing after Lord Dartmouth, Swift, Higgons, and a long *et cetera* of Tory detractors, expresses himself in the following manner of that much and most unjustly decried work. 'The accuracy of the author's (Burnet's) narrative has been attacked 'with vehemence, and often, it must be confessed, with success; 'but not so often as to overthrow the general credit of his work. 'On the contrary, it has in many instances been satisfactorily 'defended, and time has already evinced the truth of certain 'accounts, which rested on this single authority.' In corroboration of this candid judgment of a work it has been the fashion of Tories to discredit, we may refer also to a passage in Hallam, where he confirms, on the authority of Pepys, a remarkable story, told by Burnet, of the successful resistance made by Clarendon to a scheme, which Southampton had given into, of obtaining from Parliament at the Restoration an annual income of two millions sterling to the King during his lifetime.† The truth seems to be, that, in minute particulars of little importance, and in stating the form and order in which proceed-

\* Ward, II, 96, 97.

† Const. History, II. 227.

ings took place, the Bishop, as Mr Fox has remarked, is frequently inaccurate; but that, in its general credit and authority, his History, like that of Herodotus, gains ground by every accession to our stock of authentic information; whilst the wits and courtiers, who have decried it, sink every day in reputation. Mr Ward assures us that no one suspects the Bishop of wilful falsehood. He had only two pages before quoted, on the authority of a Fellow of Baliol College, a letter from a Lord Ailesbury, who says, 'Bishop Burnet is a *notorious liar* from beginning to end, to my knowledge;' and had told us, with apparent glee, of another noble Lord, who used to call Burnet's History 'the Bishop's Story-Book.' It would seem that, in former times, Tory Lords talked less respectfully of Bishops than would be thought decorous at present.

Lord Russell has no admirer in Mr Ward. He was neither a hero nor a martyr. On his trial he denied or gave evasive answers to the charges brought against him. 'If he was the great and heroic patriot who sacrificed his life in attempting to deliver his country from oppression, why not avow, proclaim it, glory in it?' \* After his condemnation he was prevailed upon humbly to petition the King for pardon; and to confess that he had been inadvertently present at meetings which he is convinced were unlawful. But 'he could not be a martyr to liberty who could thus humble himself before the tyrant who destroyed it.' † Mr Ward has formed to himself a notion of ideal excellence to which he finds nothing in Lord Russell corresponding. Lord Russell was not a hero of romance. There was nothing in his character theatrical or exaggerated. He was a plain English gentleman, sincerely attached to the religion and liberties of his country, which he thought endangered by the unprincipled character, exorbitant power, and illegal measures of the King; and by the religious bigotry, merciless cruelty, and arbitrary principles of the heir-presumptive. Having no hope of excluding the latter from the throne, and foreseeing, what actually happened, that, when King, he would attempt to govern by arbitrary power, and to destroy the Protestant religion, to which Lord Russell was attached with as much devotion as James himself was to Popery, he consulted with persons, who had the same apprehensions, about the means that could be used to avert such calamities; but finding no encouragement from what was at that time the prevailing temper of the nation, he desisted from, or at least suspended these designs. On pretence of these con-

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\* Ward, II. 250.

† Ib. 209.

sultations he was tried and condemned for treason. He died with fortitude, calmness, and unaffected simplicity ; and, though warmly attached to those around him, and torn from as much felicity in domestic life as was ever enjoyed by man, he submitted to his fate with resignation.

Mr Ward is at unnecessary pains to prove that Lord Russell had consulted with his friends about the means of resisting the arbitrary system of Government which it was the manifest object of the court to establish in England. He might have saved himself the trouble. ‘ In regard to the conspirators of higher ranks,’ says Mr Fox, ‘ there is unquestionably reason to believe that they had often met and consulted, as well for the purpose of ascertaining the means they actually possessed, as for that of devising others, for delivering their country from the dreadful servitude into which it had fallen ; and thus far their conduct appears clearly to have been laudable.’ \* After discussing the reality and extent of the assassination plot, Lord John Russell goes on to observe, that ‘ with respect to the other part of the plot, namely, the conspiracy for a rising, it appears undeniable, from the trials and confessions, that there were meetings and consultations held on the prudence and practicability of resistance ; but that there never was a formed plan for an insurrection, much less any project for deposing the King, or for altering the Government.’ What more has Mr Ward established by his laboured investigation ? There had been consultations about the practicability and means of resistance. Lord Russell had gone to Sheppard’s, in company with the Duke of Monmouth, for the purpose of preventing some wild and extravagant schemes of Lord Shaftesbury. He had been one of a council of six, and in that capacity had consulted with some Scotch gentlemen, who meditated resistance to the most cruel and barbarous tyranny ever exercised against an unhappy people. But nothing was done ;—no money raised ; no arms provided ; no plan of insurrection matured. As Carstairs wrote afterwards to a friend, ‘ the whole affair amounted to no more than talk.’

Stained as he was with every vice, Mr Ward is disposed to give some credit even to Ford Lord Grey, though writing with a halter about his neck, and supplicating for mercy. He places

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\* In quoting these words, Mr Ward adds, after laudable—and warranted by law—which is nonsense. An insurrection against an existing Government *may* be laudable, but *cannot* be warranted by law, except in one of those rare cases, where the right of insurrection against the executive authority is given by law to particular persons or bodies of men.



still more reliance on Sprat, because, in the abject apologies written by that courtly divine after the Revolution, he claims merit for having suppressed, in his 'History of the Rye-house Plot,' many passages of the documents put into his hands; so that if any one were to compare what he had published with the originals, he might more justly be suspected 'of connivance than of calumny.' But, if Mr Ward had read the letters he has quoted with attention, he would have seen that Sprat claims merit, not for suppressing what related to persons on whom 'public justice had passed,' but 'for concealing, as much as was allowed, parties and families, and particular persons' named in the depositions, against whom 'probable suggestions' only were made.' 'I could have wished,' he adds, 'that my Lord Russell's, and some other names of persons of honour, might have been of the number to be omitted; but it was none of my fault that they were not. I could not hinder, nor did I in the least contribute to their fall.'\* He had been made Bishop of Rochester for his book, and now hoped to extricate himself from his present difficulties by professing repentance.

The attainder of Lord Russell was reversed by act of Parliament, on two grounds; first, because he was convicted by undue and illegal return of jurors, having been refused his lawful challenges to the said jurors for want of freehold; and, secondly, because he was convicted by partial and unjust constructions of law. Mr Ward objects to both these grounds for reversing the attainder.

On the first point, he does not hesitate to express his disbelief of the assertion in the act of Parliament, that the decision of the Judges was contrary to law. The objection, he tells us, was 'coolly, calmly, and learnedly argued' at the time. Chief-Justice Pemberton, who presided at the trial, 'was as wise, as learned, and as able a judge as ever adorned the bench.' The argument, that, at common law, the possession of a freehold was a necessary qualification for a jurymen in trials for treason, was 'at an end' when Mr Pollexfen, a Whig lawyer, and one of the counsel for Lord Russell, did not recollect 'any judgment that, in case of treason by the common law, they might except for want of freehold; and as to the statute of Henry V., which gave that objection, it was repealed by the subsequent statute of Philip and Mary. 'Lord John Russell, indeed,' says Mr Ward, 'discovers, above a hundred years afterwards, what it escaped all the writers and all the lawyers to discover in arguing the point,

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\* Biograph. Britan. 3816.

‘that the act of the 1st of Mary merely repeals all laws creating treasons since Edward III., and does not at all interfere with the mode of trial, and, therefore, Lord Russell was not legally tried. Is it not remarkable,’ adds Mr Ward, ‘that the able counsel I have named did not make this rejoinder to the argument of the Chief-Justice?’\*

By the expression, that the repeal of the statute of Henry V. by the subsequent statute of Philip and Mary did not interfere with the mode of trial, Lord John Russell evidently meant, that it did not interfere with the provision of the former statute, which required that in trials for capital offences the jurymen should have lands or tenements of the yearly value of forty shillings above all charges; and in that view of the subject Lord John had been anticipated near a hundred years by Sir Michael Foster, who has clearly established that the statute of Philip and Mary repealed none of the provisions of former acts that were in favour of the subject, as this provision certainly was.† Though Sir Michael Foster was a Whig, we doubt of Mr Ward setting up his own authority in opposition to that of the learned Judge; and shall therefore leave him, without further observation, to the enjoyment of his sneer against ‘the statesman-made law’ of his noble opponent.

As to the much be-praised Chief-Justice Pemberton, Mr Ward is probably not aware, that only two years before, he had given a directly opposite decision on the same point. In the trial of Fitzharris for treason he will find the following dialogue:—‡

‘*Clerk of the Crown.* John Kent of Stepney.

‘*Mr Kent.* My Lord, I am no freeholder.

‘*Chief Justice Pemberton.* Then, you cannot be sworn here upon this jury.’

Whether the possession of a freehold was a necessary qualification for jurymen in trials for treason is a question which the Judges ought to have known and decided without any reference to Mr Pollexfen. It is now become, fortunately, a point of mere historical curiosity. But, from the researches of Mr Phillips, in his admirable work on State Trials, it appears that the decision of the Judges, in the case of Lord Russell, was erroneous; and that the judgment of Parliament, though discredited by Mr Ward, was nevertheless correct.

If a freehold qualification was required by law for jurymen, ‘where was the necessity,’ continues Mr Ward, ‘for enacting it anew’ after the Revolution? We beg of him to look to his

\* Ward, II. 250, 260.

† Foster, Crown Law, 237–240.

‡ Howell’s State Trials, VIII. 335.

Statute Book. He will there find that the clause in the Bill of Rights, to which he alludes, is declaratory.

Mr Ward is equally positive that the second ground for reversing the attainder is erroneous; and that the act of Parliament, Mr Fox, and Lord John Russell are all in the wrong. The act of Parliament having said that Lord Russell had been wrongfully convicted by partial and unjust constructions of law, and Mr Fox having added, that Lord Russell 'had committed no overt act,' indicating the imagining of the King's death, 'even according to the most strained construction of the statute of Edward III.,' Mr Ward indignantly replies,—'I deny the whole fact of the existence of constructive treason at all; and venture to assert, that since the statute of Mary, which brought back treason to that of Edward, there has been no such thing in the annals of law.\*' Heyday! has not Mr Ward himself told us that *Hardy and Horne Tooke had been indicted*, like Russell, for *constructive treason*; and that, in the opinion of Hallam, Lord Holt had established constructive treason for ever!† But, if 'the whole doctrine of constructive treason be fallacious'‡—if the whole annals of law cannot furnish a single case of constructive treason since the days of Philip and Mary—how came Hardy and Horne Tooke to be indicted for constructive treason; and how came Lord Holt to establish for ever that which neither existed then nor has ever existed since? What juggling fiend (Mr Ward loves quotations) thus palters with us in a double sense, we must leave it to himself to explain.

Since the trial of Lord Russell was over, no one, so far as we have seen, has ever doubted that he was indicted on the 25th of Edward III. for compassing the King's death; and that the overt acts laid to prove the charge were consultations to stir up insurrection against the King, and to seize and destroy the guards appointed for the preservation of his person. Nor can it be denied, that, by construction of law, and repeated decisions of judges, a consultation to stir up insurrection *may* be evidence, which, in conjunction with other circumstances, will be sufficient proof of a design to compass the King's death. But we apprehend, that a consultation to stir up insurrection does not *necessarily*, and without accompanying circumstances, imply that intention, which must be proved to the satisfaction of the jury, before they can honestly return a verdict of guilty. In the first place, the same statute of Edward III. which makes it treason to compass the King's death, makes it treason to levy war against him. But, if a mere consultation to levy war had been considered sufficient evidence of a treasonable intention to compass

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\* Ward II. 263.

† Ib. I. 88, 89.

‡ Ib. II. 276.

his death, it would have been unnecessary to have created a second species of treason, by making the actual levying of war a substantive treason; and if unnecessary, it cannot be supposed that, in a statute framed with so much care and circumspection, it would have been done. In the second place, we are told by high authority, that ‘a conspiracy to effect a rising for certain purposes—such as for redressing national grievances—or for the reformation of real or imaginary evils of a public nature—is not an overt act of compassing the King’s death, and will not come under any species of treason within the 25th Edward III., unless the rising be effected.’ \* In the third place, the first clause in the statute of treason, that of compassing or imagining the King’s death, has reference, not to his crown, but to his person and natural life,—not to his dignity as King, but to his character as sovereign lord of his subjects. The maxim, that the intention or will, and not the act, constitutes in this instance the crime, which many lawyers have erroneously supposed to have been at one time universal in all charges for murder, is taken from the Saxon laws, for the protection of lords against their men, and more remotely derived from the connexion of chief and follower among the ancient Germans. It was intended for the protection of what was then esteemed the most sacred relation among men; and till the statute of Edward III. it was not limited to the protection of the King, but extended to all cases of what has been since denominated petty treason. To constitute this offence there must be actual danger to the person placed under the safeguard of the law; and, therefore, if a conspiracy to stir up insurrection be accompanied with any plot that may endanger the King’s life,—as for instance, with a plot to seize his person, to imprison him, or to depose him, where his death is likely to be the consequence of any resistance made to the conspirators,—the conspiracy becomes in that case an overt act, which, taken with these other circumstances, is evidence of a design to compass his death; ‘because every man, endued with reason, must be supposed to contemplate and intend the natural and probable consequences of his own act.’ It was accordingly charged in the indictment against Lord Russell, that he had not only consulted to stir up insurrection, but that he had met, consulted, agreed, and concluded with other traitors to seize and destroy the guards appointed for the preservation of the King’s person. But, though the charge was made, *it was not proved*; and this the Chief Justice, if he had done his duty to the prisoner, ought to have stated to the jury.

In his charge to the jury, Chief-Justice Pemberton stated with the utmost fairness the question submitted to their consideration. ‘The question before you will be, whether, upon the whole mat-

'ter, you believe that my Lord Russell had any design upon the King's life, to destroy the King, to take away his life; for that is the material point here.' But though the general question is fairly stated to the jury, the speech of the Chief-Justice, notwithstanding the praises bestowed upon him by Mr Ward and Sir Vicary Gibbs, is in other respects very little to his credit. Instead of recapitulating the evidence, with such comments as its manifest inconsistencies deserved, he was content with a slovenly enumeration of some few particulars of what the witnesses had said; and for the rest he referred the jury to the speeches of the Crown Lawyers, of which that of Jeffries was worthy of himself,—'betraying an illiberal and intemperate zeal on the part of the prosecution, and grossly exaggerating and mistating many parts of the evidence.' Nor was this all. At the conclusion of his charge Chief Justice Pemberton told the jury, that 'an act of contriving rebellion and insurrection, and to seize the King's guards, was surely in itself evidence of a design to surprise the King's person;'—making no distinction between a consultation to raise insurrection, and a consultation to seize the King's guards, and applying to both the word *evidence*, which, though in a legal sense it was quite correct, as importing evidence which *might* be used to prove the charge, must, in a popular sense and addressed to a jury, have sounded as equivalent to proof. He then added, that if it was to compass the King's death that these consults were held, which, he had already told them, were evidence, and, as they understood him, proofs of that intention, they must find the prisoner guilty of the treason laid to his charge. By this negligence of the learned judge in summing up the evidence, and by the legal legerdemain he practised in laying down the law, was Lord Russell found guilty.

After a careful and sifting examination of the trial, conducted with equal candour and acuteness, Mr Phillips does not hesitate to conclude, in opposition to the admissions of Hume, that 'there was neither resolution nor deliberation by Lord Russell, or by any other person in his presence, on the subject of an intended insurrection, or on the subject of a surprisal of the guards.\*' We have little doubt that, if Lord Russell had been able, like Hardy, to obtain the assistance of counsel like Erskine, he must have been acquitted. But, as he feelingly stated in his address to the court, he was there 'charged with a crime' which he abhorred—'intermixed with the treasonable practices and speeches of other men—the King's learned counsel taking all advantages, improving and heightening every circumstance against him—himself no lawyer, a very unready speaker, and altogether a stranger to proceedings of this kind—naked, without counsel, and one against many.†' When he

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\* Phillips II. 80.

† Life of Lord Russell, 198.

applied, during his trial, for the aid of counsel against the construction put on the statute of treason, he was told, that, if he admitted the facts sworn against him, he might have counsel to argue the point of law; and when he renewed the same application after the verdict had been given, he was told that the verdict was conclusive both as to law and fact. The answer in both cases was technically correct, and substantially unjust. It was from such law and such administration of law that the Revolution delivered us.

Algernon Sydney is still less a favourite with Mr Ward than Lord Russell, though he owns that Sydney was *legally* murdered; by which he probably means, *illegally* murdered. We shall not enter into his examination of the life and character of Sydney. In one of his objections we agree with him. We admit that Sydney cannot be defended for addressing himself to De Wit during the first Dutch war of Charles II., and urging him to the invasion of England. But we shall be more just than Mr Ward, and apply the same rule to Royalists in the same situation. When he exclaims, after narrating Sydney's delinquency, 'And this is virtue, this patriotism, this Algernon Sydney and the good old cause;'<sup>\*</sup> he forgets that, when the Commonwealth declared war against Holland, there was a proposal made by Ormond and Clarendon to the same De Wit, that Charles II. should go on board of the Dutch fleet, in the hope of seducing the English seamen from the service of their country, and thereby weaken the naval power of England and sow divisions in the kingdom, 'by which the Dutch would receive benefit and advantage.'<sup>†</sup> What it was wrong to attempt on shore, it cannot have been right to attempt at sea. What it was wrong to do for the restoration of a Commonwealth, it cannot have been right to do for the restoration of a King.

We shall not follow Mr Ward in his criticisms on Locke. Where they are just, he has been anticipated by others. Nor shall we follow him in his animadversions on Hampden, Pym, and other leaders of the popular party in 1642. We should as soon think of vindicating the Barons who obtained Magna Charta. In the case of John, the Barons trusted to the word of a King, and they suffered for it. The Commons were more distrustful, and, as the *King's cabinet when opened*, disclosed, they were in the right. But we must stop here; and if, at the conclusion of our task, we are asked by any of our readers, why break a butterfly on the wheel, we reply, that if butterflies will be gnats, they must be treated as such. It may prevent other butterflies from attempting the like.

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<sup>\*</sup> Ward, II. 291.

<sup>†</sup> Clarendon, VI. 603.

**ART. VII.—*Correspondence of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham.***

Edited by the Executors of his Son, JOHN Earl of CHATHAM, and published from the original Manuscripts in their possession. 8vo. Vol. I. London: 1838.

THERE is hardly any man in modern times, with the exception, perhaps, of Lord Somers, who fills so large a space in our history, and of whom we know so little as Lord Chatham; and yet he is the person to whom every one would at once point, if desired to name the greatest Statesman and Orator that this country ever produced. Of Lord Somers, indeed, we can scarcely be said to know any thing at all. That he was a person of unimpeachable integrity, a judge of great capacity and learning, a firm friend of liberty, but a cautious and safe counsellor in most difficult emergencies, all are ready to acknowledge. But the authority which he possessed among his contemporaries, the influence which his sound and practical wisdom exercised over their proceedings, the services which he was thus enabled to render in steering the constitution safe through the most trying times, and saving us from arbitrary power without paying the price of our liberties in anarchy and bloodshed; nay, conducting the whole violent proceedings of a revolution in all the deliberation, and almost in the forms of an ordinary legal proceeding—have surrounded his name with a mild yet imperishable glory, which, in the contrast of our dark ignorance respecting all the particulars and details of his life, gives the figure something altogether mysterious and ideal. It is now unfortunately too late, by supplying this information, to fill up the outline which the meagre records of the times have left us. But it is singular how much of Lord Chatham, who flourished within the memory of the present generation, still rests upon vague tradition. As a Statesman, indeed, he is known to us by the events which history has recorded to have happened under his administration. Yet even of his share in bringing these about little has been preserved of detail. So, fragments of his speeches have been handed down to us, but these bear so very small a proportion to the prodigious fame which his eloquence has left behind it, that far more has manifestly been lost than what has reached us; while of his written compositions but little has hitherto been given to the world.

The imperfect state of Parliamentary Reporting is the great cause of this blank. From the time of his entering the House of Commons to that of his quitting it, the privileges of Parliament almost wholly precluded the possibility of regular and full

accounts of debates being communicated to the public. At one period they were given under feigned names, as if held in the Senate of Rome by the ancient orators and statesmen; at another they were conveyed under the initials only of the names borne by the real speakers. Even when, somewhat later, these disguises were thrown aside, the speeches were composed by persons who had not been present at the debates, but gleaned a few heads of each speaker's topics from some one who had heard them; and the fullest and most authentic of all the accounts of those times are merely the meagre outline of the subjects touched upon, preserved in the Diaries or Correspondence of some contemporary politicians, and presenting not even an approximation to the execution of the orators. Thus many of Lord Chatham's earlier speeches in the House of Commons, as now preserved, were avowedly the composition of Dr Johnson,—whose measured style, formal periods, balanced antitheses, and total want of pure racy English, betray their author at every step,—while each debater was made to speak exactly in the same manner. For some years after he ceased to report, or rather to manufacture, that is, from 1751 downwards, a Dr Gordon furnished the newspapers with reports, consisting of much more accurate accounts of what had passed in debate, but without any pretence to give more than the mere substance of the several speeches. The debates upon the American Stamp Act, in 1764, are the first that can be said to have been preserved at all,—through the happy accident of Lord Charlemont, assisted by Sir Robert Deane, taking an extraordinary interest in the question as bearing upon the grievances of Ireland; and accordingly they have handed down to us some notes, from internal evidence plainly authentic, of Lord Chatham's celebrated speeches upon that great question. A few remains of his great displays in the House of Lords have, in like manner, been preserved, chiefly in the two speeches reported by Mr Hugh Boyd; the second of which, the most celebrated of all, upon the employment of the Indians in the American war, we have reason to believe was revised and corrected by Lord Chatham himself; and if so, it was certainly the only one that ever received such revision. If any one will only compare the extreme slenderness of these grounds upon which to estimate a speaker's claims to renown, or judge of the characteristics of his eloquence, with the ample means which we have of studying the merits of almost all the ancient orators, and examining their distinguishing qualities, he will be sensible how much any idea which we can form of Lord Chatham's oratory must rest upon tradition;—that is, upon the accounts left by contemporary writers of its effects; and how little we are enabled to judge for



ourselves by examining the specimens that remain of his composition. It seems little short of presumption, after this statement, to attempt including his character as an orator in the sketch which we shall give of this great man. But the testimony of contemporaries may so far be helped by what remains of the oratory itself, as to make some faint conception attainable of that eloquence which, for effect at least, has surpassed any known in modern times.

The first place among the great qualities which distinguished Lord Chatham, is unquestionably due to firmness of purpose, resolute determination in the pursuit of his objects. This was the characteristic of the younger Brutus, as he said, who had spared his life to fall by his hand—*Quicquid vult, id valde vult*; and although extremely apt to be shown in excess, it must be admitted to be the foundation of all true greatness of character. Every thing, however, depends upon the endowments in whose company it is found; and in Lord Chatham these were of a very high order. The quickness with which he could ascertain his object, and discover his road to it, was fully commensurate with his perseverance and his boldness in pursuing it; the firmness of grasp with which he held his advantage was fully equalled by the rapidity of the glance with which he discovered it. Add to this, a mind eminently fertile in resources—a courage which nothing could daunt in the choice of his means—a resolution equally indomitable in their application—a genius, in short, original and daring, which bounded over the petty obstacles raised by ordinary men,—their squeamishness, and their precedents, and their forms, and their regularities, and forced away its path through the entanglements of this base undergrowth to the worthy object ever in his view, the prosperity and the renown of his country. Far superior to the paltry objects of a grovelling ambition, and regardless alike of party and of personal considerations, he constantly set before his eyes the highest duty of a public man, to further the interests of his species. In pursuing his course towards that goal, he disregarded alike the frowns of power and the gales of popular applause—exposed himself undaunted to the vengeance of the Court, while he battled against its corruptions, and confronted, unabashed, the rudest shocks of public indignation, while he resisted the dictates of pernicious agitators—and could conscientiously exclaim, with an illustrious statesman of antiquity,—‘*Ego hoc animo semper fui ut invidiam virtute partam, gloriam non invidiam putarem!*’

Nothing could be more entangled than the foreign policy of this country at the time when he took the supreme direction

of her affairs; nothing could be more disastrous than the aspect of her fortunes in every quarter of the globe. With a single ally in Europe, the King of Prussia, and him beset by a combination of all the continental powers in unnatural union to effect his destruction; with an army of insignificant amount, and commanded by men only desirous of grasping at the emoluments, without doing the duties, or incurring the risks of their profession; with a navy that could hardly keep the sea, and whose chiefs vied with their comrades on shore in earning the character given them by the new Minister,—of being utterly unfit to be trusted in any enterprise accompanied with ‘the least appearance of danger;’ with a generally prevailing dislike of both services, which at once repressed all desire of joining either, and damped all public spirit in the country, by extinguishing all hope of success, and even all love of glory—it was hardly possible for a nation to be placed in circumstances more inauspicious to military exertions; and yet war raged in every quarter of the world where our dominion extended, while the territories of our only ally, as well as those of our own sovereign in Germany were invaded by France, and her forces by sea and land menaced our shores. In the distant possessions of the Crown the same want of enterprise and of spirit prevailed. Armies in the West were paralysed by the inaction of a Captain who would hardly take the pains to write a despatch recording the nonentity of his operations; and in the East, while frightful disasters were brought upon our settlements by Barbarian powers, the only military capacity that appeared in their defence was the accidental display of genius and valour by a merchant’s clerk, who thus raised himself to celebrity.\* In this forlorn state of affairs, rendering it as impossible to think of peace, as it seemed hopeless to continue the yet inevitable war, the base and sordid views of politicians kept pace with the mean spirit of the military caste; and parties were split or united, not upon any difference or agreement of public principle, but upon mere questions of patronage and share in the public spoil, while all seemed alike actuated by one only passion, the thirst alternately of power and of gain.

As soon as Mr Pitt took the helm, the steadiness of the hand that held it came to be felt in every motion of the vessel. There was no more of wavering counsels, of torpid inaction, of listless expectancy, of abject despondency. His firmness gave confidence, his spirit roused courage, his vigilance secured exertion, in every department under his sway. Each man, from the first Lord of the Admiralty down to the most humble clerk in the Victualling Office;

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\* Mr Clive, afterwards Lord Clive.

each soldier, from the Commander-in-Chief to the most obscure contractor or commissary—now felt assured that he was acting or indolent under the eye of one who knew his duties and his means as well as his own—and who would very certainly make all defaulters, whether through misfeasance or through nonfeasance, accountable for whatever detriment the commonwealth might sustain at their hands. Over his immediate coadjutors, his influence swiftly obtained an ascendant which it ever after retained uninterrupted. Upon his first proposition for changing the conduct of the war, he stood single among his colleagues, and tendered his resignation should they persist in their dissent; they at once succumbed, and from that hour ceased to have an opinion of their own upon any branch of the public affairs. Nay, so absolutely was he determined to have the control of those measures, of which he knew the responsibility rested upon him alone, that he insisted upon the first Lord of the Admiralty not having the correspondence of his own department; and no less eminent a naval character than Lord Anson, with his junior Lords, were obliged to sign the orders issued by Mr Pitt, while the writing was covered over from their eyes!

The effects of this change in the whole management of the public business, and in all the plans of the Government, as well as in their execution, were speedily made manifest to all the world. The German troops were sent home, and a well-regulated militia being established to defend the country, a large disposable force was distributed over the various points whence the enemy might be annoyed. France, attacked on some points, and menaced on others, was compelled to retire from Germany, soon afterwards suffered the most disastrous defeats, and, instead of threatening England and her allies with invasion, had to defend herself against attack, suffering severely in several of her most important naval stations. No less than sixteen islands, and settlements, and fortresses of importance, were taken from her in America, and Asia, and Africa, including all her West Indian colonies, except St Domingo, and all her settlements in the East. The whole important province of Canada was likewise conquered; and the Havannah was taken from Spain. Beside this, the seas were swept clear of the fleets that had so lately been insulting all our colonies, and even all our coasts. Many general actions were fought and gained;—one among them the most decisive that had ever been fought by our navy. Thirty-six sail of the line were taken or destroyed; fifty frigates; forty-five sloops of war. So brilliant a course of uninterrupted success had never, in modern times, attended the arms of any nation carrying on war with other states equal to it in civilisa-

tion, and nearly a match in power. But it is a more glorious feature in this unexampled Administration which history has to record, when it adds, that all public distress had disappeared; all discontent in any quarter, both of the colonies and parent state, had ceased; that no oppression was any where practised, no abuse suffered to prevail; that no encroachments were made upon the rights of the subject, no malversations tolerated in the possessors of power; and that England, for the first time and for the last time, presented the astonishing picture of a nation supporting without murmur a widely extended and costly war, and a people, hitherto torn with conflicting parties, so united in the service of the commonwealth that the voice of faction had ceased in the land, and any discordant whisper was heard no more. 'These' (said the son of his first and most formidable adversary, Walpole, when informing his correspondent abroad, that the session, as usual, had ended without any kind of opposition, or even of debate),—'These are the doings of Mr Pitt, and they 'are wondrous in our eyes!'

To genius irregularity is incident, and the greatest genius is often marked by eccentricity, as if it disdained to move in the vulgar orbit. Hence he who is fitted by his nature, and trained by his habits, to be an accomplished 'pilot in extremity,' and whose inclinations carry him forth to seek the deep when the waves run high, may be found, if not 'to steer too near the shore,' yet to despise the sunken rocks which they that can only be trusted in calm weather would have more surely avoided. To this rule it cannot be said that Lord Chatham afforded any exception; and although a plot had certainly been formed to eject him from the Ministry,—leaving the chief control of affairs in the feeble hands of Lord Bute, whose only support was Court favour, and whose only talent lay in an expertness at intrigue,—yet there can be little doubt that this scheme was only rendered practicable by the hostility which the great Minister's unbending habits, his contempt of ordinary men, and his neglect of everyday matters, had raised against him among all the creatures both of Downing Street and St James's. In fact, his colleagues, who necessarily felt humbled by his superiority, were needlessly mortified by the constant display of it; and it would have betokened a still higher reach of understanding, as well as a purer fabric of patriotism, if he, whose great capacity threw those subordinates into the shade, and before whose vigour in action they were sufficiently willing to yield, had united a little suavity in his demeanour with his extraordinary powers, nor made it always necessary for them to acknowledge as well as to feel their inferiority. It is certain that the insulting arrangement of the Admiralty, to which refe-

rence has been already made, while it lowered that department in the public opinion, rendered all connected with him his personal enemies; and, indeed, though there have, since his days, been Prime Ministers whom he would never have suffered to sit even as puny lords at his boards, yet were one like himself again to govern the country, the Admiralty Chief who might be far inferior to Lord Anson, would never submit to the humiliation inflicted upon that gallant and skilful captain. Mr Pitt's policy seemed formed upon the assumption that either each public functionary was equal to himself in boldness, activity, and resource, or that he was to preside over and animate each department in person; and his confidence was such in his own powers, that he reversed the maxim of governing, never to force your way where you can win it; and always disdained to insinuate where he could dash in, or to persuade where he could command. It thus happened that his colleagues were but nominally coadjutors, and though they durst not thwart him, yet rendered no heart-service to aid his schemes. Indeed it has clearly appeared since his time, that they were chiefly induced to yield him implicit obedience, and leave the undivided direction of all operations in his hands, by the expectation that the failure of what they were wont to sneer at as 'Mr Pitt's visions,' would turn the tide of public opinion against him, and prepare his downfall from a height of which they felt that there was no one but himself able to dispossess him.

The true test of a great man,—that at least which must determine his place among the highest order of great men,—is his having been in advance of his age. This it is which decides whether or not he has carried forward the grand plan of human improvement, has conformed his views, and adapted his conduct, to the existing circumstances of society, or changed those so as to better its condition, has been one of the lights of the world, or only reflected the borrowed rays of former luminaries, and sat in the same shade at the same twilight, or the same dawn with the rest of his generation. Tried by this test, the younger Pitt cannot certainly be said to have lived before his time, or shed upon the age to which he belonged the illumination of a more advanced civilisation and more inspired philosophy. He came far too early into public life, and was too suddenly plunged into the pool of office, to give him time for the study and the reflection which can alone open to any mind, how vigorous soever be its natural constitution, the views of a deep and original wisdom. Accordingly, it would be difficult to glean, from all his measures and all his speeches, any thing like the fruits of inventive genius; or to mark any token of his mind having gone before the very ordinary routine of the day,

as if familiar with any ideas that did not pass through the most vulgar understandings. His father's intellect was of a higher order; he had evidently, though without much education, with no science of any kind, yet reflected deeply upon the principles of human action, and well studied the nature of men, and pondered upon the structure of society. His reflections frequently teem with the fruits of such meditations, to which his constantly feeble health perhaps gave rise rather than any natural proneness to contemplative life, from which his taste must have been adverse; for he was eminently a man of action. His appeals to the feelings and passions were also the result of the same reflective habits, and the acquaintance with the human heart which they had given him. But if we consider his opinions, though liberal and enlightened upon every particular question, they rather may be regarded as felicitous from their adaptation to the actual circumstances in which he was called upon to advise, or to act, than as indicating that he had seen very far into future times, and anticipated the philosophy which further experience should teach to our more advanced age of the world. To take two examples from the two subjects upon which he had both thought most, and been the most strenuously engaged in dealing with practically as a statesman,—our relations with France and with America. The old and narrow notions of natural enmity with the one, and natural sovereignty over the other, were the guides of his whole opinions and conduct in these great arguments. To cultivate the relations of peace with our nearest neighbour, as the first of blessings to both nations,—each being able to do the other most good in amity and most harm in hostility,—never appears to have entered into the system of policy enlightened by that fiery soul, which could only see glory or even safety in the precarious and transient domination bestowed by a successful war. To become the fast friends of those Colonies which we had planted and long retained under our protecting government, and thus both to profit ourselves and them more by suffering them to be as independent as we are,—was an idea that certainly could not be said once to have crossed his impetuous and uncompromising mind—for it had often been entertained by him, but only to be rejected with indignation and abhorrence, as if the independence of America were the loss of our national existence. Upon all less important questions, whether touching our continental or our colonial policy, his opinion was to the full as sound, and his views as enlarged as those of any statesman of his age; but it would not be correct to affirm that on those, the cardinal, and therefore the trying points of the day, he was materially in advance of them.

If we turn from the Statesman to survey the Orator, our examination must be far less satisfactory, because our materials are extremely imperfect, from the circumstances already adverted to. "There is indeed hardly any eloquence, of ancient or of modern times, of which so little that can be relied on as authentic, has been preserved; unless perhaps that of Pericles, Julius Cæsar, and Lord Bolingbroke. Of the actions of the two first we have sufficient records, as we have of Lord Chatham's; of their speeches we have little that can be regarded as genuine; although, by unquestionable tradition, we know that each of them was second only to the greatest orator of their respective countries; \* while of Bolingbroke we only know, from Dean Swift, that he was the most accomplished speaker of his time; and it is related of Mr Pitt (the younger), that when the conversation rolled upon lost works, and some said they should prefer restoring the books of Livy, some of Tacitus, and some a Latin tragedy, he at once decided for a speech of Bolingbroke. What we know of his own father's oratory is much more to be gleaned from contemporary panegyrics, and accounts of its effects, than from the scanty, and for the most part doubtful, remains which have reached us.

All accounts, however, concur in representing those effects to have been prodigious. The spirit and vehemence which animated its greater passages—their perfect application to the subject-matter of debate—the appositeness of his invective to the individual assailed—the boldness of the feats which he ventured upon—the grandeur of the ideas which he unfolded—the heart-stirring nature of his appeals—are all confessed by the united testimony of all his contemporaries; and the fragments which remain bear out to a considerable extent such representations; nor are we likely to be misled by those fragments, for the more striking portions were certainly the ones least likely to be either forgotten or fabricated. To these mighty attractions was added the imposing, the animating, the commanding power of a countenance singularly expressive; an eye so piercing that hardly any one could stand its glare; and a manner altogether singularly striking, original, and characteristic, notwithstanding a peculiarly defective and even awkward action. Latterly, indeed, his infirmities precluded all action; and he is described as standing in the House of Lords, leaning upon his crutch, and speaking for

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\* Thucydides gives three speeches of Pericles, which he may very possibly have in great part composed for him. Sallust's speech of Cæsar is manifestly the writer's own composition; indeed, it is in the exact style of the one he puts into Cato's mouth, that is, in his own style.

ten minutes together in an under-tone of voice scarcely audible, but raising his notes to their full pitch when he broke out into one of his grand bursts of invective or exclamation. But in his earlier time, his whole manner is represented as having been beyond conception animated and imposing. Indeed the things which he effected by it principally, or at least which nothing but a most striking and commanding tone could have made it possible to attempt, almost exceed belief. Some of these sallies are indeed examples of that approach made to the ludicrous by the sublime, which has been charged upon him as a prevailing fault, and represented under the name of *Charlatanerie*,—a favourite phrase with his adversaries, as it in later times has been with the ignorant undervlavers of Lord Erskine. It is related that once in the House of Commons he began a speech with the words, 'Sugar, Mr Speaker'—and then, observing a smile to prevail in the audience, he paused, looked fiercely around, and with a loud voice, rising in its notes and swelling into vehement anger, he is said to have pronounced again the word 'Sugar!' three times,—and having thus quelled the House, and extinguished every appearance of levity or laughter, turned round and disdainfully asked, 'Who will laugh at sugar now?' We have this anecdote upon good traditional authority; that it was believed by those who had the best means of knowing Lord Chatham, is certain; and this of itself shows their sense of the extraordinary powers of his manner, and the reach of his audacity in trusting to those powers.

There can be no doubt that of reasoning,—of sustained and close argument,—his speeches had but little. His statements were desultory, though striking, perhaps not very distinct, certainly not at all detailed, and as certainly every way inferior to those of his celebrated son. If he did not reason cogently, he assuredly did not compress his matter vigorously. He was any thing rather than a concise or a short speaker; not that his great passages were at all diffuse, or in the least degree loaded with superfluous words; but he was prolix in the whole texture of his discourse, and he was certainly the first who introduced into our Senate the practice, adopted in the American war by Mr Burke, and continued by others, of long speeches,—speeches of two and three hours, by which oratory has gained little, and business less. His discourse was, however, fully informed with matter—his allusions to analogous subjects, and his reference to the history of past events, were frequent—his expression of his own opinions was copious and free, and stood very generally in the place of any elaborate reasoning in their support. A noble statement of enlarged views, a generous avowal of dignified sentiments, a manly and some-



what severe contempt for all petty or mean views—whether their baseness proceeded from narrow understanding or from corrupt bias—always pervaded his whole discourse; and, more than any other orator since Demosthenes, he was distinguished by the nobleness of feeling with which he regarded, and the amplitude of survey which he cast upon the subject-matters of debate. His invective was unsparing and hard to be endured, although he was a less eminent master of sarcasm than his son, and rather overwhelmed his antagonist with the burst of words and vehement indignation, than wounded him by the edge of ridicule, or tortured him with the gall of bitter scorn, or fixed his arrow in the wound by the barb of epigram. These things seemed, as it were, to betoken too much labour and too much art—more labour than was consistent with absolute scorn—more art than could stand with heartfelt rage, or entire contempt inspired by the occasion, at the moment, and on the spot. But his great passages, those by which he has come down to us, those which gave his eloquence its peculiar character, and to which its dazzling success was owing, were as sudden and unexpected as they were natural. Every one was taken by surprise when they rolled forth—every one felt them to be so natural, that he could hardly understand why he had not thought of them himself although into no one's imagination had they ever entered. If the quality of being natural without being obvious is a pretty correct description of felicitous expression, or what is called fine writing, it is a yet more accurate representation of fine passages, or felicitous *hits* in speaking. In these all popular assemblies take boundless delight; by these above all others are the minds of an audience at pleasure moved or controlled. They form the grand charm of Lord Chatham's oratory; they were the distinguishing excellence of his great predecessor, and gave him at will to wield the fierce democracy of Athens, and to fulmine over Greece.

It was the sagacious remark of one of the most acute of critics, as well as historical enquirers, that criticism never would be of any value until critics cited innumerable examples. In sketching the character of Lord Chatham's oratory this becomes the more necessary, that so few now living can have any recollection of it, and that all our knowledge of its peculiar nature rests upon a few scattered fragments. There is, however, some security for our deducing from these a correct notion of it, because they certainly, according to all accounts, were the portions of his discourse which produced the most extraordinary effect, on which its fame rests, and by which its quality is to be ascertained. A

few of these may, therefore, be referred to in closing the present imperfect outline of this great man.

His remark on confidence, when it was asked by the Ministry of 1766, for whom he had some forbearance rather than any great respect, is well known. He said their characters were fair enough, and he was always glad to see such persons engaged in the public service; but turning to them with a smile, very courteous, but not, very respectful, he said—‘Confide in you!’ ‘Oh no—you must pardon me, gentlemen—*youth* is the season of credulity—confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom.’

‘Some one having spoken of ‘the obstinacy of America,’ said ‘that she was almost in open rebellion.’ Mr Pitt exclaimed, ‘I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to let themselves be made slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of all the rest!’—Then speaking of the attempt to keep her down—‘In a just cause of quarrel you may crush America to atoms; but in this crying injustice!’ (Stamp Act) ‘—I am one who will lift up my hands against it—In such a cause even your success would be hazardous. America, if she fell, would fall like the strong man; she would embrace the pillars of the state, and pull down the constitution along with her. Is this your boasted peace to sheath the sword, not in its scabbard, but in the bowels of your countrymen?’—It was in this debate that Mr Burke first spoke, and Mr Pitt praised his speech in very flattering terms.

‘Those iron Barons (for so I may call them when compared with the silken Barons of modern days) were the guardians of the people; and three words of their barbarous Latin, *nullus liber homo*, are worth all the classics. Yet their virtues were never tried in a question so important as this.’ (Pretension of Privilege in the House of Commons)—‘A breach is made in the Constitution—the battlements are dismantled—the citadel is open to the first invader—the walls totter—the place is no longer tenable—what then remains for us but to stand foremost in the breach, to repair it, or to perish in it?—Unlimited power corrupts the possessor; and this I know, that where law ends, there tyranny begins.’

In reference to the same subject, the expulsion of Mr Wilks, he exclaimed in a subsequent debate—‘The Constitution at this moment stands violated. If the breach be effectually repaired the people will return to tranquillity of themselves. If not, let discord reign for ever!—I know to what point my language will appear directed. But I have the principles of an English-

‘man, and I utter them without fear or reserve. Rather than the Constitution should be tamely given up, and our birthright be surrendered to a despotic Minister, I hope, my Lords, old as I am, that I shall see the question brought to an issue; and fairly tried between the people and the Government.’—Again he said—‘Magna Charta—the Petition of Right—the Bill of Rights—form the Bible of the English Constitution. Had some of the King’s unhappy predecessors trusted less to the Commentary of their advisers, and been better read in the Text itself, the glorious Revolution might have remained only possible in theory, and their fate would not now have stood upon record, a formidable example to all their successors.’—‘No man more than I, respects the just authority of the House of Commons—no man would go further to defend it. But beyond the line of the Constitution, like every exercise of arbitrary power, it becomes illegal, threatening tyranny to the people, destruction to the state. Power without right is the most detestable object that can be offered to the human imagination; it is not only pernicious to those whom it subjects, but works its own destruction. *Res detestabilis et caduca*. Under pretence of declaring law, the Commons have made a law, a law for their own case, and have united in the same persons the offices of Legislator and Party and Judge.’

These fine passages, conveying sentiments so noble and so wise, may be read with advantage by the present House of Commons when it shall again be called on to resist the Judges of the land, and to break its Laws, by opening a shop for the sale of Libels.

His character—drawn, he says, from long experience—of the Spaniards, the high-minded chivalrous Castilians, we believe to be as just as it is severe. Speaking of the affair of Falkland’s Island, he said,—‘They are as mean and crafty as they are insolent and proud. I never yet met with an instance of candour or dignity in their proceedings; nothing but low cunning, artifice, and trick. I was compelled to talk to them in a peremptory language. I submitted my advice for an immediate war to a trembling council. You all know the consequences of its being rejected.’—The speech from the Throne had stated that the Spanish Government had disowned the act of its officer. Lord Chatham said—‘There never was a more odious, a more infamous falsehood imposed on a great nation. It degrades the King, it insults the Parliament. His Majesty has been advised to affirm an absolute falsehood. My Lords, I beg your attention, and I hope I shall be understood when I repeat, that it is an absolute, a palpable falsehood. The King of Spain disowns

‘the thief, while he leaves him unpunished, and profits by his theft. In vulgar English, he is the receiver of stolen goods, and should be treated accordingly.’—How would all the country, at least all the canting portion of it, resound with the cry of—‘coarse! vulgar! brutal!’—if such epithets and such comparisons as these were used in any debate nowadays, whether among the ‘silken Barons,’ or the ‘squeamish Commons’ of our time!

In 1775 he made a most brilliant speech on the war. Speaking of General Gage’s inactivity, he said it could not be blamed; it was inevitable. ‘But what a miserable condition,’ he exclaimed, ‘is ours, where disgrace is prudence, and where it is necessary to be contemptible! You must repeal these acts’ (he said, alluding to the Boston Port, and Massachusetts Bay Bills) ‘and you WILL repeal them. I pledge myself for it, that you will repeal them. I stake my reputation on it. I will consent to be taken for an idiot if they are not finally repealed.’—Every one knows how true this prophecy proved. The concluding sentence of the speech has been often cited—‘If the Ministers persevere in misleading the King, I will not say that they can alienate the affections of his subjects from his crown; but I will affirm that they will make the crown not worth his wearing. I will not say that the King is betrayed; but I will pronounce that the kingdom is undone.’

Again, in 1777, after describing the course of the war and ‘the traffic and barter driven with every little pitiful German Prince that sells his subjects to the shambles of a foreign country’—he adds—‘The mercenary aid on which you rely irritates to an incurable resentment the minds of your enemies, whom you overrun with the sordid sons of rapine and of plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty! If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never! never! never!’—Such language, used in the modern days of ultra loyalty and extreme decorum, would call down upon his head who employed it the charge of encouraging rebels, and partaking as an accomplice in their treasons.

It was upon this memorable occasion that he made the famous reply to Lord Suffolk, who had said, in reference to employing the Indians, that ‘we were justified in using all the means which God and nature had put into our hands.’ The circumstance of Lord Chatham having himself revised this speech, induces us to insert it here at length.

‘I am astonished,’ exclaimed Lord Chatham, as he rose—‘shocked—to hear such principles confessed, to hear them avowed, in this House or in this country—principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian.

“ My Lords, I did not intend to have trespassed again on your attention, but I cannot repress my indignation. I feel myself impelled by every duty. My Lords, we are called upon as members of this House, as men, as Christian men, to protest against such notions, standing near the throne, polluting the ear of majesty. *That God and nature put into our hands!*—I know not what idea that Lord may entertain of God and nature, but I know that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife, to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, roasting, and eating,—literally, my Lords, eating the mangled victims of his barbarous battles! Such horrible notions shock every precept of religion, divine and natural, and every generous feeling of humanity; and, my Lords, they shock every sentiment of honour; they shock me as a lover of honourable war, and a detester of murderous barbarity.

“ These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand most decisive indignation. I call upon that Right Reverend Bench, those holy ministers of the gospel, and pious pastors of the Church; I conjure them to join in the holy work, and to vindicate the religion of their God. I appeal to the wisdom and the law of this Learned Bench, to defend and support the justice of their country. I call upon the Bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn, upon the learned Judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your Lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble Lord frowns with indignation at THE DISGRACE OF HIS COUNTRY! In vain he led your victorious fleets against the boasted Armada of Spain—in vain he defended and established the honour, the liberties, the religion, the Protestant religion of his country, against the arbitrary cruelties of Popery and the Inquisition, if these more than Popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are let loose amongst us, to turn forth into our settlements, among our ancient connexions, friends, and relations, the merciless cannibal, thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child—to send forth the infidel savage—against whom? Against your Protestant brethren,—to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name with these horrible hell-hounds of savage war—*hell-hounds, I say, of savage war.* Spain armed herself with bloodhounds to extirpate the wretched natives of America, and we improve on the inhuman example of even Spanish cruelty; we turn loose these savage hell-hounds against our brethren and countrymen in America, of the same language, laws, liberties, and religion, endeared to us by every tie that should sanctify humanity. My Lords, this awful subject, so important to our honour, our constitution, and our religion, demands the most solemn and effectual enquiry; and I again call upon your Lordships, and the united powers of the state, to examine it thoroughly and decisively, and to stamp upon it an indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. And I again implore those holy Prelates of our religion to do away these iniquities from among us; let them

perform a lustration—let them purify this House and this country from this sin.

‘My Lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and my indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, or have reposed my head on my pillow, without being this way to my eternal abhorrence of such preposterous and enormous principles.’

There are other celebrated passages of his speeches in all men’s mouths. His indignant and contemptuous answer to the Minister’s boast of driving the Americans before the army—‘I might as well think of driving them before me with this crutch!’—is well known. Perhaps the finest of all is his allusion to the maxim of English law, that every man’s House is his Castle. ‘The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the forces of the Crown. It may be frail—its roof may shake—the wind may blow through it—the storm may enter—the rain may enter—but the King of England cannot enter!—all his power dares not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement!’

These examples, we think, will serve to convey a pretty accurate idea of the peculiar vein of eloquence which distinguished this great man’s speeches. It was of the very highest order; vehement, fiery, close to the subject, concise, occasionally eminently, sometimes boldly figurative: it was original, and surprising, yet quite natural. To call it argumentative would be an abuse of terms; but it had always a sufficient foundation of reason to avoid any appearance of inconsistency, or error, or wandering from the point. So the greatest passages in the Greek orations were very far from being such as could stand the test of close examination in regard to their argument. Yet would it be hypercritical indeed to object that Demosthenes, in the most celebrated burst of all ancient eloquence, argues for his policy being rewarded although it led to defeat, on the ground of public honours having been bestowed upon those who fell in gaining five great victories.

Some have compared Mr Fox’s eloquence to that of Demosthenes; but it resembled Lord Chatham’s just as much, if not more. It was incomparably more argumentative than either the Greek or the English orators; neither of whom carried on chains of close reasoning as he did, though both kept close to their subject. It was, however, exceedingly the reverse of the Attic oration, either in method, in diction, or in conciseness. It had nothing like arrangement of any kind. Except in the more vehement passages, its diction was perhaps as slovenly, certainly as careless as possible,—betokening indeed a contempt of all accu-

rate composition. It was diffuse in the highest degree, and abounded in repetitions. While the Greek was concise, almost to being *jejune*, the Englishman was diffuse, almost to being prolix. How the notion of comparing the two together ever could have prevailed, seems unaccountable, unless it be that men have supposed them alike because they were both vehement, and both kept the subject in view rather than run after ornament. But that the most elaborate and artificial compositions in the world should have been likened to the most careless, and natural, and unprepared that ever were delivered in public, would seem wholly incredible if it were not true. The bursts of Mr Fox, however, though less tersely and concisely composed, certainly have some resemblance to Lord Chatham's,—only that they betray far less fancy,—and however vehement and fiery, are incomparably less bold. Mr Pitt's oratory, though admirably suited to its purpose, and as perfect a business kind of speaking as ever was heard, certainly resembled none of the three others who have been named. In point of genius, unless perhaps for sarcasm, he was greatly their inferior; although, from the unbroken fluency of his appropriate language, and the power of a most sonorous voice, he produced the most prodigious effect.

It remains to speak of Lord Chatham as a private man, and he appears to have been in all respects exemplary and amiable. His disposition was exceedingly affectionate. The pride, bordering upon insolence, in which he showed himself encased to the world, fell naturally from him, and without any effort to put it off, as he crossed the threshold of his own door. To all his family he was simple, kindly, and gentle. His pursuits were of a nature that showed how much he loved to unbend himself. He delighted in poetry and other light reading; was fond of music; loved the country; took peculiar pleasure in gardening; and had even an extremely happy taste in laying out grounds. His early education appears to have been further prosecuted afterwards; and he was familiar with the Latin classics, although there is no reason to believe that he had much acquaintance with the Greek. In all our own classical writers he was well versed; and his time was much given to reading them. A correspondence with his nephew, which Lord Grenville published about thirty years ago, showed how simple and classical his tastes were, how affectionate his feelings, and how strong his sense of both moral and religious duty. These letters are reprinted in the present work, because the answers have since been recovered; but it contains a great body of other letters both to and from him. Amongst the latter, are to be found constant tokens of his amiable disposition.

We regard this work, indeed, as one of the greatest value; and

hold the editors (of whom Mr Taylor,\* his great-grandson and personal representative, is one) to have formed a wise resolution, both as to their own duty, and the best service they could render at once to the memory of their illustrious ancestor, and to the public interests, by determining to keep back no part of the precious documents intrusted to their care. The first volume alone is completed, and lies before us. We understand that four or five more are to follow without much delay. The letters contained in the present volume, though, of course, less interesting than those which may be expected in the sequel, contain, nevertheless, important matter of various kinds, both in Lord Chatham's own letters, and in those of his correspondents. They throw, also, considerable light upon that firm and determined mind, of which we have spoken in the very inadequate attempt to portray his character. The earliest date is 1741, when he was only twenty-eight years of age; and they come down to the year 1759. The editor, Mr Wright, has given full notes, containing exactly the kind of information which the perusal of the letters would set the reader upon seeking, and which he could not find without turning over many books. Nothing, therefore, can be more convenient than the form of the publication. We may somewhat regret its appearing in single volumes; we shall accordingly expect the continuation with impatience; but in the mean-while our readers have a right to be made acquainted with some of the contents of the present volume.

There is much allowance to be made for the overdone politeness, and something for the very aristocratic habits of the last age, in observing the intercourse of private society, and the forms, at least, in which it was carried on. This probably, rather than any real humility of disposition, must account for such a style as the following, and similar letters to the Duke of Newcastle; a personage whose wealth and rank, and accidental place at the head of the Whig party, could alone command any portion of respect; for his talents were of the lowest description, and his political life was a mere scene of party-jobbing from first to last.

‘ *Bath, April 5, 1754.*

‘ My Lord Duke,—I received the honour of your Grace's letter of the 2d instant yesterday evening, and I take this opportunity of the post, to return you my sincerest, humblest thanks, for the great condescension and very kind manner in which it is written. I should make a very ill return to your Grace's goodness, if I were to go far back into

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\* This respectable gentleman is grandson of the late Lord Stanhope, being the son of his daughter Lady Lucy, by his first wife, who was the niece of Mr Pitt, and the grand-daughter of Lord Chatham.



the disagreeable subject that has occasioned you the trouble of writing a long and very obliging letter. Amidst all your business, I should be ashamed to tease your Grace's good-nature with much repetition of an uneasy subject, and necessarily so stuffed with impertinent egotisms. Whatever my sensations are and must be of my situation, it is sufficient that I have once openly exposed them to your view, as I thought I owed it to your Grace and to myself to do.

'As to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, I hope your Grace does not think me filled with so impertinent a vanity, as to imagine it any disparagement to myself to serve under your Grace, as the head of the Treasury. But, my Lord, had I been proposed for that honour, and the King reconciled to the thought of me, my honour would have been saved, and I should have declined it with pleasure in favour of Mr Legge, from considerations of true regard for his Majesty's service. My health at the best is too unsettled, &c. Very few have been the advantages and honours of my life; but among the first of them, I shall ever esteem the honour of your Grace's favourable opinion. You have tried me, and have not found me deceive you; to this your Grace's favourable opinion and to your protection I recommend myself, and hope that some retreat neither dishonourable nor disagreeable may (when it is practicable) be opened to me.'

A like tone, when employed towards Lord Hardwicke, cannot so much surprise any one; although in these days, even towards such a person, the following would be deemed a somewhat exaggerated expression of respect from a person in the commanding position then occupied by Mr Pitt.

*Bath, April 6, 1754.*

'My Lord,—No man ever felt an honour more deeply, than I do that of your Lordship's letter. Your great goodness in taking the trouble to write, amidst your perpetual and important business, and the very condescending and infinitely obliging terms, in which your Lordship is pleased to express yourself, could not fail to make impressions of the most sensible kind. I am not only unable to find words to convey my gratitude; but I am much more distressed to find any means of deserving the smallest part of your Lordship's very kind attention and indulgence to a sensibility carried, perhaps, beyond what the cause will justify, in the eye of superior and true wisdom. I venerate so sincerely that judgment, that I shall have the additional unhappiness of standing self-condemned, if my reasons, already laid before your Lordship, continue to appear insufficient to determine me to inaction.

'I am now to ask a thousand most humble pardons of your Lordship for the length, and, I fear, still more for the matter, of this letter. If I am not quite unreasonable, your Lordship's equity and candour will acquit me: if I am so unfortunate as to appear otherwise, where it is my ambition not to be thought wrong, I hope your Lordship's generosity and humanity will, notwithstanding, pardon failings that flow from no ill principle, and that never can shake my unalterable wishes for the quiet and security of Government.'

This language, however, is ascribable to the fashion of the

day; it is that of respect; it may be little more than courtesy. No other feelings are expressed, and no affection is pretended. As much cannot be said of Lord Bute's letters to Lord Chatham; these are in a somewhat fulsome strain of tenderness not altogether usual among statesmen.

*' Saturday, March 2, 1757.*

*' My dearest Friend,*

*' I cannot think of interrupting your airing this fine day; yet must pour out my heart in the sincerest congratulations upon the success of your great and most able conduct yesterday.\* I have for some time past seen many gloomy and desponding worthy men. With these I have ever insisted, that measures once taken, maturely weighed, and thought the best, the safest, and most generous, were to be pursued, let the inconstant gale of popular favour blow which way it will. I know how much we think alike; and you have acted on this, as on all other occasions, the part of Horace's "firmum et tenacem propositi virum." You feel the inward satisfaction arising from it, and have met with the most deserved applause; but had opinions (through suspicion, envy, or the arts of party) taken another turn, I am certain the firm support and countenance of him who is some day to reap the fruits of my friend's unwearied endeavours for the public safety, would make him perfectly easy under the frowns of prejudiced, deluded, fluctuating men.*

*' Go on, my dear Pitt: make every bad subject your declared enemy, every honest man your real friend. I, for my part, must desire ever to share with you in both, who am unalterably, your most affectionate friend, and devoted servant.'*

*Again,—*

*' March, 1757.*

*' My dear Friend,*

*' I enter heartily into the base unworthy manner that you have been treated in. Though no perfidy in that quarter will ever surprise me, yet I own I am amazed at the impudence of the assertion. I regret extremely not having had my share in the tragedy. I confess I am anxious about your situation. It is my noblest, best friend's fortune that is at stake; it is mine, nay, 'tis that of a greater person than either of us—of one who knows, who feels your danger, and still looks upon it as his own. I say, I am anxious, my friend, but that is all; far from desponding, I look on all that happens now as the last efforts of a long, adverse fortune. We have hitherto had the whole chapter of accidents against us; the time must be at hand for better things. Is there a man of the whole opposite party, that would not abandon his colours, to stand as near the Hope of England as we do? Victory is before us; our ene-*

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\* In the House of Commons, on the debate upon the King's message for granting £200,000 for an army of observation, and enabling his Majesty to fulfil his engagements with the King of Prussia.

mies know it and tremble. Long may you continue, my dear Pitt, in an office that your parts and good heart adorns : may you be found there at that critical minute that, sooner or later, we are sure (if alive) to meet with : this is the hope, nay, the real comfort of him who will ever share your adversities, and rejoice in your happiness. I ever am, my dearest friend, most affectionately yours, &c.

The 'greater person than either of us,' was, of course, that very honest and sincere character Frederick, Prince of Wales—a man who, even in those times of falsehood, in all its ramifications of intrigue and job, stood unrivalled in the prevailing arts of his age.

The following brief letter is not conceived in quite the same style as either of the preceding ones. Lord Exeter had written to complain of his militia regiment being ordered to Bristol, contrary, he said, to an 'assurance from Mr Pitt that they should 'not.' This was the reply :—

'My Lord,

'The matter of your Lordship's letter surprises me as much as the style and manner of it. I never deceive, nor suffer any man to tell me I have deceived him. I declare upon my honour, I know nothing of the order to march the Rutlandshire militia, if any such be given. I desire therefore to know what your Lordship means by presuming to use the expression of being deceived by me. I am your Lordship's humble servant,

'W. PITT.

'I delay going out of town till I hear from your Lordship.'

Among the most singular pieces contained in this correspondence is the elaborate and very able despatch of Mr Pitt to Mr B. Keene, our Ambassador at Madrid, instructing him to attempt bringing over Spain from the Family Compact, and making her take part with this country ; especially in recovering Minorca, the importance of which he seems to have rated very high. The part of these instructions which will now strike the English and French reader most, is that in which Mr Pitt authorizes the ambassador to offer the cession of Gibraltar to Spain. This would, no doubt, be held a very impolitic and even a discreditable measure nowadays ; but the circumstances are materially changed since the famous defence of that fortress by Elliot has made the honour of our arms and nation be more or less dependent upon its retention ; and we may be well assured that Lord Chatham would have been the last person in the country to counsel such a sacrifice had he lived to the present times. In 1757, his colleagues fully concurred with him on this point ; and they laid before the King a Cabinet minute, in which the following passage occurs, and of which a copy was forwarded to the Ambassador :—'In this necessary view their Lordships most

‘humbly submit their opinion to your Majesty’s great wisdom—  
 ‘that overtures of a negotiation should be set on foot with that  
 ‘Court, in order to engage Spain, if possible, to join their arms  
 ‘to those of your Majesty, for the obtaining a just and honourable  
 ‘peace, and mainly for recovering and restoring to the crown of  
 ‘England the most important island of Minorca, with all the forts  
 ‘and fortresses of the same, as well as for re-establishing some  
 ‘solid system in Europe; and inasmuch as it shall be found neces-  
 ‘sary for the attaining these great and essential ends, to treat with  
 ‘the Crown of Spain as an effectual condition thereunto, concern-  
 ‘ing an exchange of Gibraltar for the island of Minorca, with the  
 ‘ports and fortresses thereof, their Lordships are most humbly of  
 ‘an unanimous opinion, that the Court of Spain should, without  
 ‘loss of time, be sounded with respect to their dispositions there-  
 ‘upon; and if the same should all be found favourable, that the  
 ‘said negotiation should be carried forward and ripened for exe-  
 ‘cution, with all possible despatch and secrecy.’ It may be added  
 that General Wall, the Spanish Prime Minister, received this  
 proposal, according to Sir B. Keene’s report of his conference,  
 ‘with cool politeness;’ and showed no disposition at all to quit  
 the French alliance.

In the following letter, Lord Bute, then prime courtier, and  
 indeed Governor of the young Prince, afterwards so well known  
 as George III., thus mentions him to Mr Pitt:—

‘Friday, August 5, 1757.

‘My Dearest Friend,

‘I heartily thank you for giving me this early notice of this event; \*  
 for, terrible as it is, certain knowledge is better than uncertain rumours.  
 I do not know that, in my life, I ever felt myself so affected with any  
 foreign transaction. Oh, my dear friend, what dreadful auspices do we  
 begin with! and yet, thank God, I see you in office. If ever the wreck  
 of this crown can be preserved to our amiable young Prince, ’tis to your  
 efforts, your abilities, my dear Pitt, that he must owe it. Let what will  
 happen, one thing comforts me: I know you have a soul fit for these  
 rough times; that, instead of sinking under adversity, will rise and grow  
 stronger against it.

‘Farewell, my dearest friend. No event shall ever make me cease to  
 be one minute most affectionately, most sincerely, yours,’ &c. &c.

The following remarkable letter is from the self-same ‘amiable  
 ‘young Prince,’ when he had nearly ruined his country by his  
 senseless and obstinate bigotry about America. It certainly

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\* The defeat of the Duke of Cumberland by Marshal D’Etree’s at  
 Hastenbach, on the 25th of July; in consequence of which the city of  
 Hanover was taken possession of by the French.

breathes a spirit the reverse of 'amiable.' He is writing in answer to Lord North's proposal for putting Mr William Pitt's name in Lord Chatham's pension. The letter is not contained in the work before us; nor has it ever been made public; but we can answer for its perfect authenticity:—'The making Lord Chatham's family suffer for the conduct of their father is not in the least agreeable to my sentiments. But I should choose to know him to be totally unable to appear on the public stage before I agree to any offer of that kind, lest it should be wrongly construed a fear of him; and indeed his political conduct the last winter was so abandoned that he must, in the eyes of the dispassionate, have totally undone all the merit of his former conduct. As to any gratitude to be expected from him or his family, the whole tenor of their lives has shown them void of that most honourable sentiment. But when decrepitude or death puts an end to him as a trumpet of sedition, I shall make no difficulty, in placing the second son's name instead of the father's, and making up the pension £3000.'

From so unpleasing a picture of the Monarch, let us turn to view the great Statesman's amiable feelings in private life, as depicted in the following letter to his wife. It is contained in the present volume.

'Hayes, Saturday, July 1, 1758.

'My dear Love,

'I hope this letter will find you safe arrived at Stowe, after a journey which the little rain must have made pleasant. Hayes is as sweet with these showers as it can be without the presence of her who gives to every sweet its best sweetness. The loved babes are delightfully well, and remembered dear mamma over their strawberries; they both looked for her in the prints, and told me "Mamma gone up there—Stowe Garden." As the showers seem local, I may suppose my sweet love enjoying them with a fine evening sun, and finding beauties of her acquaintances grown up into higher perfection, and others, before unknown to her and still so to me, accomplishing the total charms.

'The messenger is just arrived, and no news. Expectation grows every hour into more anxiety—the fate of Louisburgh and of Olmutz probably decided, though the event unknown—the enterprise crowned with success or baffled, at this moment—and indications of a second battle towards the Rhine. I trust, my life, in the same favouring Providence that all will be well, and that this almost degenerate England may learn from the disgrace and ruin it shall have escaped, and the consideration and security it may enjoy, to be more deserving of the blessing.

'Sister Mary's letter of yesterday will have carried down the history of Hayes to last night; and the continuator of this day has the happiness to assure my sweetest love of the health of its inhabitants, young and old. The young are so delightfully noisy that I hardly know what I write. My most affectionate compliments to all the congress. Your ever loving husband.'

The short notices which follow are not a little curious.

Dr Markham, afterwards Archbishop of York, in a letter to the Duchess of Queensberry, solicited her Grace to apply to Mr Pitt for a Consulship, which the Doctor says a worthy friend of his much desired. 'This friend was no less a man than Edmund Burke! 'It is time,' says Dr Markham, 'I should say who my friend is. His name is Edmund Burke—as a literary man he may possibly be not quite unknown to you. He is the author of a piece which imposed on the world as Lord Bolingbroke's, called, "The Advantages of Natural Society," and of a very ingenious book, published last year, called, a "Treatise on the Sublime and the Beautiful."'

These melancholy and striking lines—the last that General Wolfe wrote to his patron—were penned only four days before his glorious death: 'I am so far recovered as to do business; but my constitution is entirely ruined, without the consolation of having done any considerable service to the state; or without any prospect of it.'

The King of Prussia's opinion of Mr Pitt is given in some very remarkable expressions, in an extract of a letter from Sir A. Mitchell, the British envoy at Berlin:—'A few days before his Prussian Majesty left the camp of Schmotseiffen in order to fight the Russians, talking at table of England, he said—"Il faut avouer que L'Angleterre a été longtems en travail, et qu'elle a beaucoup soufferte pour produire Monsieur Pitt; mais enfin elle est accouchée d'un Homme." Such a testimony, from such a Prince, crowns you with honour, and fills me with pleasure.'

We shall close our extracts with the following letter, which was written by Mr Pitt to the Prussian Monarch, in January 1759: 'Sire,

'La lettre qui me comble de gloire, et que votre Majesté a daigné me faire de la même main qui fait le salut de l'Europe, m'ayant pénétré de sentimens au dessus de toute expression, il ne me reste qu'à supplier votre Majesté, qu'elle veuille bien permettre qu'au défaut de paroles, j'aie recours aux foibles efforts d'un zèle inaltérable pour ses intérêts, et que j'aspire à rendre ma vie entière l'interprète d'un cœur rempli d'admiration, et profondément touché de la plus vive, et de la plus respectueuse reconnaissance.

En vous dédiant, Sire, un devouement de la sorte, je ne fais qu'obéir aux volontés du Roi, qui n'exige rien tant de ceux qui ont l'honneur de servir sa Majesté dans ses affaires, que de travailler avec passion à rendre indissolubles les liens d'une union si heureuse entre les deux Cours.

'Agréez, Sire, qu'animé de ces vœux je fasse des vœux pour les jours de votre Majesté, et qu'en tremblant, je la suive en idée, dans la carrière d'actions merveilleuses qui se succèdent continuellement, sans cesser, toutefois, d'être prodiges; et que j'ose supplier très humblement votre

Majesté, qu'au milieu de tous ses travaux, elle veuille bien songer, un moment, à me continuer la gloire et le bien inestimable de cette protection, qu'elle m'a fait la grace de m'accorder. Je suis, avec le plus profond respect, Sire, de votre Majesté,

‘Le très humble et très obéissant serviteur,

‘W. PITT.’

No notice has been taken in this article of a report very generally prevalent, that this great man, at one period of his life, laboured under a degree of irritation amounting to mental disease. That the evidence of this is drawn from suspicious sources—the remains of his political and even personal antagonists—is certain. But an historical sketch of his character could hardly be exempt from the charge of imperfection, if not of partiality, which should avoid all notice of the subject. That he laboured under some depression of spirits, aggravated, in all probability, by the treatment which he had experienced from inferior minds, devoid of all gratitude for his former services, and all due appreciation of his great capacity, may readily be admitted. It is also the fact, that through repeated attacks of an hereditary gout, to which he was from his early age a martyr, he experienced great irritability during the same period, namely, that of his last Administration. The intrigues of his Cabinet, his unhappy differences with George Grenville first, and afterwards with Lord Temple also, his brothers-in-law, together with the admitted severity of his gout during the time in question, will sufficiently explain the reluctance which he showed to engage in business, to attend Cabinet meetings, and to present himself at Court. The remaining circumstances relied upon,—as his squandering away the ample legacy of Sir William Pynsent, and his impetuous proceedings in carrying on improvements at his Kentish villa, with no regard to expense, and even little attention to the period of the day or night when he required the work to be done,—may all be well accounted for by the known ardour of his disposition; and are truly to be reckoned among the natural ebullitions of the same vehement determination of purpose which, exerted upon greater things, formed the leading feature of his commanding character. The same kind of charge has been made against Napoleon, from the like overflowings having been remarked of a genius grand, and consistently grand, while it occupied only its proper channel; and imputations of this kind, it must be observed, are always acceptable to those who envy the greatness which they cannot aspire to emulate, and misconstrue actions which they cannot comprehend.

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ART. IX.—*The Life of Sir Edward Coke, Lord Chief-Justice of England in the reign of James I., with Memoirs of his Contemporaries.* By CUTHBERT W. JOHNSON, Esq. of Gray's Inn, Barrister at Law. 2 vols. 8vo, London: 1837.

‘O F writing many books, there is,’ saith Solomon, ‘no end:’ which is understood of such as are written to no end. Thus reporteth my Lord Coke; and his biographers at least are bound to take his word. The last twelve years have brought forth no fewer than four lives of Coke; of which Mr Johnson, from the way in which he speaks of the old article by Oldys, in the ‘*Biographia Britannica*,’ must be presumed never to have heard. After this, it would be a waste of time to say a single word, either of his qualifications for the task on which he has volunteered, or of the way in which he has performed it. His brother, it seems, had written a life of Selden. If this has been his inducement to follow with the life of Coke, it is very amiable and fraternal; but such a reason will perhaps be scarcely thought sufficient by the common run of vulgar readers.

The life by Mr Woolrych was a work of minute detail. The others were summaries of considerable merit; and could not be otherwise—for Mr Amos, Mr H. Roscoe, and Mr Jardine were severally their compilers. These different productions are not, however, so markedly distinguished from each other by their ability or their object, but that, upon Coke’s maxim, more than one of them might have well been spared. What chance was left, then, for the multifarious commonplaces and omissions of Mr Johnson? His miscellany is much the longest, much the dearest, and much the worst. It brings up the rear, like an ill loaded baggage-waggon. In such a case *caveat emptor* is a maxim which bears very hard upon the purchaser of literary wares. From the number of these recent biographies, and from the notice which Mr Johnson’s publication, such as it is, has nevertheless received, there appears to be a curiosity at present about Coke, which deserves to be rewarded by an account of him, of a somewhat higher order than has yet been given. He is no hero of ours. But the juridical and political crisis on which he was thrown, enabled him to be of great use to English law, and of some use to English liberty. His name is so completely incorporated with an important part of the history of his country, at a most important period, that a good likeness of Coke ought certainly to be found among its national portraits. We feel that there is no inconsistency in wishing that such a biographer, as



alone we can desire to see, would enter upon the task. In a more judicious collection and arrangement and use of the materials,—in a rational sifting of the evidence, and in a more useful choice of the points of view,—ample room has been left by previous writers for the composition of a new and striking biography.

We have no thought of attempting this at present. Whoever undertakes it would do wisely, we think, to separate the private, the professional, and the political narratives into as many distinct chapters; and to throw the most striking documents relating to each division into their appropriate appendix. The materials will have to be hunted out and brought together from different quarters. Coke himself will not contribute as much as might be expected; since, although he lived in the age of annotations and collections, and was just the person to make them, yet, his papers having been twice seized by Government, his biography most probably sustained an irreparable loss on both occasions. The first seizure was made in 1621, when he was sent himself a close prisoner to the Tower. It was conducted by Sir Robert Cotton, whom, when Chief-Justice, he had committed, upon information of his having intelligence with the Spanish ambassador. Roger Coke mentions that they took away even securities for money. The second seizure was on his deathbed, when even his will was carried off, containing the provisions for younger children, and which was never afterwards recovered. We owe the Commentary upon Magna Charta, the Pleas of the Crown, and the Jurisdiction of Courts, to the continued importunity of the House of Commons, who (but not until some years had elapsed) prevailed on the King to take some course, according to his former promise, for their discovery and restoration, and who secured the printing of them to his executor. Among the materials now accessible, Coke's own note-book, the extracts from Chamberlayne's letters which are scattered over Nicholl's *Progresses of Elizabeth* and James, Lady Hatton's various memorials, and sundry anecdotes in the writings of contemporaries, furnish authentic and interesting comments upon his private story. Selections from his own writings are the best authority for the legal. His politics must be traced by his share in the Parliamentary proceedings of his time. They will be seen in those passages in Townsend's and D'Ewe's journals, which exhibit his management of the House of Commons in 1592; when it was his business, in the double character of Speaker and Solicitor-General, to keep back unpleasant subjects, and confine debaters to the simple topic for which the Parliament had been summoned—the alarms from Spain. But his proper political career begins

at a much later date, and a most striking account of it is preserved in the first volume of the House of Commons' Journals. Coke nowhere appears so extraordinary as in the prominent part he took in almost every committee and debate during the stirring years which passed from 1620 to 1628, both inclusive. The short pithy notes which were taken down at that time by the Clerk of the House (though without the sanction of the House itself), give an excellent idea of the living scene and persons; more so by far than the few and comparatively formal speeches in the Parliamentary History. They are a rude sketch taken at the moment, and make the reader feel himself a party in all that is going on.

The first step towards getting at the character of a man is to make out what is the life he has really led. Coke, like every other individual, must stand or fall by his own conduct. But this is not all. We have inadequate means of forming a just opinion of the complexion and bearing of any individual nature, if we do not also know something of the general temper and manners of the age. The age of Elizabeth and James will be found, at least in the upper ranks, to have been very indifferent to virtue, according to our present standard. We shall not do Coke justice, unless we can tell whether he was more or less affected than others in the atmosphere in which he lived. The next difficulty, in estimating the merits, especially of political chiefs, in periods of excitement and temptation, regards the degree of credit which is due to the word *of this or that contemporary*, whether it be in blame or praise. In this case, whenever special witnesses to character are to be called, it is necessary to ascertain their particular biasses and good faith, and to check the evidence accordingly. That Coke is railed against both by James the First and Bacon, is so far from being any presumption to his disadvantage, that it is quite the contrary; except where their charges are supported by independent testimony. On the other hand, we do not want Nalson's reproof of Rushworth for deliberate omissions, made for the express purpose of screening Coke, to satisfy us that we ought to attach but little weight to the favour with which the veteran Liberal was welcomed at the eleventh hour by the popular party\* whom he led on to triumph. The courtier of James and the calculating ally of Buckingham, unexpectedly 'ratted' to the people; and Parliamentary charity, we are well aware, forgets and forgives all things to a useful political partisan.

Coke, we repeat, is no hero of ours. If he be indeed the hero of the English law, so much the worse for it. There must, in that event, be some grievous fault in the training part of it.

that he felt morally and intellectually at home. Coke and the law might have been made for each other. Whatever he did for it, it did as much, or more for him. His progress in it is the line of light along his life. It gave him occupation, riches, power. Its learning was the only learning of which he had a conception or a care. In the corporate spirit of the profession, and among the admirers it provided him with, he found the only acquaintance, he ever had, whom he could mistake for friends. The Inns of Court were at this time the 'third Universitie,' he loved to call them; and he retained to the last a lively recollection of the advantage which he had derived, and the skill which he had displayed in the *mootings* and exercises of its students. In consequence of his superior attainments, its period of probationary study was abridged in his favour. He was equally successful there as a teacher. In 1579 (two years after he had been called to the bar), he was named Reader to Lyons Inn. The fame of his Lectures raised him immediately into extensive practice. One and the same year (1592) saw him afterwards appointed Solicitor-General, Reader to the Inner Temple, and Speaker of the House of Commons. This seems a strange union of offices with our present habits. And so utterly have the Inns of Court abdicated their duty of superintending the education of their members, that the strangest part of it, is to find that the duty was then placed in such distinguished hands. These Lectures acquired for him a popularity among his brethren more flattering, if not more lucrative, than the former crowding in of clients. He had delivered five out of seven Lectures on the statute of Uses, when he was driven away by the plague from a class of a hundred and sixty members of the Society. Of these, nine Benchers, and forty other members, paid him the compliment of accompanying him on his way into Suffolk, as far as Romford. Coke owed every step in his promotion to his merit only. His pre-eminence was so universally acknowledged, that he had no occasion to employ (and it was an honest boast) *aut precem aut pretium*, for a seat whether in the Courts of Justice or the House of Commons. He would have been made Solicitor earlier, but that the intrigues of Essex and Cecil, in favour of Bacon, who was ten years his junior, and who had never studied the law but as a secondary object, prevailed so far as to keep the office vacant much longer than was just by the public, or by Egerton the then Attorney. The same delay in filling up the office, and from the same cause, took place again soon afterwards, when Coke became, in 1594, Attorney-General himself. In this, at that time, and perhaps always, the most important situation in the law, next to that of the Lord Chancellor, he long continued—eminent above all who had gone be-

fore, and all who have come after him, for his incredible industry and learning, pride, and violence. The disgraceful figure which he makes as a Crown lawyer, in the State Trials, is one of the worst parts of our legal annals. In the year 1606 he was removed to the Chief-Justiceship of the Common Pleas. Of the many characters which Coke sustained during his restless life, that of a Judge is the only one in which we can look upon him with feelings approaching to satisfaction. Under the recommendations of boundless knowledge, and an obsequiousness as boundless, Bacon had by this time crept into favour with James the First; and in the year 1613, he succeeded, for purposes of his own, in transferring his ancient rival to the Chief-Justiceship of the King's Bench. Coke smarted under the indignities to which he was subjected from time to time by these congenial allies—now, trying to bully or cajole himself, now encouraging encroachments on the jurisdiction of his Court. From this high office, within three short years, his judicial sturdiness earned him his dismissal. If upon this he had retired into private life, with a haughty consciousness of his merits; or, hushed in grim repose, had calmly trusted to the necessities which sooner or later must bring on a parliament, and together with a parliament opportunities for revenge, he might have left comparatively an untarnished name. The baseness with which he almost immediately repented of having refused to disgrace himself by foul compliances, and the open scandal of purchasing an imperfect restitution to favour by the sale of his daughter, a child of fourteen, in marriage to Sir J. Villiers, are infamies, which the decency of modern times makes it difficult to comprehend.

From this period Coke's occupations cease to be principally legal. However, from 1617 to 1620 he was kept in hand in one way or another. His abilities were made the most of in the despotic drudgeries of the Star Chamber and Council Board; and he was employed in various commissions. His appointment with Bacon and Abbot as joint Commissioner for the office of Lord Treasurer must have encouraged the hope that he might be gratified at last by the White Staff—the favourite object, it would seem, of the avarice and ambition of the aspiring courtiers of James the First. Bacon had informed the King that the studies of the great Common Lawyer had taken this direction. It is evident that these tantalizing prospects came to nothing, either from mutual suspicions or from a difference about the terms. On the one hand, Coke considered that he had earned his restoration or advancement by his general services: on the other, the beggared Court expected that the wealthy hunks should come down with his money like other candidates.

The year 1620 was an important crisis for all parties. It

brought these tamperings and triflings to an end. In November, the King had resolved upon summoning a Parliament. In December, Sir H. Montagu (who in 1616 had succeeded Coke in his Chief-Justiceship) was promoted to the Treasurership—paying, it was said, no less a sum than £20,000 for a dignity, in which the very next year he was to be replaced by Cranfield. So rapid were the changes in this tempting office, that in 1624 there were four ex-Treasurers then alive. The official promotions of 1620, in which no notice was taken of Coke, showed him that he had been outwitted. There are two things which, at this time, it is curious to observe in Bacon's Letters—first, his own unconsciousness of his danger from a House of Commons; next, the confidence with which Coke was taken into the consultations of the court. They made so sure of Buckingham's connexion, and supposed dependent, that he was returned for Liskeard, an obscure Cornish borough. The faithless triumvirate, Buckingham, Bacon, and the King, must have been thunderstruck at their folly. For, no sooner had Parliament met, than Coke seized the earliest opportunity of proving to them all his sense, both of his wrongs and of his power. He put himself at once at the head of the country party. The next eight years constitute the whole of his true parliamentary reputation. They exhibit the singular picture of an ex-Chief Justice entering the House of Commons between the age of seventy and eighty; and by his intrepidity and capacity, his readiness and indefatigableness, commanding the obedience of a body of men who must have been most of them strangers to him, and all suspicious of him. He so completely carried every thing at once before him, that the King might well call him 'Captain Coke'. On raising the standard of defection from the Court, he had no need to go to the rotten end of England for a seat. At one or other of the elections which now so rapidly ensued, he had the option of the town of Coventry, or of the counties of Buckingham, Suffolk, and Norfolk, apparently as he thought fit. If the Stuarts could have taken warning, surely it was here. On the contrary, the way that the King showed his sense of the lesson it might have conveyed, was to attempt to except him from the general pardon. He was then committed to the Tower in December 1621; proceeded against both in the Star-Chamber and the Court of Wards; and was only released, after eight months' severe imprisonment, under an order to confine himself to his house, in Buckinghamshire, and not repair to Court without express license from the King. At the close of 1623, the device for getting him out of the way assumed the form of a commission, to enquire into the Irish Church Establishment. A passport for Ireland was granted him by the Council; but as the Court at that time managed to

scramble on without calling a Parliament, it seems not to have been carried into effect. His exclusion, in the second Parliament of 1625, from the representation of Norfolk, was accomplished in substance by naming him Sheriff of Buckinghamshire. For, after compelling the Government to modify the Sheriff's oath, he appears to have submitted to a sort of compromise by which he retained his seat, but did not attend in his place. At the end of the session in 1629, he withdrew altogether into retirement. A life prolonged to eighty-two, interposed three or four years of solitude and devotion between these agitations and the grave.

Such are the principal facts, legal and political, in the external history of Coke. He can hardly have understood the bearings and the consequences of the political Brief, which he lived to do little more than open: and it is difficult to anticipate what course he would have taken. He left a great cause in wise and noble hands—those of Selden, Pym, and Hampden. Would he have trembled with his brother lawyer on the banks of the Rubicon? or would he have sided with the bolder statesmen, and outstepped the precedents of former freedom? The answer to this question we are afraid depends quite as much on the notion which Coke might have taken at the time of his personal interests, as on his general views either of the English constitution or the exigency of the public crisis.

By intelligence and energy Coke was signally qualified for public life. But his moral weaknesses so unfitted him for it, that it was not the least of his obligations to the law, that it so long kept him out of the rivalries and intrigues of the politicians of his day. He had the misfortune to live in a half-civilized age. The recollections and the dread of revolutions kept society in a constant panic: statesmen and courtiers regarded each other with suspicious fear. There was nothing of which men like Sir Robert Cecil and Sir Walter Raleigh were not capable to secure themselves against a rival. How much Coke had to thank his legal, and Bacon his philosophical pursuits, for the degree to which they were saved from such temptations, is very clear by the difference we see in them as soon as ever they come in contact with the poison of contemporary politics. In their humbler lines it was only necessary to rouse them, and they had apparently as few scruples as the rest. We believe that in both cases their public corrupted their private habits. At the same time, we are satisfied from this, and on other grounds, that they could neither of them have ever been the centre of any enthusiastic attachment and respect in private life. With regard to Coke, the most that can be said for him is, that if he had been content to be a Nor-

folk squire, or an antiquarian lawyer, the worst parts of his disposition might have been dormant. He must have been always troublesome from his want of moderation, and unamiable from his want of sympathy with others; yet in that case he might probably have passed for hard and honest. As it was, the dearest charities and relationships became only of value in his eyes as convenient materials for his aggrandisement. It is matter of good fortune, rather than of praise, that the narrow limits of private life lessen the opportunities of going wrong. There is room within its sacred circle for little much more criminal than the sacrifice of the domestic happiness of those whom we are bound to love. The general ends which Coke had proposed to himself in life, seem to have been, perhaps, too personal and rigid, but on the whole, good and reasonable. He had wisdom and conscience enough for that. His fault was, want of sense, humanity, and temper, in the means he used to compass them. From his resolution to compass them at all events, he ordinarily overdid his object, and led a life of violent extremes. For instance—he was quite right in determining to be his own master, and to depend as little as may be upon any body but himself. But he nearly ruined his purpose by his way of executing it. Thus the wise determination to be pecuniarily independent, hurried him into the reproach of avarice. He had recognised from the first the great truth, that pecuniary independence was a good foundation for independence of a better kind. And he must afterwards have applauded his own prudence, when he perceived that this housekeeper virtue would have saved James I. and Bacon from half the degradations in which they sank. The fault was not knowing where to stop. The death of his father, when he was ten years old, had served only to concentrate his powers in their natural direction, and widen the circle which he aspired to fill. The considerable inheritance which then descended to him assisted the development of the organ of accumulation. He was but twenty-six years old when he already began to add to his patrimonial estate. In his original book of ‘Title Deeds,’ he has noted against the first indenture—‘This was the first purchase made by the aforesaid Sir Edward Coke.’ This occurrence, the memory of which was so precious to him, took place in 1576—two years before his first Brief. He was so persevering an adder of field to field, that there is a tradition in the family that James I. became jealous of his purchases, and told him that he had as much land as a subject should possess. On which Coke, who was then treating for Castle Acre Priory, encountered his master with one of those pleasantries which James loved—‘Then, please your Majesty, I will only add one acre

‘more.’ This was among the sacrilegious purchases to which Spelman, in his book on *Sacrilege*, attributes the canker which afterwards eat into Coke’s prosperity. It was made in 1615, the year before he was turned out of the Chief-Justiceship. Another specimen which Spelman mentions of this canker, is Coke’s separation from his lady. Two evils which, one should have thought, even the logic of superstition might have connected with nearer causes.

It thus appears that Coke had taken early the great security which riches afford against dishonesty, in its vulgar forms. It had been well with him, were there only one form to the temptations of injustice. The extent to which the particular imputation of avarice went, will scarcely justify the way in which, upon his fall, Bacon undertook to tutor him upon his hardness in money matters. From his knowledge of human nature, he can scarcely have expected that the Ex-Chief-Justice would profit much by his advice. Bacon introduces himself, ‘as a true friend, whose worthy office,’ says he, ‘I would perform; since I fear both yourself and all great men want such, being themselves true friends to few or none: Your too much love of the world is too much seen, when having the living of a thousand, you relieve few or none: The hand that has taken so much, can it give so little? Herein you show no bowels of compassion, as if you thought all too little for yourself; or that God hath given you all that you have (if you think wealth to be his gift, I mean that you get well, for I know sure the rest is not), only to that end you should still gather more, and never be satisfied, but try how much you would gather, to account for all at the great and general audit-day. We desire you to amend this, and let your poor tenants in Norfolk find some comfort; where nothing of your estate is spent towards their relief, but all brought up hither to the impoverishing of your country.’ Bacon afterward proceeds in a separate passage to point out a farther mode by which Coke might usefully employ a portion of his superfluous riches. The artful wording of the paragraph can mean nothing else than bribing the Court. Lady Hatton told Archbishop Williams, that her husband might have returned to the seat of justice upon these terms. He answered that a Judge should neither give bribes nor take them. ‘Learn of the steward to make friends of the unrighteous mammon; you cannot but have much of your estate (pardon my plainness) ill got; think how much of that you never spake for, how much by speaking unjustly, or in unjust causes. Account it then a blessing of God, if thus it may be laid out for your good, and not left for your heir, to hasten the wasting of so much of the rest, perhaps of all;



‘for so we see God oftentimes proceeds in judgment with many ‘hasty gatherers; *you have enough to spare, being well laid to ‘turn the tide, and fetch all things again.*” If Coke set too high a value upon money, he had the sense to part with it manfully and cheerfully upon what he considered adequate occasions. He gave Elizabeth jewels worth more than a thousand pounds, when she visited him at Stoke in a Progress; he subscribed two hundred pounds to one of James’s loans, being as much as was subscribed by the greatest lord—some of the Bishops and other Judges giving only twenty pounds, which was refused. In 1626, rather than vote a subsidy under existing circumstances, he offered £1000 towards the exigencies of the state. His hand could be equally free in the bounties of private life. He made liberal presents to the Officers of the Court upon being dismissed from the King’s Bench; and when a friend sent to him three physicians in his last illness, though he refused to begin to do what he had never done before—take medicine—and that for a disorder which he knew to be incurable—old age—yet he handsomely rewarded them.

Among the expedients to which Coke had had recourse for bettering his condition, that of matrimony was not likely to be left out. In this Bacon was too wise a man to see any thing to blame. Such was the order of the day; and it was no fault of Bacon’s that he had not profited to the same extent after the same fashion. In the narrative of his match-makings, we wish that the worst that could be said of Coke was, that he had not set up for himself or for his children a very romantic standard. Not to marry, out and out for love, is, as the world goes, no hanging matter. But legitimate mercenariness has some bounds. If we want to know Coke’s real character, in his own home, so little is known of him in this important relation, that we must make the most of what incidents we have. Among these, his own marriage and that of his daughter are the most conspicuous. They are so completely decisive of the nature of the man, that they deserve on this account to be stated more at length than would otherwise be at all worth while.

Coke’s matrimonial history is as follows. His first marriage took place in 1582. He was then thirty-two years old, and was rising rapidly at the bar. The lady was a Paston, a Norfolk neighbour. She brought him a fortune of £30,000 (an enormous sum in those days), and ten children. This was a quiet money-marriage, and answered very well for any thing that appears. She died in June 1598; and is called in his memorandum-book ‘his most ‘beloved and most excellent wife.’ His next speculation was a good deal bolder, and turned out as ill as it deserved. This

‘most beloved and most excellent wife’ had not been in her grave six weeks, when, with what remained of the funeral baked meats, the bereaved husband furnished forth his wedding-supper. The stepmother whom he thus unceremoniously placed over his infant family, was a widow, herself scarcely yet of age, of great wealth, wit, and beauty; and no less a person in birth than Lady Hatton, daughter of the eldest son of the great Burleigh. The year before, Essex had in vain interceded with her family for her in favour of her cousin Bacon. It must be looked upon as a singular instance of Coke’s power and prospects, that the prudent Cecils should have closed at once with so summary a suitor. In consideration of the years and occupations of Mr Attorney-General, not only were the ordinary forms of wooing dispensed with on this occasion, but the requisitions of the canonical law were as precipitately overlooked. Archbishop Whitgift was less latitudinarian in his department than the young lady and her relations had been in theirs. He brought them, Burleigh, Coke, and all, into the Spiritual Court; where they escaped the penalty of their offence only by Coke’s gravely pleading in his excuse, his ignorance of the law. It is not likely that ecclesiastical courts stood afterwards the better in his good graces by reason of this adventure.

The animosity which soon divided this amiable couple lasted the life of Coke. The comic scandal of their squabbles rather relieves the gloomy baseness and austerity of the other scenes. The first notice we have of these dissensions begins with the year 1616. Up to this time, they probably managed to domicile together; she performing in Court masques, and complimented in Ben Jonson’s verses; he, toiling in his court and chambers. However, that they never lived together upon tolerable terms, is evident from the language which she afterwards uses on their breaking out into open war. She had never taken his name, and she thus justifies her refusal:—‘Sir William Cornwallis was the man who came from Sir Edward Coke, by whom I returned this answer, that if Sir Edward Coke would bury my first husband, according to his own directions, and also pay such small legacies as he gave to divers of his friends, in all coming not to above L.700 or L.900 at the most, that was left unperformed, he having all Sir William Hatton’s goods and lands to a large proportion—then would I willingly style myself by his name. But he never yielded to the one, so I consented not to the other. The like answer I made to my Lord of Exeter, and my Lord of Burleigh, when they spoke to me of any such business.’ She was a violent high-handed woman; but at the same time of a character which a man of sense and honour might, probably, by

a little management have brought round. At the beginning of his disgrace, his adversaries had calculated upon her for an ally from the general incompatibility of their humours, and from the known provocations which he had given her. They were therefore surprised to find that on that occasion (June 1616) she 'stood by him, in great stead, both in soliciting at the council table, wherein she hath done herself great honour, but especially in refusing to sever her cause from his, as she was moved to do, but resolving and publishing that she would run the same fortune with him.' She went so far as to be forbidden the Court in consequence of her 'braving and uncivil words' to Lady Compton, Buckingham's mother. The cause of her husband, however, was plainly one in which she was not disposed to offer herself up in unrequited martyrdom. She had repented before November. For, in the minute account remaining of his behaviour, upon his final removal in that month from the Chief-Justiceship, it is added,—'Hitherto he bears himself well, but especially towards his lady, without any complaint of her demeanour towards him; though her own friends are grieved at it, and her father sent to him to know all the truth, and to show him how much he disallowed her courses, having divided herself from him, and disfurnished his house in Holborn, and at Stoke, of whatever was in them, and carried all the moveables and plate she could come by, God knows where, and retiring herself into obscure places both in town and country.' A few months, however, were all that was wanted for Coke to put her right in the opinion of her friends, by his indignities towards herself, and his cruel plottings against her daughter. For in the following May (1617) her relations openly sided with her. 'The Lord Coke and his lady have had great wars at the council table. The first time she came accompanied with the Lord Burghley, and his lady, the Lord Danvers, the Lord Denny, Sir Thomas Howard and his lady, with I know not how many more, and declaimed so bitterly against him, and so carried herself that divers said Burbage could not have acted better.' In a letter to the King, written some time afterwards, she explains the above removal of her goods, as being the act of a good and prudent *mater familias*. 'My memory serves me not, but sure I am that it was when I had notice that there were certain bills preferred against him in the Star Chamber, that contained some foul misdemeanour he had committed in his circuits, and that I was credibly informed by some of the late Lord Chancellor's house, that instead of the premunire Sir Edward Coke pretended to bring upon the Lord Chancellor, the said Lord Chancellor was confident to

‘ make good against Sir Edward Coke in the like kind ; there-  
 ‘ fore, let him not blame me if I meant to keep something for  
 ‘ myself, who brought it all to him ; wherein, if I did offend, I  
 ‘ most humbly crave pardon of your Majesty, against whom the  
 ‘ offence was committed.’ With a woman of her temper (the  
 only antagonist, of whom Coke did not, sooner or later, get the  
 better), there would certainly be faults on both sides. The  
 reader may believe, therefore, as much or as little as he chooses  
 of her assertion, that Coke was alone to blame for their original  
 as well as their continued separation.

‘ But let me entreat that a favourable construction may be made of  
 this, that I be not adjudged an alien from Sir Edward Coke’s will and  
 pleasure, which I am ready to obey. For the cause which made me thus  
 averse from him, was when he had signed away my living himself, yet  
 would not by any means give consent to me to obey your Majesty, for  
 neither myself nor any of my friends could ever obtain his allowance  
 thereto. But if I did sign it, he would (as he said) be revenged double  
 and treble of me. And when he was told that I should but sign what  
 he signed before, his answer was, that what he had done was worth no-  
 thing, for if he once came upon his wing again, he would blow all that  
 away. So long I staid in due respect, to have obtained Sir Edward  
 Coke’s leave, till my brother Burghley and myself had committed two  
 contempts against the Court of Chancery, and that warrants were ready  
 to commit us both. Neither durst I have done any thing at all, had  
 your Majesty’s letters not given me the assurance I should not be torn  
 in pieces by this man, as I now am. Secondly, for Mr Solicitor’s Latin  
 sentence from Sir Edward Coke, I must let it pass as being altogether  
 unlearned in that language ; but I presume it will be not thought fit  
 that a husband, whose pleasure it is to leave a wife, should also take  
 away all maintenance from, and make her live off these poor gatherings,  
 that she, in her younger days, hath spared from her pleasures, for the  
 good of her children ; but your Majesty, I trust, will be a just judge of  
 that yourself. Neither do I think it will be thought fit, that though he  
 have five sons to maintain (as he allegeth in his writing), that a wife  
 should be thought unfit to have maintenance according to her birth and  
 fortune.’ ‘ And whereas he accuseth me of calling him, “ base and  
 treacherous fellow ; ” the words I cannot deny, but when the cause is  
 known, I hope a little passion may be excused. It was when he had  
 assigned away all my living by my first husband, and sold his daughter,  
 who was left to my trust and care by Sir William Hatton, and afterwards  
 he deceived the children he had by me of their inheritance.’

In the same spirit she remonstrates with Buckingham after-  
 wards on the violence which had been offered her—in being the  
 first mother from whom a daughter hath been pulled out of her  
 father’s house, and by her father made a prisoner in her half-  
 brother’s. ‘ But I am a woman, and must suffer ; and less than  
 ‘ a woman in being his wife.’

At this distance of time it is out of the question to try to separate this family feud into its respective merits—so much for her resentment at his meanness about her fortune—so much for his cruelty to her child. It is more than the parties could have done themselves. One thing is certain, Coke was far too worldly ever to have carried things to these extremities, if her uncle, the Secretary Cecil, had been still alive. The parties afterwards were reconciled for a short season, but only outwardly, at the King's desire. They continued to live apart. She, together with Bacon, in 1621, was publicly named on an enquiry by the House of Commons, as being at the bottom of a conspiracy to ruin Coke by some unfounded charges. On a premature report of his death, in the year he died, 1634, 'Sir Edward Coke' was said to have been dead all one morning in Westminster Hall this term, insomuch that his wife got her brother, the Lord Wimbledon, to post with her to Stoke, to take possession of that place; but beyond Colnbrook they met with one of his physicians coming from him, who told her of his much amendment, which made them also return to London.'

So much for Coke in the conjugal relation. The ambition which led to this ill-assorted marriage, and the temper of the parties, sufficiently account for its unfortunate results. The next transaction is less ambiguous, and is of a kind which, in the opinion of most persons, will go far towards vindicating Lady Hatton for whatever she may have done, either before or after.

Bad as was his own marriage, that of his daughter was a great deal worse. Coke was by this time sixty-six years old, and his daughter fourteen. The deliberate way in which the Ex-Chief-Justice set about the sacrifice of her, in the hopes of changing the wind which had lately set in so strong against him at the Court, was as barbarous as Agamemnon's policy at Argos. If Lady Hatton had taken it to heart after the fashion of Clytemnestra, she would have had almost the same excuse. The feudal incidents of wardship and marriage had, at this time, corrupted the understandings and hearts of the great upon this subject. Marriage brocade was a misdemeanour and a scandal only in the poor, with whom there was no inducement to the offence. Among courtiers, the influence of the Crown on these occasions continued to be prevalent and prosperous to a much later day. Clarendon speaks of the marriage of Waller the poet with a city heiress, as being the first instance in which any suitor was known to have been successful in opposition to the wishes of the Court. Therefore, that Coke, who had sold himself, should seek to sell his daughter, cannot be surprising. It is the amount of venality and unkindness into

which he plunged on this occasion, which rouses our indignation ; as far exceeding even the average abuse of the sacred prerogatives of a parent. As father of this wretched girl, he had never before troubled himself much about her. Lady Hatton says in her narrative of her conduct :—‘ I had cause to provide for her ‘ quiet, Secretary Winwood threatening she should be married ‘ from me, in spite of my teeth, and Sir Edward Coke daily ‘ permeating (?) my quiet with discoveries,\* intending to bestow ‘ her against her liking, which he said she was to submit to ; ‘ besides, my daughter daily complained and sought to me for ‘ help, whereupon, as heretofore I had accustomed, I bestowed ‘ her apart at my cousin-german’s house, for a few days, for her ‘ health and quiet, till my own business for my own estate were ‘ ended ; Sir Edward Coke never asking me where she was, ‘ no more than at those times when at my placing she had been ‘ a quarter of a year from him, as the year before, with my sister ‘ Burley.’ Coke had had the spirit in his prosperity, to decline on the part of his child, the alliance above alluded to with Buckingham’s elder brother, Sir J. Villiers. To similar proposals from Lord Oxford, he had also answered, that there was time enough, they were too young—an objection which certainly did not apply personally to Villiers. But the Chief-Justice had not been long in disgrace, before, in casting about for the means to restore himself to favour, he unluckily bethought himself of his daughter. The go-between was Mr Secretary Winwood, who, having quarrelled with Bacon, had an interest in bringing Coke back upon the stage.’ On this Winwood writes to Buckingham, who was then in Scotland with the King, that Coke, ‘ coming to transact business with him, began to complain voluntarily of his removal from the King’s favour, and declared that he ‘ could not any longer exist without it : he farther regretted his ‘ want of respect in rejecting the offers which had been made to him ; ‘ promising that if they should be renewed, he would ensure very ‘ advantageous terms on the part of his daughter.’—The match in its progress became a trial of strength between Coke and Bacon ; the latter having entered into the contest before he was aware how far Buckingham and the King were already compromised. Consequently, he had to save himself at last by the most humiliating submissions. For four months or more (from July to November 1617), this marriage and its consequences became one of the principal affairs of State. The settlements were made under the direction of the Privy Council. There can be no doubt of the child’s indifference, if not dislike. Her mother declared that ‘ she voluntarily and deliberately protested, ‘ that, of all men living, she would never have him.’ In

consequence of the threats used both by Coke and Wainwood, Lady Hatton, in the first instance, carried her off secretly to a house of Lord Argyle's, near Oatlands. \*Coke's account and his wife's of his next measures pretty much agree. He informs Buckingham, 'that, by God's wonderful providence, finding where she had been taken, in order to prevent the marriage, I, together with my sons, and ordinary attendants, did break open two doors, and recovered my daughter.' His wife describes it as 'Sir Richard Coke's most notorious riot committed at my Lord of Argyle's house, where, without constable or warrant, associated with a dozen fellows, well weaponed, without cause being beforehand offered to have what he would, he took down the doors of the gatehouse, and of the house itself, and tore the daughter in that barbarous manner from her mother, and would not suffer her to come near her; and when he was before the Lords of the Council to answer this outrage, he justified it, to make it good by law, and yet he feared the face of no greatness;—a word for the encouragement of all notorious and rebellious malefactors, especially from him that had been the Chief-Justice of the law, and of the people reputed the oracle of the law, and a most dangerous bravado cast in the teeth and face of the State, in the King's absence, and therefore, most considerable for the maintenance of authority, and the quiet of the land.' It was in vain that Bacon attempted to justify the official view which he had taken of Coke's misconduct on this occasion. 'It is true also I disliked the riot or violence, whereof we of your Council gave your Majesty advertisement, by our joint letter; and I disliked it the more, because he justified it to be law which was his old song.' Yelverton and Coke both went, at this critical moment, to meet the Court on its return from Scotland. Yelverton as the representative of Bacon; Coke for himself. Yelverton reports their reception in a very characteristic letter to his timid principal. 'Sir Edward Coke hath not forborne, by any engine, to heave at your honour, and at myself, and he works by the *weightiest instruments*. My Lord of Buckingham, who as I see sets him as close to him as his shirt, the Earl speaking in Sir Edward's praise, and as it were menacing in his spirit.'—'Sir Edward Coke, as if he were already upon his wings, triumphs exceedingly; hath made private conference with his Majesty, and in public doth offer himself, and thrust upon the king, with as great boldness of speech as heretofore.' Having found that he could reseize his daughter by force of arms with impunity, Coke proceeded to take the same summary process for the recaption of his goods from out of the hands of Lady Hatton. Restitution of conjugal rights he was

too wise to dream of. The following is the lady's sketch which she sent to the Lords of the Council next month:—

Your Lordships, by order from the King, determined the difference concerning my estate, betwixt Sir Edward Coke and me; that neither moved from my persisting his Majesty's bargain with Sir Robert Rich and Sir Christopher Hatton, from which, without the King's protection, Sir Edward Coke had terrified me; now, that being by me accordingly performed, and all my rights in my first husband's estate thereby cancelled, myself here a prisoner and in the King's disgrace, Sir Edward Coke, according to his own brain, got upon his wings, injured me by all the ways he can, by the advantage of his quality, and the time, and having entered upon all my goods, broke into Hatton-house, seized my coach, and coach-horses—nay, my apparel, which he detains, thrust all my servants out of the doors, without wages, or any consideration; and hath sent down his man Sawman to Corfe to inventory, seize, ship, and carry away all those goods. Which being refused him by the castle keeper, he threatens to bring your Lordships' warrant for the performance thereof. Now for so much as it was before your Lordships established, that he should have only the use of the goods during his life, in such houses as the same appertained to;—without meaning, I hope, of depriving me of such use as always I had had; these also being either the goods I brought at marriage, even then stowed in these several houses, or such as I bought with the money I spared from my allowances;—I most humbly beseech of your Lordships, in your honourable justice, stopping these his high handed tyrannical courses, and thereby unjust, because he would transplant them from one house to another, and the rather that I am a prisoner, much of these goods unpaid for, and a good part belonging to divers my friends, and suffered beyond the measure of either wife, mother, nay, of any ordinary woman in this kingdom, without respect to my father, my birth, my fortune, with which I have too highly raised him.

Coke made the most of this gleam of royal favour. Lord Houghton and Sergeant Ashley were imprisoned for countenancing his wife's libels against him; and she herself was got out of the way by the same short expedient. Mean-while, having the field to himself, he pushed the marriage with his characteristic vehemence; and had the gratuitous impudence to assure Buckingham that his daughter was most deeply in love with Sir J. Villiers. The poor daughter's touching letter to her mother,—without whose formal consent, in consequence it seems of a promise to that effect, she had the courage for a time to withstand her father,—is in a very different tone. 'Hoping that conscience, and the natural affection parents bear to children, will let you do nothing but for my good, and that you may receive comfort, I being a ~~young~~ child, and not understanding the world nor what is good for myself, but wholly resolved to be disposed by you both and my uncle, and aunt Burley,



‘ who, as a second father, I have ever been bound to, for their love and care of me; but that *which makes me a little give way to it is*, that I hope it will be a means to procure a reconciliation between my father and your ladyship, which, I protest, I would rather prejudice myself, than if it were in my power not to accomplish it; for what a discomfort it is to you both, what a dishonour, nay, what an ill example to your children, what occasion of talk to the world, who, without occasion, is apt to speak so much of the best; also, as I think, it will be a means of the king’s favour to my father.’ The marriage took place, however, while Lady Hatton was in confinement, and under circumstances that her daughter would not be persuaded that she could forgive her; until the King afterwards made her swear that she loved her as dearly as ever she did in her life. The Villierses had sought the match for money only; and money they were resolved to have. Coke tried evasions.—Lady Hatton indignant expostulations. But the favourite was too powerful.\* The consequences of this atrocious conspiracy were what might have been expected. The husband, in anticipation of her mother’s property, was made, in 1619, Baron Stoke and Viscount Purbeck. And another abortive struggle was now attempted for as much as £7000 a-year out of the landed estates of both parents. The next year he left her and went abroad; apparently having already spent her fortune. Time passes. She was desirous of joining him in his poverty and sickness, and addressed Buckingham in language of strong remonstrance, that she might have the means to do so. ‘ I shall, with a very good will, suffer with him, and think all but my duty, though I think every wife would not do so. It is the marriage of your brother makes me thus miserable. For if you please but to consider not only the lamentable estate I am in, deprived of all the comforts of a husband, and having no means to live of, besides falling from the hopes my fortune then did promise me, for *you know very well I came no beggar to you, though I am like to be so turned off*. For your honour and conscience-sake take

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\* Highwaymen go to work with more conscience, than this upstart family. Buckingham himself married the Rutland heiress. The King was bent on making out another match between Christopher Villiers and the only daughter of Alderman Harvey, Lord Mayor; *who wished that they were both dead rather than be compelled*. She was no older than Coke’s daughter, being a child of fourteen, and very little of growth. The King sent for them from a dinner at Merchant Tailors’. Fortunately for the girl, the citizen was made of more virtuous stuff than the Chief-Justice; and this marriage did not take place.

‘some course to give me satisfaction, to tie my tongue from crying to God and the world for vengeance, for the unworthy treatment I have received. And think not to send me again to my mother’s, where I have staid this quarter of a year, hoping (for that my mother said you promised), order shall be taken for me, but I never received a penny from you. Her confidence in your nobleness made me so long silent; but now, believe me, I will sooner beg my bread in the streets, to all your dishonours, than any more trouble my friends, and especially my mother, who was not only content to afford us part of the little means she hath left her, but while I was with her, was continually distempered with devised tales which came from your family. My lord, if the great honour you are in can suffer you to have so mean a thought of so miserable a creature as I am; so made by too much credulity of your fair promises, which I have waited for performance of almost these five years, and now it was time to dissent, but that I hope you will one day be yourself, and be guided by your own noble thoughts, and then I am assured to obtain what I desire, since my desire be so reasonable, and but for my own.’ By this account the fortune of the young heiress had already disappeared; Lady Hatton was impoverished—there can be no mystery how; while Coke had apparently discarded his child for having sided with her mother and with the husband to whom he had married her.

Lady Purbeck’s application produced no effect. She was yet scarcely twenty, and had been for two years past deserted by her husband, and neglected by his family. A criminal friendship with Sir Robert Howard (the lover whom she and her mother had originally fancied) ensued soon afterwards. For this she was sentenced by the High Commission to stand in a white sheet in the Savoy Church, but escaped by flight. It is one of the few proofs her father ever gave that his conscience smote him, that he received her in her degradation. At the time of his death, she had been living with him for two years at Stoke. What shapes of shame and self-reproach must her presence have constantly called up! and how painfully must he have discovered that his ambition had overreached itself! He had bought dearly, at the age of forty-eight, his alliance with the Cecils, in the hopes of thereby strengthening a fortune sufficiently secure. This failure did not teach him wisdom or honour. But at the age of sixty-eight, he rushed anew upon a still more criminal experiment,—bargaining away the happiness and the virtue of a helpless daughter. To whom? to the men who had disgraced him—men with whom for the sake of his own self-respect he should have shrunk from the slightest intercourse. And for what? For

the mere chance of getting back again into a station which he knew that he could not expect to keep a month, but at the cost of those very violations of his judicial oath and duty, which only a few months before he had risked that station rather than commit.

We have dwelt the longer upon this melancholy story, since the old man's dealings in it show his violence and meanness—his absence of all dignity, purity, and affection. It is evident that he can have regarded, with little elevation and steadiness of purpose, the seat of justice (his highest glory), when, in the hope of returning to it, he stooped his haughty nature to acts quite as base as, and much more cruel than, pecuniary bribes. Such is Coke's picture as a father. For the scandal of a home, made miserable by his wife and by his daughter, he was himself in the main responsible. Of his sons nothing is known, except of Clement. And he is only remembered for acts of violence. He was sent to the Tower by the House of Commons for striking another member—and ended by killing an adversary in a duel. This looks too like his father's son. For, it is very certain, that Coke's ungovernable choler must have done infinitely more to ruin the tempers of his children, in the way both of suffering and of example, than could be ever set to rights by the lesson, '*Prudens qui patiens*,' contained in his Sergeant's motto; or by his Star-Chamber Homily against duels, which the King desired him to set forth in print.

Temperament and habit made the possession and exercise of power almost necessary to Coke. It had been one of his darling objects to place his fortune on the proud foundation of superior merit, and to owe as little as possible to any body but himself. He must have been soon satisfied that he had nothing to fear from open competition in the profession which he had chosen. Accordingly, the faults which were natural to a man, of whom Bacon said, that he behaved as though he had been born Attorney-General, alone got head under the administration of a Queen famous for her wise selection of her servants. A different system unfortunately came in with James. There was henceforth no office, however grave, for which the recommendation of mere merit was enough. Burleigh himself, whom Elizabeth called her '*Spirit*,' would have been expected to *purchase* the good graces of a Carr and of a Villiers, and to vest the greater part of his authority in their minion hands. The degradation of this unmanly favouritism was infinitely increased from the air of extravagant pretension, and ludicrous absurdity, which characterised both the government and person of this sloven King. His boasted state-craft profited nothing by the friendly hint of the House of Commons, who, in

1610, told him in an address, how much better Elizabeth had understood to manage her acts of power by preventing the scanning of them ; while of all the indignities which he put upon them, that which the people of England resented most, was the attempts, which were now for the first time systematically made, against the honour and integrity of the Courts of Justice. Elizabeth had had always the skill to retreat in time from similar contentions. For information, how ill the Sages of the Law came out of this new ordeal, it is scarcely necessary to refer to Luders's treatise on the character of the Judges of the sixteenth and seventeenth century. Coke made more bravados than the rest, at first ; but in the end behaved very little better. In all other particulars, the turn of the die told infinitely to his disadvantage in the new side of him which adversity displayed.

James's declaration to Parliament in 1607, that the doing any ' act, which may procure less reverence to the Judges, cannot but ' breed a looseness in the Government, and a disgrace to the whole ' nation,' is only one, among many instances, of the little conformity which prevailed between the words and actions of men at this period. Appetite for authority had been originally so strong in Coke, and had by this time been so long pampered, that when he could no longer retain his official greatness honestly, he was yet unwilling to resign it. He had the weakness to imagine that it was one or two acts of opposition only, and not the inaptitude of his general disposition, which had lost him the confidence of the Court. He flattered himself, therefore, that an open profession of penitence and baseness, backed up by their want of his assistance, must bring him back to favour. A great deal less allowance is to be made for the vices which adversity brought out in him, than for those of his prosperity ; since they were not only more deliberate, but must have even cost him considerable effort. It was natural to him to call Raleigh, on his trial, ' spider of hell,' and to hector over the Patentees in the Committee of Monopolies ; but it was most unnatural in him, and must have been most revolting to him, to have to crawl at feet which had trampled on and spurned him. And the object was so small ! For, when called to account by the Privy Council, he could have nothing to be really afraid of. The shifts by which, as the King said, he always fell upon his legs, were nothing but his knowledge of the laws ; and Coke must have been well aware that his real sins against that knowledge had been of a kind which would not lie in the mouth of James. The cases where his doggedness, in opposing the interference of the Crown in the administration of the law, had given offence, were cases of a kind which some of his predecessors had successfully maintained. Whereas in them all

he himself gave in as soon as the pressure became at all serious. In Peachum's case, for instance, after grumbling against taking the opinions of the Judges apart from each other, and in writing, the show of resistance ended in his giving in his separate answer in his own hand. As Chief-Justice of the King's Bench, he was complained of for maintaining the jurisdiction of his Court against the encroachments of the Court of Chancery. What came of it? He atoned for his impertinence by submitting, *erravimus cum patribus*, and by adding, that he and his brethren had since entered his Majesty's commandment to the contrary, as an order of the Court, with a promise to observe it. So, in the question of *Commendams*, upon the Council asking the Judges generally, whether they ought not, in a matter of supposed prerogative, to stay proceedings till his Majesty had consulted them, the boldness of his answer, that when 'the case happened, he would 'do that which should be fit for a Judge to do,' was in fact substantially redeemed. For, he joined his brethren in confessing that they had been in error in the case before them, and in soliciting pardon on his knees. Thus much for the manliness of his conduct in particulars; and for the correctness of those who talk of his having formed the English school of independent Judges. When he states that he owes his learning to the reverend Judges of Elizabeth, he was equally conscious that they had left him an example of virtue also.

The sum of Coke's moral superiority over his colleagues must be confined to this—that he had a higher spirit, and, as the King told him when he dismissed him, was 'No ways corrupt.' Thus far he was entitled to be excepted from the sweeping censure, with which the King afterwards transferred the Great Seal from Bacon to Bishop Williams—saying, 'I am pained at my heart where to bestow it: As for my lawyers, I think they be all knaves.' The royal Solomon ought to have known, before he began as above to tamper with their honour, that the moral principle of men can seldom be destroyed by halves.

If mere retracting in particular cases would have served the purpose of his enemies, Coke would have remained Chief-Justice. To his great astonishment, however, he found he was to be made a martyr—an honour at which he never aimed. The Court had its object in proceeding with him by steps. The first step was his simple suspension from the public exercise of his judicial office, desiring him to do his business in chambers. This was in the month of June. The order was trying to a Judge, who paraded the distinction of being a Judge *curiæ non camere*. However, he obeyed; and with demeanour and words surely sufficiently submissive. The Chief-Justice presented himself before the

Council on his knees, and ‘made answer that he did in all ‘humility prostrate himself to his Majesty’s good pleasure; that ‘he acknowledged that decree to be just, and to proceed rather ‘from his Majesty’s exceeding mercy than from his justice; ‘gave humble thanks to their lordships for their favours and ‘goodness towards him; and hoped for the future time that his ‘behaviour should be such as should deserve their lordships’ ‘favour.’ On this occasion his Reports, which, after the accession of James, he had continued to publish at the express desire of the King, ‘in order to lessen the number of undetermined ‘causes,’ were referred to a Commission of Judges for their revisal. Their discovery of only five insignificant exceptions from among six hundred cases made this investigation appear as frivolous as some of the charges—for instance, that he had assumed the title of Chief-Justice of England, and let his coachman drive bareheaded. Accordingly, we hear no more of it, when, after the Villiers’ marriage, Bacon was authorized to tell the Judges, that in the execution of their task the King’s meaning was, not to disgrace the person but rectify the work. It appears from Bacon’s correspondence with the King, that the rupture with Coke, so far from having grown out of Somerset’s trial (although the Court was provoked at his delays in it), was a thing resolved on before; and was in fact deferred only, in order that they might have his help in that and other matters. The speech of Ellesmere on swearing in his successor, Sir H. Montague, leaves no doubt what impression it was intended that the example of his removal should convey to the profession and the public. Although the odium of certain specific actions might have been explained away more or less satisfactorily, yet his general nature could never have been made acceptable to his royal master. This is evident from a letter which James wrote for the instruction of the Council, soon after the sentence of suspension.

The King observes, that, ‘besides the actions themselves, ‘his Majesty, in his princely wisdom, hath made two special observations of him, the one that he having in his nature not one ‘part of those things which are popular in men,—being neither ‘civil, nor affable, nor magnificent,—he hath made himself popular, by design only, in pulling down government. The other, ‘that, whereas, his Majesty might have expected a change in ‘him, when he made him his own by taking him to be of his ‘council; it made no change at all, but to the worse: he holding on all this former channel, and running separate courses ‘from the rest of the council, and rather busying himself in ‘casting fears before his council, concerning what they should not ‘do, than giving his advice what they should do.’ The only way

in which these general apprehensions could have been neutralized, was one which Coke was not quick enough in taking. He ought on the instant to have ingratiated himself with Buckingham at any cost—or not at all. A long interval had been designedly left between the suspension and dismissal. Coke allowed it to pass. November came, without his having transferred from the old favourite to the new the promise which he had made before to Somerset of a sinecure in his court (which he now was desirous of applying towards increasing the salary of the Puisne Judges); and before he could bring himself to give his daughter and with her (what he grudged as much) a slice of his fortune, in aid of the royal will in behalf of the house of Villiers. Some of these Villierses had originally come up from Leicestershire by the waggon. Yet the King was so besotted with them, that at a reconciliation feast in 1618, he bound his posterity to advance them above all others. A pretty piece of work truly their posterities soon made of it—the greatness of both families, that of Stuart as well as Villiers, disappearing almost together! In the mean-while the King and Buckingham got impatient; and in November Coke was finally dismissed. Upon this Coke became an object of unusual interest; not out of any love for him, but now from hatred to his adversaries, and from the general discontent. It appears by Chamberlayne that the public were of opinion that his errors had in truth been foul; and that the course of his life was not such as would bear being ript up and looked into. But they also truly guessed at the contingencies on which his fate had depended, ‘being as in an ague, having a ‘good day and a bad by fits.’ The King was expressly told that ‘whereas Coke was nothing well beloved before, if he should suffer ‘in this cause he would be accounted the martyr of the Common-wealth.’ It so happened. He had nothing to do but ‘bear his ‘misfortunes constantly;’ and this nominal disgrace would have earned for him not merely immediate applause but lasting honour. Unluckily, Coke was too much of a bully to allow of his great stomach standing firm beyond a certain point. When his *supersedeas* was delivered to him, he received it with tears. Within a month, he had the shabbiness to pay the King two visits at Newmarket, and was favourably received in consideration of his dejection and dismay. He prevailed so far as to get the suits in the Star Chamber against him stopped; and became ‘jocund and jovial as ever.’ It was generally believed that he was to be made a Baron. The negotiations, on which he had immediately the meanness to enter, principally turned on the marriage of his daughter. In the following March Chamberlayne reports that he is left in the suds; and adds that it is God’s doing—since, had it not been for his refusal of the Villiers match, and

for idle words about not buying too dear a thing so variable as the King's favour, 'he would have been Chancellor before this day.' By May, we find the King once more so incensed against him, that no doubt he is to be sifted thoroughly. 'He hath carried himself very simply (to say no more) in divers matters; and by his own weakness hath lost those few friends he had.' Our next information of him is in June. By this time 'his curst heart had been made to yield more than ever he meant.' According to Bacon, it was three victories over him—in the matter of protecting his lady, of perfecting a bargain with Sir Robert Rich, and in making him compound with the French ambassador in the sum of £4000 for having bailed a pirate—which had so humbled him that he now sought with submission what he had before rejected with scorn. The wicked peace-offering of the marriage of his daughter followed. This sacrifice, which he imagined was to make all smooth and lay the stone of a new and more brilliant greatness, brought him nothing but disappointment and endless mortifications. The immediate cause of this must have been additionally provoking. As Coke's imprisonment of his wife had alienated her beyond all redemption, it was impossible for the Court to be friends with both. Under these circumstances, the choice was soon made. Lady Hatton's fortune, offered more tangible expectations; and Coke was a colleague whom, especially after what had passed, neither the King nor Bacon could ever trust. Immediately upon Lady Hatton's release, the King dined with her in Hatton Gardens, upon the express understanding that Coke was not to be of the party. He eat his dinner in the Temple Hall. The inexplicable mixture of pusillanimity, vacillation, and baseness which, notwithstanding his pretence of public spirit, he had exhibited throughout this whole affair, necessarily destroyed all sympathy with him on the part of the public. After this, the Court felt that they could employ him, neglect him, or insult him with impunity. And so they did. The opportunity it afforded him of taking vengeance upon his ancient enemies was wages enough for his labours in the Star Chamber and at the Council Board. In this precarious state, half in favour, half in disgrace, he went through all the servile drudgeries of a common courtier. He walked at the Queen's funeral; he delivered in the inventory of her jewels; he alone, of all the Privy Council, attended the King upon the royal visit to St Paul's,—the rest not choosing to go, from some squabble about precedence. These courtly occupations are poor employment for the Atlas of the law. They were, however, a prudent mask of the course he was about to take in the Parliament which was at hand. Considering the history of the several parties, the sight must have been a melancholy spectacle—espe-



cially when the King, Buckingham, and Bacon were triumphant lookers on.

In the case of Coke the law was not merely the ladder by which he rose, and from which he fell. The old English Common Law seems to have been a part of himself. It more than tintured—it constituted his intellectual being. He was so much a personification of it, in the jargon and black-letter which frightened Spelman, that we ought to know something about it before we can hope to understand him. Its learning was then much more subtle and dogmatic than at present, and was thought to be scarce possibly expressible in English. Coke apologizes for putting his commentary on Littleton into his mother tongue. The precedents of former times had been only just made ordinarily accessible by the printing of the Year Books. Students then came up to the Inns of Court younger, and from studies which only aggravated its characteristic mischiefs. With their readings and mootings, their chapels, halls, and revels, the Inns of Court exercised over their members the rival influence of a 'third Universitie.' Under this title Sir George Buck, Master of the Revels, dedicated an account of them to Coke. The aristocratical prejudices of a caste were also studiously fostered. Bacon and Coke concurred in, and signed an order of James I. to admit none to the bar but gentlemen by descent. A further line of exclusiveness was drawn by their jealous hatred of the Professors of the Civil Law. The opposite systems of jurisprudence were at this time pitted against each other like two conflicting religious sects; so that it was part of the creed of a common lawyer to pretend to believe that civilians and canonists, and indeed ecclesiastics in general, were in a sort of league against the ancient laws and liberties of the kingdom. We have no doubt but that Coke looked upon a *call* to the bar to be almost as solemn an act as a *call* to the church; and that there have been few monks who have regarded their convent and the immemorial faith, which they conceived to be embodied in its power and ceremonies, with equal superstition. The cheap philosophy, which founds the origin of all human obligations in positive law, seems out-heroded by Coke's fanaticism in behalf of his own order.

A few extracts from the prefaces to his Institutes and Reports will exemplify the nature of his mind—particularly this aspect of it. Spelman, Hickes, and Prynne, have observed how little his dogmatism is entitled to implicit credit on such points of learning as fell within their own peculiar province. Mr Brodie has shown with what unfairness, in his assault on other extraordinary courts, he stood by the Star Chamber, as what kept all

England in order, out of love of the part which he had himself performed in its proceedings. What amount of sense and impartiality he brought to any general discussion, where his personal feelings were concerned, the commonest reader can determine.

The antiquity of the English Law, and of the King's Courts, was so precise an article of faith with him, that he would have been ashamed to tie down its origin to times so recent as the reigns of Brutus and of Arthur. Not only had the Britons laws older than the Romans; but they used the distinction between common law and statute. 'I will not examine these things in a *quo warranto*: the ground thereof I think was best known to the authors and writers of them. But that the laws of the ancient Britons, their contracts and other instruments, and the records and judicial proceedings of their Judges were written and sentenced in the Greek tongue, is plain and evident by proofs luculent and uncontrollable.' If the letter of the English laws had been made since the Conqueror, Glanville, he observes, could have never called them ancient. The date of the Courts of Law was equally mysterious and remote. All the Judges of England in the tenth of Edward IV. had ruled that the Chancery, King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer, were King's Courts; and so old that none could tell which was most ancient. The Courts, and especially Parliament, had been ever since King Arthur, A.D. 516. He had read himself, in the 'Legier Book' of St. Edmond's Bury, of Parliaments under Canute. He afterwards declares that the original writs contained in the Register, together with Magna Charta, and about a dozen other specific statutes, are 'the very body, and, as it were, the very text of the common laws of England.' It would be to know nothing of Coke, to expect that he should perceive any contradiction or even improbability between this beggarly account of the contents of the common law, and the splendid pedigree which he had claimed for it. The excellence of the common law in itself, and in its principal expositions, is as unquestionable. Upon this head, and in their way of treating it, Coke and Bentham would have been worthy representatives of opposite extremes. For Coke was not the man to mince a proposition any more than Bentham. 'Of which laws, this will I say, that there is no human law within the circuit of the whole world, by infinite degrees, so apt and profitable for the honourable, peaceable, and prosperous Government of this kingdom, as these ancient and excellent laws of England be.' His zeal for his favourite authors in it, is no less intense. The 'Register' is both the ancientest book in the law, and that on which the foundations of the law depended. To it, therefore,

Coke (on the authority, he says, of Sir Thomas Smith) would send all the Secretaries in Christendom to learn to express much matter in few and significant words. His idolatry of 'Littleton's Tenures' is the doting of a commentator who meant to empty his commonplace book upon its text. Not content with Camden's testimony, that the students of the common laws are no less beholden to it than the civilians to Justinian's Institutes, he declares, 'that there is never a period, nor for the most part a word, nor an &c., but affordeth excellent learning. And I affirm, and will maintain it against all opposites whatsoever, that it is a work of as absolute perfection in its kind, and as free from error as any book that I have known to be written of any human learning.' The only thing in his opinion further to be desired, was, that Littleton should also have written on Pleading—the greatest honour and ornament, and very heartstrings of the law. Although James I. had increased the number of Judges to five in a court, entirely in consequence of equal division of opinion, in many cases Coke insisted upon it that the obscurity was apparent only, and to be accounted for without derogating from the impeccability of the common law. 'I affirm it constantly that the law is not uncertain *in abstracto*, but in *concreto*, and that the uncertainty thereof is *hominis vitium non professionis*. And to speak plainly, there be two causes of the uncertainty thereof *in concreto*; preposterous reading and oversoon practice. In all my time I have not known two questions made of the right of descents, of escheats by the common law; so certain and sure the rules thereof be. If acts of Parliament were after the old fashion—penned, and by such only, as perfectly knew what the common law was before the making any act of Parliament concerning the matter, as also how far the former statutes had provided remedy for former mischiefs and defects discovered by experience, then should very few questions in law arise, and the learned should not so often perplex their heads to make atonement and peace by construction of law between insensible and disagreeing words, sentences, and provisoes, as now they do.'

The form of property and society in England, and consequently of law, was in a transition state in the time of Coke. With incomparable energy he took up almost the whole body of the laws from their old foundation, and laid them down again, with his own hand, in hard and compact masses. For such were books, which kept their ground for two centuries, and are only now in the course of being displaced by the corresponding transformation which England once more is undergoing in the present age. To reconcile his indiscriminate panegyric upon the law in its con-

temporary state, with the due sense which he also entertained of his own services as a Reporter and a Commentator, was no concern of his. With a truer feeling of the deficiencies of the law than Coke was willing to countenance; and with a juster appreciation of what Coke had done towards the removal of them, than Coke was capable of,—in estimating the still greater obligations which Bacon had conferred upon Philosophy,—Bacon acknowledged, while Coke's published contributions were as yet confined to his Reports, that but for them, the law of England would at that time have been like a ship without its ballast. The admiration with which Coke regarded his store of records and book cases, went far beyond a rational conviction of their use. He was fully sensible of the advantages of publicity, 'one among others of the great honours of the common laws;' and was proud of the superiority which a system, standing upon judicial precedents, as *statio bene fida*, must have over a system fluctuating as on a sea of waves from private glosses. But his records and book cases were to him a great deal more than this. He handles them as a miser would his hoard, or a virtuoso his favourite beetles. He extols them as the richest part of the royal treasury—as the sweet and fruitful flowers of the Crown. In political debate, at the moment of greatest animation, it is not liberty or the constitution of which the crisis reminds him, but of some glorious precedent in such a year. In his Prefaces he persuades himself, with the simplicity of Walton's Angler, that the impatient reader must be all eagerness to get to the cases of which he has given him a taste. And he addresses God for help, in the words of the Book of Wisdom, with as solemn speech as that with which Milton prefaces his heroic poem. It is good news for Judges and Reporters that Courts of Justice are like Churches, in being Temples where God's grace is especially poured out; and that a portion of the spirit of Moses, whom Coke calls the first Reporter, may be expected to descend on those who have succeeded to his office. 'A substantial and compendious report of a case rightly adjudged doth produce three notable effects. Whereunto no one man alone, with all his time and uttermost labours, nor all the actors themselves by themselves out of a Court of Justice, nor in Court without solemn argument, where (I am persuaded) Almighty God openeth and enlargeth the understanding of the desirous of justice and right, could ever have attained unto.' The presumption in favour of divine assistance appears to be strictly limited to Judges and Judge-made law. For the Legislature, then as now, provided fresh materials for litigation, by 'Acts of Parliament overladen with provisoes and additions, and many times on a sudden penned or corrected

‘by men of none, or very little judgment in law.’ Coke was asked, whilst playing at bowls, for a legal opinion in connexion with the disgraceful proceedings against Archbishop Abbott for irregularities, in consequence of his having had the misfortune accidentally to kill a keeper. He replied—‘If it be common law, I should be ashamed if I could not give you a ready answer; but if it be statute law, I should be equally ashamed if I answered you immediately.’

The great lawyer must have been aware that the pains he was taking to magnify the law was but an ill-concealed glorification of himself. And he undoubtedly reckoned upon coming in for an ample share of the secular blessings which he promises to its professors. The commonwealth cry of ‘the Church was, the sword is, and the law shall be,’ was the voice of good tidings which he believed was already come to pass. In his belief of the general renown and stability of the profession, the permanence of its several orders, and that of the families of its most distinguished members, was faithfully comprehended. The office of Sergeant-at-law was, in his eyes, the seminary of justice and the first of human dignities. He assures himself that the ancient reputation of this honourable brotherhood ‘is the better continued, because they, without the least alteration, continue their ancient habits and the ornaments belonging to their station and degree; for most commonly the ancient reverence of any profession vanisheth away with the change of habit.’ When, in the shameful brokerage of James the First, this dignity, like every other, was sold, and procured *per ambitum*, the recollection that, in the reign of Henry the Fifth, five great men, on refusing it, had been called into Parliament to accept it, roused Coke to propose a bill to remove the grievance. The retainers of the law are safe under its wing according to their several pretensions. The simple barrister must be content to know that ‘few or none of his profession have died without a will or without a child.’ But a diligent and successful student may confidently look forward to greater things—he shall himself be an honest man, and his posterity flourish in the land unto the end of time. ‘For thy comfort and encouragement, cast thine eye upon the sages of the law that have been before thee, and never shalt thou find any that hath excelled in the knowledge of these laws, but hath sucked from the breasts of that divine knowledge, honesty, gravity, and integrity, and by the goodness of God hath attained a greater blessing and ornament than any other profession to their family and posterity. For it is an undoubted truth, that the just shall flourish like the palm-tree, and spread abroad as the cedar of Lebanon. Their example and thy profession do require thy

'imitation. For hitherto I never saw any man of a loose and lawless life attain to any sound and perfect knowledge of the said laws: and on the other side, I never saw any man of excellent judgment in these laws, but was withal (being taught by such a master) honest, faithful, and virtuous.' There never was a more convenient doctrine, more audaciously broached, by any teacher. The public, who have seldom judged of lawyers with too much kindness, must have been infinitely amused by it.

Bacon complained of Coke that he sought to turn every thing into matter of law. This it was, probably, quite proper in him to do, in the administrative questions which they were then discussing. But the law was too much the limit of Coke's knowledge and his rule of judgment on all occasions. After his engaging that a good lawyer shall be also a good man, it is not surprising that the common law should be his criterion of morals. The fact, for instance, that gambling and cock-fighting are not bad at common law, is all the proof that he requires to show that they are not *mala in se*.

To dispute or criticise the religious feelings of Coke in his old age would be no less invidious than unnecessary. He broke out into tears in the House of Commons upon the angry adjournment of it at the order of James I., and repeated the collect for the royal family. In all, but more especially in his latter writings, he contemplates with devout raptures the prodigious learning which he had accumulated and completed; and which he had lived to bequeath to his country (our 'dear eagles' 'nes'), in what he considered a perfect form. When he was upwards of eighty, his horse fell back upon him, without hurting him. He recorded his escape in the words of the prophet David. 'The angel of the Lord tarrieth about them that fear him, and delivereth them. *Et nomen Domini benedictum*, 'for it was his work.' But on looking steadily at the history of Coke, the constant use which he made throughout of scripture language, and allusions, cannot prevent us from perceiving that his earlier religion was of a kind which had little influence on his conduct. When words and actions contradict each other, there can be no difficulty in determining by which we ought to abide. In the case of Coke, the fact that Christianity was part and parcel of the law of England was, up to a late period, its most appropriate title to his respect. Apparently, Archbishop Whitgift thought so, when he gave him a Bible upon his being made Attorney-General;—telling him that he had studied enough the laws of man: it was now time that he should study the word of God. This must be the moral also of the following passage from Bacon's insolent expostulation; part of which

we have already quoted. It was written more than twenty years after Whitgift's present. 'And now we beseech you, my Lord, be sensible both of the stroke and hand that striketh; learn of David to leave Shimei and call upon God: He hath some great work to do, and he prepareth you for it; he would neither have you faint nor yet bear his cross with a stoical resolution; there is a Christian mediocrity, worthy of your greatness. I must be plain, perhaps rash. *Had some notes which you had taken at sermons been written in your heart to practise, this work had been done long ago, without the envy of your enemies. But, when we will not mind ourselves, God (if we belong to him) takes us in hand, and because he seeth that we have unbridled stomachs, he sends us outward crosses.*' The impudence of the preacher of this homily, and the indecency of the occasion selected for the administering of it, are not at all inconsistent with the supposition, that at somewhere near the age of seventy, the Christianity of Coke was more a legal than a spiritual obedience. Whatever clergymen may be disposed to think, the fidelity to the temporal interests of the Church which he manifested on more than one critical occasion, is no better evidence of his spirituality. It might be done by him from no sublimer motive, than a grateful acknowledgment of the worldly wisdom on which he compliments the clergy, for that they had always retained of their counsel the most experienced and learned in the law.

Coke's general taste and understanding were deeply tainted by his professional superstition, and long predominance at the bar. His speeches\* on the numerous State prosecutions, which mark the interval between the trial of Essex under Elizabeth, and of Somerset under James, are amongst the earliest specimens

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\* Coke's two speeches, while he was Speaker, on the legality of Fitzherbert's return as a member of Parliament, are important, by way of comment on the general language which he afterwards used, when amplifying in his writings the law of Parliament. 'This writ of Privilege must go from the body of this House, made by me, and I to send it into the Chancery, and the Lord Keeper is to direct it. Now, before we make such a writ, let us know, whether by law we may make it, or whether it will be good for the cause or no. For my own part, my hand shall not sign it unless my heart may assent unto it. And though we make such a writ, if it be not warrantable by law and the proceeding of this House, the Lord Keeper will and must refuse it. No man shall stand more for the privilege of this House than I will, and what is meet should be observed.' He afterwards explains Thorpe's case, and is of opinion, that they should take the advice of the Judges in like manner;

remaining of English oratory. That they should have been admired in an age, which took pride in the execrable sermons of Bishop Andrews, as incomparable models of eloquence and reason, we readily understand. But Coke outran even the privileged pedantry of the times. In Garnett's trial the following is his description of the prisoner: 'The principal person offending here at the bar is, as you have heard, a person of many names. He is by country an Englishman, by birth a gentleman, by education a scholar: afterwards a corrector of the common law print with Mr Tottle the printer, and now is to be corrected by the law. He hath many gifts and endowments of nature—by art; learned, a good linguist, and by profession, Jesuit, and a superior. Indeed, he is superior to all his predecessors in devilish treason:—a Doctor of Jesuits:—that is, a *Doctor of five D.'s*: as, Dissimulation; Deposing of princes; Disposing of kingdoms; Daunting and Deterring of subjects; and Destruction!' We learn that when he was turned out of the Chief-Justiceship, the ridicule of this sorry quibbling was retorted on him. 'The common speech is, that *four P.'s* have put him down: that is, Pride, Prohibitions, Preeminence, and Prerogative.' He was vain of his fluency, and in the garrulity of his old age, boasted to Parliament that he had never used notes at his mootings, and would not then. His readiness of speech favoured these sins of taste and other sins of a worse description. This was one of the errors of which Bacon warned him in his extraordinary reproof: 'In discourse you delight to speak too much, not to hear other men. This some say becomes a pleader, not a judge; for by this sometimes your affections are entangled with a love of your own arguments, though the weaker. Thus, while you speak in your own element the law, no man ordinarily equals you, but when you wander (as you often delight to do), you then wander indeed. As in your pleadings you were wont to insult over misery, so you are wont to praise or disgrace upon slight grounds. You will jest at any man in public without respect of this person's dignity or your own.' There is abundant evidence that his contemporaries witnessed his levity and insolence at the bar and on the bench, with great disgust. Only less than at present, because it is impossible nowadays that an

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which accordingly was done, and the privilege refused: So much for those who rely on the authority of Coke for the assumption, that the House of Commons possesses a privilege by the mere fact of claiming it, and that in such a case the Judges of courts of law have nothing to do but to obey!



Attorney-General should on a trial for life or death threaten a prisoner whose name happens to be Cuffe, with, 'I'll cuff you;' or a Chief-Justice, in passing judgment upon a defendant indicted for improperly communicating with criminals at their execution, demand of him, *Et quæ tanta fuit Tyburn tibi causa videndi?* Another offence on which Bacon touches is of a still more serious character. The occasions to which this reproach applies, and the extent to which it is true, is in our opinion the darkest blot upon the memory of Coke. It almost makes good James's taunt, that, notwithstanding the opinions which he put on at the last, he was 'the fittest instrument for a tyrant that ever was in England.' Bacon's words are :—'You make the law to learn too much to your opinion, whereby you show yourself to be a legal tyrant, striking with that weapon where you please, since you are able to turn the edge any way.' A more indulgent construction than Coke would have given to others may explain the apparent variation in his conduct on different occasions;—such as in the distinction between compulsory and voluntary benevolences—between different kinds of impositions and proclamations—between a general and a special dispensing power—between the duty of the Judges in advising with the Crown as a body, or in singly assisting the Crown lawyers in preparing prosecutions, and what he called auricular confessions—between the King's judicial seat in Council,—*cessat regnare qui cessat judicare*,—and the denial of his right to take a personal part in the ordinary administration of justice;—a denial which James considered little less than treason. Buckingham might well be the saviour of the nation, at one time, and the grievance of grievances at another. The inconsistencies of Coke on the vital question of the power of Courts of Justice to take bail, upon arrest by the King or Privy Council, it is impossible to get over in the same manner. The instances of his own refusal, as a Judge, in the 13th of James I. to bail parties whom he must have known, according to the words which he himself uttered only five years afterwards in the House of Commons, as well as by his later speeches in the case of the imprisoned members, that he ought to have bailed, were fairly brought out by Heath in the third of Charles I. in the great debate upon the liberty of the subject. Coke felt the contradiction, and desired to be free from the imputation which was laid upon him. But it was too late. For those times, and where the law and practice were really at all uncertain, every person, otherwise of decent character, is entitled to the benefit of the doubt. It is Coke's conduct as a Crown lawyer which deprives him of every tittle of such presumption in his behalf. There was no lawyer of his time who had as enlightened notions of what Criminal Law ought

to be; and yet there was none who equally stretched and abridged its powers. Mr Jardine has carefully examined the State Paper Office, and finds that in almost all the repeated instances of the infliction of torture which occur during the reign of James, the name of Coke is found either as a Commissioner to execute, or a Privy Councillor to direct. Yet he expressly tells us in his writings, that ‘there is no law to warrant tortures in this land; and no one opinion in our books or judicial records (that we have seen and remember) to maintain it.’ Raleigh’s trial took place in 1603. His conviction turned on the question whether a single witness was sufficient in a case of treason. Raleigh argued the point with perfect knowledge, skill, and courage; but was juggled out of an acquittal by the ruffianism of Coke the Attorney-General, and Chief-Justice Popham. Coke tells him that ‘the crown shall never stand one year upon the head of the King, if a traitor may not be condemned by circumstances; for you shall never prove the act of treason by two witnesses. *Scientia sceleris est mera ignorantia*. You have read the letter ‘of the law but understand it not.’ Coke’s heart relented not towards the man he had feared and hated. As late as the year 1618, he was one of a commission appointed to examine and finally destroy Raleigh. Now what was the law? Just what Sir Walter stated it. Coke, before he died, himself acknowledged, ‘That two witnesses be required in High Treason appeareth by our books, and I remember no authority in our books to the contrary.’ His penitence for his part in a judicial murder he veiled in Latin. *Veritas quæ minime defensatur opprimitur; and qui non improbat approbat. Et sic liberè animam meam liberavi*. After this example of playing fast and loose with the snare of law, only one infamy more remains—that of tampering with and suppressing the evidence of facts. This also Coke supplies. Of all possible Attorney-Generals he was perhaps the most laborious in taking the depositions of prisoners and witnesses previous to trial. When he was Chief-Justice, he took as many as three hundred in Somerset’s case alone. Mr Jardine tells us, that ‘in the margins of depositions examined by Sir Edward Coke, such notes as these constantly occur in his handwriting. “*Read A and B only. Read not this. Cave! (Beware!)*” “*Huc usque,*” “*(thus far)*.” The prisoner, therefore,’ he observes, ‘was not only subjected to the gross injustice of an accusation made behind his back, but by this skilful pruning of the depositions, was effectually precluded from detecting and pointing out to the jury any inconsistencies in the accusation so made.’ And this was Coke, who remembered that Elizabeth told him, when he was presented to her by Burleigh, as her Attorney-General, whose

office it was to prosecute for 'our Lady the Queen,' that she would have the form altered, and that her Attorney-General should prosecute for 'our Lady Truth!'

It was in this union of ferocity and servility that Coke stood almost alone. In his fulsome flattery of his Sovereigns,—of the roseate beauty of Elizabeth, and of James as the only true Beauclerc,—he had many rivals. The bigotry of his aversion to Roman Catholics and Jews was nothing more than one man's share in a general epidemic. All that he could claim as peculiarly his own was the perverse ingenuity in which his intemperance was displayed. The reason why, upon this circuit, he refused to swear Jews as witnesses, could have occurred to nobody but Coke; for that they are alien enemies, being the subjects of the Devil, who is at perpetual enmity with Christ; whose subjects we are.

The object which we have had principally before us in the course which our observations have taken has been the character of Coke. A comparison between him and Bacon would have been very interesting;—men all their lives, so near and yet so opposite, and who exercised so vast an influence upon the fortunes of each other. We had wished to have represented Cokemore at length in his quieter intermediate parts of Judge and Reporter, as well as in the more ambitious ones of Crown Lawyer, to which he enslaved his manhood, and of Constitutional Lawyer, to which he dedicated so much of his old age. We should have liked, too, to have shown him in the House of Commons with his colleagues, 'rejoicing in his Progress like a Parliament man of Queen Elizabeth's time, bringing them to ancient orders;' and Sir Dudley Digges reporting upon the general thanks to Coke for his conduct on the conference of Monopolies, that Prince Charles (who constantly attended in the Lords to awe the patriots) had said, that 'he was never weary of hearing Sir Edward Coke, he so mixed mirth and gravity together.' The whole might have made an amusing and instructive picture. Although he was no true law reformer, his views for the criminal law are curious, as contrasted with his conduct; and are in singular advance of the intelligence and humanity of his age. But we must conclude, and we certainly cannot do so more favourably for Coke, than in the words with which himself sums up his life of labour—committing his writings and his actions to the care and censure of after times. 'Whilst we were in hand with these four parts of the Institutes, we often having occasion to go into the city, and from thence into the country, did in some sort envy the state of the honest ploughman, and other mechanics; for the one, when he was at his work, would merrily sing, and the ploughman whistle some self-pleasing tune, and yet their work both pro-

‘ceeded and succeeded: but he that takes upon him to write, doth captivate all the faculties and powers both of his mind and body, and must be only intentive to that which he collecteth, without any expression of joy or cheerfulness, whilst he is in his work.

‘Throughout all this treatise, we have dealt clearly and plainly concerning some pretended courts, which either are no courts warrantable by law, as we conceive them, or which without warrant have encroached more jurisdiction than they ought. *Qui non liberè veritatem pronuntial, proditor veritatis est.* Wherein, if any of our honourable friends shall take offence, our apology shall be, *amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica Veritas.* Having ever in memory that saying of the kingly prophet, *Keep innocency, and take heed to the thing that is right, and that will bring a man peace at the last.*

‘And you honourable and reverend judges and justices, that do or shall sit in the high tribunals and courts or seats of justice, as aforesaid, fear not to do right to all, and to deliver your opinions justly, according to the laws; for fear is nothing but a betraying of the succours that reason should afford. And if you shall sincerely execute justice, be assured of three things:—*First*, though some may malign you, yet God will give you his blessing. *Secondly*, that though thereby you may offend great men and favourites, yet you shall have the favourable kindness of the Almighty, and be his favourites. And, *lastly*, that in so doing, against all scandalous complaints and pragmatical devices against you, God will defend you as with a shield: “For thou, Lord, wilt give a blessing unto the righteous, and with thy favourable kindness wilt thou defend him as with a shield.”

‘And for that we have broken the ice, and out of our own industry and observation framed this high and honourable building of the jurisdiction of courts, without the help or furtherance of any that hath written of this argument before, I shall heartily desire the wise-hearted and expert builders (justice being *architectonica virtus*), to amend both the method or uniformity, and the structure itself, wherein they shall find either want of windows, or sufficient lights, or other deficiency in the architecture whatsoever. And we will conclude with the aphorism of that great lawyer and sage of the law, Master Plowden (which we have heard him often say)—**BLESSED BE THE AMENDING HAND.**’

- ART. X.—1. *The Life and Times of the Rev. George Whitfield, M.A.* By ROBERT PHILIP. 8vo. London: 1838. ,
2. *Remains of the Rev. Richard Hurrell Froude, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford.* 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1838.

IF the enemies of Christianity in the commencement of the last century failed to accomplish its overthrow, they were at least successful in producing what at present appears to have been a strange and unreasonable panic. Middleton, Bolingbroke, and Mandeville, have now lost their terrors; and (in common with the heroes of the *Dunciad*) Chubb, Toland, Collins, and Woolston, are remembered only on account of the brilliancy of the *Auto-da-fé* at which they suffered. To these writers, however, belongs the credit of having suggested to Clarke his enquiries into the elementary truth on which all religion depends; and by them Warburton was provoked to ‘demonstrate’ the Divine legation of Moses. They excited Newton to explore the fulfilment of Prophecy, and Lardner to accumulate the proofs of the Credibility of the Gospels. A greater than any of these, Joseph Butler, was induced, by the same adversaries, to investigate the analogy of natural and revealed religion; and Berkeley and Sherlock, with a long catalogue of more obscure names, crowded to the rescue of the menaced citadel of the Faith. But in this anxiety to strengthen its defences the garrison not only declined to attempt new conquests, but withdrew from much of their ancient dominion. In this its apologetic age, English Theology was distinguished by an unwonted timidity and coldness. The alliance which it had maintained from the days of Jewel to those of Leighton, with philosophy and eloquence, with wit and poetry, was dissolved. Taylor and Hall, Donne and Hooker, Baxter and Howe, had spoken as men having authority, and with an unclouded faith in their Divine Mission. In that confidence they had grappled with every difficulty, and had wielded with equal energy and ease all the resources of genius and of learning. Alternately searching the depths of the heart, and playing over the mere surface of the mind, they relieved the subtleties of logic by a quibble or a pun, and illuminated, by intense flashes of wit, the metaphysical abysses which it was their delight to tread. Even when directing the spiritual affections to their highest exercise, they hazarded any quaint conceit which crossed their path, and yielded to every impulse of fancy or of passion. But Divinity was no longer to retain the foremost place in English literature. The Tillotsons and Seckers of a later age were alike

distrustful of their readers and of themselves. Tame, cautious, and correct, they rose above the Tatlers and Spectators of their times, because on such themes it was impossible to be frivolous; but they can be hardly said to have contributed as largely as Steele and Addison to guide the opinions, or to form the character of their generation.

This depression of theology was aided by the state of political parties under the two first princes of the House of Brunswick. Low and High Church were but other names for Whigs and Tories; and while Hoadley and Atterbury wrangled about the principles of the Revolution, the sacred subjects which formed the pretext of their disputes were desecrated in the feelings of the multitude, who witnessed and enjoyed the controversy. Secure from further persecution, and deeply attached to the new order of things, the Dissenters were no longer roused to religious zeal by invidious secular distinctions; and Doddington and Watts lamented the decline of their congregations from the standard of their ancient piety. The former victims of bigotry had become its proselytes, and anathemas were directed against the Pope and the Pretender, with still greater acrimony than against the Evil One, with whom good Protestants of all denominations associated them.

The theology of any age at once ascertains and regulates its moral stature; and, at the period of which we speak, the austere virtues of the Puritans, and the more meek and social, though not less devout spirit of the Worthies of the Church of England, if still to be detected in the recesses of private life, were discountenanced by the general habits of society. The departure of the more pure and generous influences of earlier times may be traced nowhere more clearly than in those works of fiction, in which the prevailing profligacy of manners was illustrated by Fielding, Sterne, and Smollett; and proved, though with more honest purposes, by Richardson and Defoe.

It was at this period that the *Alma Mater* of Laud and Sacheverel was nourishing in her bosom a little band of pupils, destined to accomplish a momentous revolution in the national character. Wesley had already attained the dawn of manhood when, in 1714, his future rival and coadjutor, George Whitfield, was born at a tavern in Gloucester, of which his father was the host. The death of the elder Whitfield within two years from that time, left the child to the care of his mother, who took upon herself the management of the 'Bell Inn'; though, as her son has gratefully recorded, she 'prudently kept him, in his tender years, from intermeddling with the tavern business.' In such a situation he almost inevitably fell into vices and follies, which have been exag-

gerated as much by the vehemence of his own confessions, as by the malignity of his enemies. They exhibit some curious indications of his future character. He robbed his mother, but part of the money was given to the poor. He stole books, but they were books of devotion. Irritated by the unlucky tricks of his playfellows, who, he says, in the language of David, 'compassed 'him about like bees,' he converted into a prayer the prophetic imprecation of the Psalmist—'In the name of the Lord I will destroy them.' The mind in which devotional feelings and bad passions were thus strongly knit together, was consigned, in early youth, to the culture of the master of the grammar-school of St Mary de Crypt, in his native city; and there were given the first auspices of his future eminence. He studied the English dramatic writers, and represented their female characters with applause; and when the mayor and aldermen were to be harangued by one of the scholars, the embryo field-preacher was selected to extol the merits, and to gratify the taste of their worships. His erratic propensities were developed almost as soon as his powers of elocution. Wearied with the studies of the grammar-school, he extorted his mother's reluctant consent to return to the tavern; and there, he says, 'I put on my blue apron and my snuffers, washed 'mops, cleaned rooms, and, in one word, became professed and 'common Drawer for nigh a year and a half.' The Tapster was, of course, occasionally tipsy, and always in request; but as even the flow of the tap may not be perennial, he found leisure to compose sermons, and stole from the night some hours for the study of the Bible.

At the Bell Inn there dwelt a sister-in-law of Whitfield's, with whom it was his fortune or his fault to quarrel; and to soothe his troubled spirit he 'would retire and weep before the Lord as 'Hagar when flying from Sarah.' From the presence of this Sarah he accordingly fled to Bristol, and betook himself to the study of Thomas à Kempis; but returning once more to Gloucester, exchanged Divinity for the drama, and then abandoned the dramatists for his long neglected school-books. For now had opened a prospect inviting him to the worthy use of those talents which might otherwise have been consumed in sordid occupations, or in some obscure and fruitless efforts to assert his native superiority to other men. Intelligence had reached his mother that admission might be obtained at Pembroke College, Oxford, for her capricious and thoughtful boy; and the intuitive wisdom of a mother's love assured her that through this avenue he might advance to distinction, if not to fortune. A few more oscillations between dissolute tastes and heavenward desires, and the youth finally gained the mastery over his lower appetites. From his

seventeenth year to his dying day he lived amongst embittered enemies and jealous friends, without a stain on his reputation.

In 1731 the gates of Pembroke College had finally closed on the rude figure of one of her illustrious sons, expelled by poverty to seek a precarious subsistence, and to earn a lasting reputation in the obscure alleys of London. In the following year they were opened to a pupil as ill provided with this world's wealth as Samuel Johnson, but destined to achieve a still more extensive and a more enduring celebrity. The waiter at the Bell Inn had become a servitor at Oxford—no great advancement in the social scale according to the habits of that age—yet a change which conferred the means of elevation on a mind too ardent to leave them unimproved. He became the associate of Charles, and the disciple of John Wesley, who had at that time taken as their spiritual guide the celebrated mystic, William Law. These future chiefs of a religious revolution were then ‘interrogating themselves whether they had been simple and recollected; whether they had prayed with fervour Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and on Saturday noon; if they had used a collect at nine, twelve, and three o'clock; duly meditated on Sunday from three to four on Thomas à Kempis, or mused on Wednesday and Friday from twelve to one on the Passion.’ But Quietism, indigenous in the East, is an exotic in this cold and busy land of ours, bearing at the best but sorry fruit, and hastening to a premature decay. Never was mortal man less fitted for the contemplative state than George Whitfield. It was an attempt as hopeful as that of converting a balloon into an observatory. He dressed the character indeed to admiration, for ‘he thought it unbecoming a penitent to have his hair powdered, and wore woollen gloves, a patched gown, and dirty shoes.’ But the sublime abstractions which should people the cell and haunt the spirit of the hermit he wooed in vain. In the hopeless attempt to do nothing but meditate, ‘the power of meditating or even thinking was,’ he says, ‘taken from him.’ Castanza on the ‘Spiritual Combat’ advised him to talk but little; and ‘Satan said he must not talk at all.’ The Divine Redeemer had been surrounded in his temptations by deserts and wild beasts, and to approach this example as closely as the localities allowed, Whitfield was accustomed to select Christ Church Meadow as the scene, and a stormy night as the time, of his mental conflicts. He prostrated his body on the bare earth, fasted during Lent, and exposed himself to the cold till his hands began to blacken, and ‘by abstinence and inward struggles so emaciated his body as to be scarcely able to creep up stairs.’ In this deplorable state he received from the Wesleyan books and ghostly counsels. His tutor, more wisely,



sent him a physician, and for seven weeks he laboured under a severe illness. It was, in his own language, ‘a glorious visitation.’ It gave him time and composure to make a written record and a penitent confession of his youthful sins,—to examine the New Testament; to read Bishop Hall’s Contemplations; and to seek by prayer for wisdom and for peace. The blessings thus invoked were not denied. ‘The day-star,’ he says, ‘arose in my heart. The spirit of mourning was taken from me. For some time I could not avoid singing Psalms wherever I was, but my joy became gradually more settled. Thus were the days of my mourning ended.’

And thus also was ended his education. Before the completion of his twenty-first year, Whitfield returned to Gloucester; and such was the fame of his piety and talents, that Dr Benson, the then Bishop of the Diocese, offered to dispense, in his favour, with the rule which forbade the ordination of Deacons at so unripe an age. The mental agitation which preceded his acceptance of this proposal, is described in these strange but graphic terms in one of his latest sermons.

‘I never prayed against any corruption I had in my life, so much as I did against going into holy orders so soon as my friends were for having me go. Bishop Benson was pleased to honour me with peculiar friendship, so as to offer me preferment, or to do any thing for me. My friends wanted me to mount the Church betimes. They wanted me to knock my head against the pulpit too young, but how some young men stand up here and there and preach I do not know. However it be to them, God knows how deep a concern entering into the ministry and preaching was to me. I have prayed a thousand times, till the sweat has dropped from my face like rain, that God of his infinite mercy would not let me enter the Church till he called me to and thrust me forth in his work. I remember once in Gloucester, I know the room; I look up to the window when I am there, and walk along the street. I know the window upon which I have laid prostrate. I said, Lord, I cannot go, I shall be puffed up with pride, and fall into the condemnation of the Devil. Lord, do not let me go yet. I pleaded to be at Oxford two or three years more. I intended to make 150 sermons, and thought that I would set up with a good stock in trade. I remember praying, wrestling, and striving with God. I said, I am undone. I am unfit to preach in thy great name. Send me not, Lord—send me not yet. I wrote to all my friends in town and country to pray against the Bishop’s solicitation, but they insisted I should go into orders before I was twenty-two. After all their solicitations, these words came into my mind, “Nothing shall pluck you out of my hands;” they came warm to my heart. Then, and not till then, I said, Lord, I *will* go; send me when thou wilt.’ He was ordained accordingly; and ‘when the Bishop laid his hands upon my head, my heart,’ he says, ‘was melted down, and I offered up my whole spirit, soul, and body.’

A man within whose bosom resides an oracle directing his steps in the language and with the authority of inspiration, had needs be thus self-devoted in soul and body to some honest purpose, if he would not mistake the voice of the Pythoness for that which issues from the sanctuary. But the uprightness and inflexible constancy of Whitfield's character rendered even its superstitions comparatively harmless; and the sortilege was ever in favour of some new effort to accomplish the single object for which he henceforward lived. The next words which 'came to his soul with power' were, 'Speak out, Paul,' and never was injunction more strictly obeyed.

'Immediately,' he says, 'my heart was enlarged, and I preached on the Sunday morning to a very crowded audience with as much freedom as if I had been a preacher for some years. As I proceeded I perceived the fire kindled, till at last, though so young, and amidst a crowd of those who knew me in my infant childish days, I trust I was enabled to speak with some degree of gospel authority. Some few mocked, but most for the present seemed struck, and I have heard since that a complaint had been made to the Bishop that I drove fifteen mad by the first sermon. The worthy Prelate, as I am informed, wished that the madness might not be forgotten before next Sunday.'

Thus early apprized of the secret of his strength, his profound aspirations for the growth of Christianity, the delight of exercising his rare powers, and the popular admiration which rewarded them, operating with combined and ceaseless force on a mind impatient of repose, urged him into exertions which, if not attested by irrefragable proofs, might appear incredible and fabulous. It was the statement of one who knew him well, and who was incapable of wilful exaggeration—and it is confirmed by his letters, journals, and a whole cloud of witnesses—that, 'in the compass of a single week, and that for years, he spoke in general forty hours, and in very many sixty, and that to thousands; and after his labours, instead of taking any rest, he was engaged in offering up prayers and intercessions, with hymns and spiritual songs, as his manner was, in every house to which he was invited.'

Given, a preacher, who during the passage of the sun through the ecliptic, addresses his audience every seventh day in two discourses of the dwarfish size to which sermons attain in this degenerate age, and multiply his efforts by forty, and you do not reach the standard by which, for thirty-five successive years, Whitfield regulated this single branch of his exertions. Combine this with the fervour with which he habitually spoke, the want of all aids to the voice in the fields and the thoroughfares he frequented, and the toil of becoming distinctly audible to thousands and tens of thousands; and, considered merely as a physical phenomenon, the

result is amongst the most curious of all well-authenticated marvels. If the time spent in travelling from place to place, and some brief intervals of repose be subtracted, his whole life may be said to have been consumed in the delivery of one continuous or scarcely uninterrupted sermon. Strange as is such an example of bodily and mental energy, still stranger is the power he possessed of fascinating the attention of hearers of every rank of life and of every variety of understanding. Not only were the loom, the forge, the plough, the collieries, and the workshops deserted at his approach, but the spell was acknowledged by Hume and Franklin—by Pulteney, Bolingbroke, and Chesterfield—by maids of honour and lords of the bedchamber. Such indeed was its force, that when the scandal could be concealed behind a well-adjusted curtain, ‘e’en mitred “auditors” would nod the head.’ Neither English reserve, nor the theological discrimination of the Scotch, nor the callous nerves of the slave-dealers of America, nor the stately self-possession of her aborigines, could resist the enchantment. Never was mortal man gifted with such an incapacity of fatiguing or of being fatigued.

No similar praise could be honestly awarded to Whitfield’s present biographer. He has followed the steps of the great itinerant from the cradle to the grave, in a volume of nearly six hundred closely printed pages, compiled on the principle that nothing can be superfluous in the narrative of a man’s life which was of any real importance to the man himself, or to his associates. The chronicle so drawn up, illuminated by no gleams of philosophy, human or divine, and arranged on no intelligible method, is a sore exercise for the memory and the patience of the reader. It records, without selection or forbearance, thirteen successive voyages across the Atlantic—pilgrimages incalculable to every part of this island, and of the North American continent, from Georgia to Boston—controversies with Wesley on predestination and perfection, and with the Bishops on still deeper mysteries—Chapel buildings and subscriptions—preachings and the excitement which followed them—and characteristic sayings and uncharacteristic letters, meetings and partings, and every other incident, great and small, which has been preserved by the oral or written traditions of Whitfield’s followers. His life still remains to be written by some one who shall bring to the task other qualifications than an honest zeal for his fame, and a cordial adoption of his opinions.

From the conflict with the enemies who had threatened her existence, the Church militant turned to resist the unwelcome ally who now menaced her repose. Warburton led the van, and behind him many a mitred front scowled on the audacious inno-

vator. Divested of the logomachies which chiefly engaged the attention of the disputants, the controversy between Whitfield and the Bishops lay in a narrow compass. It being mutually conceded that the virtues of the Christian life can result only from certain divine impulses, and that to lay a claim to this holy inspiration when its legitimate fruits are wanting, is a fatal delusion; he maintained, and they denied, that the person who is the subject of this sacred influence has within his own bosom an independent attestation of its reality. So abstruse a debate required the zest of some more pungent ingredients; and the polemics with whom Whitfield had to do, were not such scolists in their calling as to be ignorant of the necessity of rivetting upon him some epithet at once opprobrious and vague. While, therefore, milder spirits arraigned him as an enthusiast, Warburton, with constitutional energy of invective, denounced him as a fanatic. In vain he demanded a definition of these reproachful terms. To have fixed their meaning would have been to blunt their edge. They afforded a solution at once compendious, obscure, and repulsive, of whatever was remarkable in his character, and have accompanied his name from that time to the present.

The currents of life had drifted Warburton on divinity as his profession, but nature designed him for a satirist; and the propensity was too strong to yield even to the study of the Gospels. From them he might have discovered the injustice of his censure; for the real nature of religious fanaticism can be learnt with equal clearness from no other source. They tell of men who compassed sea and land to make one proselyte, that when made they might train him up as a persecutor and a bigot; of others, who erected sepulchral monuments to the martyrs of a former age, while unsheathing the sword which was to augment their number; of some who would have called down fire from heaven to punish the inhospitable city which rejected their master; and of those who exhausted their bodies with fasting, and their minds with study, that they might with deeper emphasis curse the ignorant multitude. They all laboured under a mental disease, which, amongst fanatics of every generation, has assumed the same distinctive type. It consists in an unallotted alliance of the morose and vindictive passions with devotion or religious excitement. Averting the mental vision from what is cheerful, affectionate, and animating in piety, the victims of this malady regard opposing sects, not as the children, but as the enemies of God; and while looking inward with melancholy alternations of pride and self-reproach, learn to contemplate Deity itself with but half-suppressed aversion. To connect the name of the kind-hearted George Whitfield with such a reproach as this! To call on the indolent

of all future generations who should believe in Warburton, to associate the despised itinerant with the Dominics, De Rance's; and Bonners of former ages ! Truly the indignant prelate knew not what manner of spirit he was of. If ever philanthropy burned in the human heart with a pure and intense flame, embracing the whole family of man in the spirit of universal charity, that praise is pre-eminently due to Whitfield. His predestinarian speculations perplexed his mind, but could not check the expansion of his Catholic feelings. 'He loved the world that hated him.' He had no preferences but in favour of the ignorant, the miserable, and the poor. In their cause he shrunk from no privation, and declined neither insult nor hostility. To such wrongs he opposed the weapons of an all-enduring meekness, and a love incapable of repulse. The springs of his benevolence were inexhaustible, and could not choose but flow. Assisted it may have been by natural disposition, and by many an external impulse; but it ultimately reposed on the fixed persuasion that he was engaged in a sacred duty, the faithful discharge of which would be followed by an imperishable recompense. With whatever undigested subtleties his religious creed was encumbered, they could not hide from him, though they might obscure the truth, that, between the virtues of this life and the rewards of a future state, the connexion is necessary and indissoluble. Referring this retributive dispensation exclusively to the divine benevolence, his theology inculcated humility while it inspired hope. It taught him self-distrust, and reliance on a strength superior to his own; and instructed him in the mystery which reconciles the elevation and the purity of disinterested love with those lower motives of action which more immediately respect the future advantage of the agent. Whatever else Whitfield may have been, a fanatic, in the proper sense of that term, he assuredly was not.

The charge of enthusiasm was so ambiguous, that it might, with equal propriety, be understood as conveying either commendation or reproach. Hope is the element in which all the great men of the world move and have their being. Engaged in arduous and lofty designs, they must, to a certain extent, live in an imaginary world, and recruit their exhausted strength with ideal prospects of the success which is to repay their labours. But, like every other emotion when long indulged, hope yields but a precarious obedience to the reasoning powers; and reason herself, even when most enlightened, will not seldom make a voluntary abdication of her sovereignty in favour of her powerful minister;—surrendering up to the guidance of impulse a mind whose aims are too high to be fulfilled under her own sober coun-

sels. For in 'this little state of man' the passions must be the free subjects, not the slaves of the understanding; and while they obey her precepts, should impart to her some of their own spirit, warmth, and energy. It is, however, essential to a well constituted nature, that the subordination of the lower to the superior faculties, though occasionally relaxed, should be habitually maintained. Used with due abstinence, hope acts as an healthful tonic; intemperately indulged, as an enervating opiate. The visions of future triumph, which at first animated exertion, if dwelt upon too intently, will usurp the place of the stern reality, and noble objects will be contemplated, not for their own inherent worth, but on account of the day-dreams they engender. Thus, imagination makes one man a hero, another a somnambulist, and a third a lunatic; while it renders them all enthusiasts. And thus are classed together, under one generic term, characters wide asunder as the poles, and standing at the top and at the bottom of the scale of human intellect; and the same epithet is used to describe Francis Bacon and Emanuel Swedenberg.

Religious men are, for obvious reasons, more subject than others to enthusiasm, both in its invigorating and in its morbid forms. They are aware that there is about their path and about their bed a real presence, which yet no sense attests. They revere a spiritual inmate of the soul, of whom they have no definite consciousness. They live in communion with one, whose nature is chiefly defined by negatives. They are engaged in duties which can be performed acceptably only at the bidding of the deepest affections. They rest their faith on prophetic and miraculous suspensions, in times past, of the usual course of nature; and derive their hopes and fears from the dim shadows cast by things eternal on the troubled mirror of this transient scene. What wonder if, under the incumbent weight of such thoughts as these, the course of active virtue be too often arrested; or if a religious romance sometimes takes the place of contemplative piety, and the fictitious gradually supersedes the real; and a world of dreams, a system of opinions, and a code of morals, which religion disavows, occasionally shed their narcotic influence over a spirit excited and oppressed by the shapeless forms and the fearful powers with which it is conversant?

Both in the more and in the less favourable sense of the expression Whitfield was an enthusiast. The thrakdom of the active to the meditative powers was indeed abhorrent from his nature; but he was unable to maintain a just equilibrium between them. His life was one protracted calenture; and the mental

fever discoloured and distorted the objects of his pursuits. Without intellectual discipline or sound learning, he confounded his narrow range of elementary topics with the comprehensive scheme and science of divinity. Leaping over the state of pupilage, he became at once a teacher and a dogmatist. The lessons which he never drew from books, were never taught him by men. He allowed himself no leisure for social intercourse with his superiors, or with his equals; but underwent the debilitating effects of conversing almost exclusively with those who sat as disciples at his feet. Their homage, and the impetuous tumult of his career, left him but superficially acquainted with himself. Unsuspicious of his own ignorance, and exposed to flattery far more intoxicating than the acclamations of the theatre, he laid the foundations of a new religious system with less of profound thought, and in a greater penury of theological research, than had ever fallen to the lot of a reformer or heresiarch before. The want of learning was concealed under the dazzling veil of popular eloquence, and supplied by the assurance of Divine illumination; and the spiritual influence on which he thus relied was little else than a continually recurring miracle. It was not a power like that which acts throughout the material world—the unseen and inaudible source of life, sustaining, cementing, and invigorating all things, hiding itself from the heedless beneath the subordinate agency it employs, and disclosed to the thoughtful by its prolific and plastic energies. The access of the Sacred presence, which Whitfield acknowledged, was perceptible by an inward consciousness, and was not merely different, but distinguishable from the movements of that intellectual and sensitive mechanism of his own nature, by means of which it operated. He discerned it not only in the growth of the active and passive virtues, and in progressive strength and wisdom and peace, but in sudden impulses which visited his bosom, and unexpected suggestions which directed his path. A truth of all others the most consolatory and the most awful, was thus degraded almost to a level with superstitions, which, in their naked form, no man would have more vehemently disclaimed; and the great mystery which blends together the human and the divine in the Christian dispensation, lost much of its sublime character, and with it much of its salutary influence.

It was indeed impossible that a mind feeding upon such visions as he invited and cherished should entirely escape their practical mischief. He would have rejected with horror the impious dream that the indwelling Deity would absolve him from any obligation of justice, mercy, or truth. Yet he could persuade

‘himself that he enjoyed a dispensation from the duty of canonical obedience to his ecclesiastical superiors. His revolt against the authority of the Church of which he was a presbyter is at once avowed and defended by his present biographer. “If,” he says, ‘a bishop did good, or allowed good to be done, Whitfield venerated him and his office too; but he despised both whenever they were hostile to truth or zeal—I have no objection to say, whenever they were hostile to his own sentiments and measures. What honest man would respect an unjust judge, or an ignorant physician, because of their professional titles? It is high time to put an end to this nonsense.’

Mr Philip’s boast is not, or at least should not be, that he is well found in the principles of casuistry. He is no *Ductor Dubitantium*, but a spiritual pugilist, who uses his pen as a cudgel. But, whatever may be the value of hard words, they are not sufficient to adjust such a question as this. Under sanctions of the most awful solemnity, Whitfield had bound himself to submit to the lawful commands of his bishop. His ‘measures,’ being opposed to the law ecclesiastical, were interdicted by his diocesan; but, his ‘sentiments’ telling him that he was right, and the bishop wrong, the vow of obedience was, it seems, cancelled. If so, it was but an impious mockery to make or to receive it. If it be really ‘nonsense’ to respect so sacred an engagement, then is there less sense than has usually been supposed in good faith and plain dealing. Even on the hazardous assumption that the allegiance voluntarily assumed by the clergy of the Anglican church is dissoluble at the pleasure of the inferior party, it is at least evident that, as an honest man, Whitfield was bound to abandon the advantages when he repudiated the duties of the relation in which he stood to his bishop. But, ‘despising’ the episcopal office, he still kept his station in the episcopal church; and, if he had no share in her emoluments, continued at least to enjoy the rank, the worship, and the influence which attend her ministers. In the midst of his revolt he performed her offices, and ministered in her temples, as often as opportunity offered. It was the dishonest proceeding of a good man bewildered by dreams of the special guidance of a Divine Monitor. The apology is the error of an honest man led astray by a sectarian spirit.

The sinister influence of Whitfield’s imagination on his opinions, and through them on his conduct, may be illustrated by another example. He not only became the purchaser of slaves, but condemned the restriction which at that time forbade their introduction into Georgia. There is extant, in his handwriting, an inventory of the effects at the Orphan House, in that province, in



which these miserable captives take their place between the cattle and the carts. 'Blessed be God,' he exclaimed, 'for the increase of the negroes. I entirely approve of reducing the Orphan House as low as possible, and I am determined to take no more than the plantation will maintain till I can buy more negroes.' It is true that it was only as founder of this asylum for destitute children that he made these purchases; and true, that in these wretched bondsmen he recognised immortal beings for whose eternal welfare he laboured; and it is also true that the morality of his age was lax on this subject. But the American Quakers were already bearing testimony against the guilt of slavery and the slave-trade; and even had they been silent, so eminent a teacher of Christianity as Whitfield could not, without censure, have so far descended from scriptural to conventional virtue.

To measure such a man as George Whitfield by the standards of refined society might seem a very strange, if not a ludicrous attempt. Yet, as Mr Philip repeatedly, and with emphasis, ascribes to him the character of a 'gentleman,' it must be stated that he was guilty of high crimes and misdemeanours against the laws of that aristocratic commonwealth in which the assertion of social equality, and the nice observance of the privileges of sex and rank, are so curiously harmonized. Such was his want of animal courage, that in the vigour of his days he could tamely acquiesce in a severe personal chastisement, and fly to the hold of his vessel for safety at the prospect of an approaching sea-fight. Such his failure in self-respect, that a tone of awkward adulation distinguishes his letters to the ladies of high degree who partook and graced his triumph. But his capital offence against the code of manners was the absence of that pudicity which shrinks from exposing to public gaze the deepest emotions of the heart. In Journals originally divulged, and at last published by himself, and throughout his voluminous correspondence, he is 'naked and is not ashamed.' Some very coarse elements must have entered into the composition of a man who could thus scatter abroad disclosures of the secret communings of his spirit with his Maker.

Akin to this fault is his seeming unconsciousness of the oppressive majesty of the topics with which he was habitually occupied. The seraph in the prophetic vision was arrayed with wings, of which some were given to urge his flight, and others to cover his face. Vigorous as were the pinions with which Whitfield moved, he appears to have been unprovided with those beneath which his eyes should have shrunk from too familiar a contemplation of the ineffable glory. Where prophets and apostles 'stood trembling,'

he is at his ease ; where they adored, he declaims. This is, indeed, one of the besetting sins of licentiates in divinity. But few ever moved among the infinitudes and eternities of invisible things with less embarrassment or with less of silent awe. Illustrations might be drawn from every part of his writings, but hardly without committing the irreverence we condemn.

To the lighter graces of taste and fancy Whitfield had no pretension. He wandered from shore to shore unobservant of the wonders of art and nature, and the strange varieties of men and manners which solicited his notice. In sermons in which no resource within his reach is neglected, there is scarcely a trace to be found of such objects having met his eye or arrested his attention. The poetry of the inspired volume awakens in him no corresponding raptures ; and the rhythmical quotations which overspread his letters never rise above the *cantilena* of the tabernacle. In polite literature, in physical and moral science, he never advanced much beyond the standard of the grammar-school of St Mary de Crypt. Even as a theologian, he has no claims to erudition. He appears to have had no Hebrew and little Greek, and to have studied neither ecclesiastical antiquity nor the great divines of modern times. His reading seems to have been confined to a few, and those not the most considerable, of the works of the later nonconformists. Neither is it possible to assign him a place among profound or original thinkers. He was, in fact, almost an uneducated man ; and the powers of his mind were never applied, and perhaps could not have been bent successfully, either to the acquisition of abstruse knowledge or to the enlargement of its boundaries. ‘ Let the name of George Whitfield ‘ perish if God be glorified,’ was his own ardent and sincere exclamation. His disciples will hardly acquiesce in their teacher’s self-abasement, but will resent, as injurious to him and to their cause, the imputations of enthusiasm, of personal timidity, of irreverence and coarseness of mind, of ignorance and of a mediocrity or absence of the powers of fancy, invention, and research. But the apotheosis of saints is no less idolatrous than that of heroes ; and they have not imbibed Whitfield’s spirit who cannot brook to be told that he had his share of the faults and infirmities which no man more solemnly ascribed to the whole human race.

Such, however, was his energy and self-devotion, that even the defects of his character were rendered subservient to the one end for which he lived. From the days of Paul of Tarsus and Martin Luther to our own, history records the career of no man who, with a less alloy of motives terminating in self, or of passions breaking loose from the control of reason, concentrated all

the faculties of his soul with such intensity and perseverance for the accomplishment of one great design. He belonged to that rare variety of the human species of which it has been said that the liberties of mankind depend on their inability to combine in erecting an universal monarchy. With nerves incapable of fatigue, and a buoyant confidence in himself, which no authority, neglect, or opposition could abate, opposing a *pachydermatous* front to all the missiles of scorn and contumely, and yet exquisitely sensitive to the affection which cheered, and the applause which rewarded his labours; unembarrassed by the learning which reveals difficulties, or the meditative powers which suggest doubts; with an insatiable thirst for active occupation, and an unhesitating faith in whatever cause he undertook; he might have been one of the most dangerous enemies of the peace and happiness of the world, if powers so formidable in their possible abuse had not been directed to a beneficent end. Judged by the wisdom which is of the earth, earthy, Whitfield would be pronounced a man whose energy ministered to a vulgar ambition, of which the triumph over his ecclesiastical superiors, and the admiration of unlettered multitudes, were the object and the recompense. Estimated by those whose religious opinion and observances are derived from him by hereditary descent, he is nothing less than an apostle, inspired in the latter ages of the Church to purify her faith and to reform her morals. A more impartial survey of his life and writings may suggest the conclusion, that the homage of admiring crowds, and the blandishments of courtly dames, were neither unwelcome nor unsolicited; that a hierarchy subdued to inaction, if not to silence, gratified his self-esteem; and that, when standing on what he delighted to call his 'throne,' the current of devout and holy thoughts was not uncontaminated by the admixture of some human exultation. But ill betide him who delights in the too curious dissection of the motives of others, or even of his own. Such anatomists breathe an impure air, and unconsciously contract a sickly mental habit. Whitfield was a great and a holy man; among the foremost of the heroes of philanthropy; and as a preacher without a superior or a rival.

If eloquence be justly defined by the emotions it excites, or by the activity it quickens, the greatest orator of our times was he who first announced the victory of Waterloo,—if that station be not rather due to the learned President of the College of Physicians, who daily makes the ears to tingle of those who listen to his prognostics. But the converse of the rule may be more readily admitted, and we may confidently exclude from the list of eloquent speakers him whose audience is

impassive whilst he addresses them, and inactive afterwards. Every seventh day a great company of preachers raise their voices in the land to detect our sins, to explain our duty, to admonish, to alarm, and to console. Compare the prodigious extent of this apparatus with its perceptible results, and, inestimable as they are, who will deny that they disappoint the hopes which, antecedently to experience, the least sanguine would have indulged? The preacher has, indeed, no novelties to communicate. His path has been trodden hard and dry by constant use; yet he speaks as an ambassador from heaven, and his hearers are frail, sorrowing, perplexed, and dying men. The highest interests of both are at stake. The preacher's eye rests on his manuscript; the hearer's turns to the clock; the half hour glass runs out its sand; and the portals close on well-dressed groups of critics, looking for all the world as if just dismissed from a lecture on the tertiary strata.

Taking his stand on some rising knoll, his tall and graceful figure dressed with elaborate propriety, and composed into an easy and commanding attitude, Whitfield's 'clear blue eye' ranged over thousands, and tens of thousands, drawn up in close files on the plain below, or clustering into masses on every adjacent eminence. A 'rabble rout' hung on the skirts of the mighty host; and the feelings of the devout were disturbed by the scurrile jests of the illiterate, and the cold sarcasms of the more polished spectators of their worship. But the rich and varied tones of a voice of unequalled depth and compass quickly silenced every ruder sound,—as in rapid succession its ever-changing melodies passed from the calm of simple narrative, to the measured distinctness of argument, to the vehemence of reproof, and the pathos of heavenly consolation. 'Sometimes the preacher wept exceedingly, stamped loudly and passionately, and was frequently so overcome that for a few seconds one would suspect he could never recover, and, when he did, nature required some little time to compose herself.' In words originally applied to one of the first German Reformers—*vividus vultus, vividi oculi, vivida manus, denique omnia vivida*. The agitated assembly caught the passions of the speaker, and exulted, wept, or trembled at his bidding. He stood before them, in popular belief, a persecuted man, spurned and rejected by lordly prelates, yet still a presbyter of the Church, and clothed with her authority;—his meek and lowly demeanour chastened and elevated by the conscious grandeur of the apostolic succession. The thoughtful gazed earnestly on a scene of solemn interest, pregnant with some strange and enduring influence on the future condition of mankind. But the wise and the simple alike yielded to the enchant-

ment; and the thronging multitude gave utterance to their emotions in every form in which nature seeks relief from feeling too strong for mastery.

Whitfield had cultivated the histrionic art to a perfection which has rarely been obtained by any who have worn the sock or the buskin. Foote and Garrick were his frequent hearers, and brought away with them the characteristic and very just remark, that 'his oratory was not at its full height until he had repeated 'a discourse forty times.' The transient delirium of Franklin,—attested by the surrender on one occasion of all the contents of his purse at a 'charity sermon,' and by the Quaker's refusal to lend more to a man who had lost his wits,—did not prevent his investigating the causes of this unwonted excitement. 'I came,' he says, 'by hearing him often, to distinguish between sermons newly composed and those he had preached often in the course of his travels. His delivery of the latter was so improved by frequent repetition, that every accent, every emphasis, every modulation of the voice was so perfectly timed, that, without being interested in the subject, one could not help being pleased with the discourse,—a pleasure of much the same kind as that received from an excellent piece of music.'

The basis of the singular dominion which was thus exercised by Whitfield during a period equal to that assigned by ordinary calculation for the continuance of human life, would repay a more careful investigation than we have space or leisure to attempt. Amongst subordinate influences, the faintest of all is that which may have been occasionally exercised over the more refined and sensitive members of his congregations by the romantic scenery in which they assembled. But the tears shaping 'white gutters down the black faces of the colliers, black as they came out of the coal-pits,' were certainly not shed under any overwhelming sense of the picturesque. The preacher himself appears to have felt and courted this excitement. 'The open firmament above me, the prospect of the adjacent fields,' 'to which sometimes was added the solemnity' 'of the approaching evening,' was, he says, 'almost too much for me.' But a far more effectual resource was found in the art of diverting into a new and unexpected channel, the feelings of a multitude already brought together with objects the most strangely contrasted to his own. Journeying to Wales, he passes over Hampton Common, and finds himself surrounded by twelve thousand people collected to see a man hung in chains, and an extempore pulpit is immediately provided within sight of this deplorable object. On another similar occasion, the wretched culprit was permitted to steal an hour from the eternity before him, while listening, or seeming

to listen, to a sermon delivered by Whitfield to himself, and to the spectators of his approaching doom. He reaches Basingstoke, when the inhabitants are engaged in all the festivities of a country fair, and thus records the use he made of so tempting an opportunity. 'As I passed on horseback I saw the stage, and 'as I rode further I met divers coming to the revel, which affected me so much, that I had no rest in my spirit, and therefore having asked counsel of God, and perceiving an unusual warmth and power enter my soul, though I was gone above a mile, I could not bear to see so many dear souls for whom Christ had died ready to perish, and no minister or magistrate interpose; upon this, I told my dear fellow-travellers that I was resolved to follow the example of Howell Harris in Wales, and bear my testimony against such lying vanities, let the consequences to my own private person be what they would. They immediately assenting, I rode back to the town, got upon the stage erected for the wrestlers, and began to show them the error of their ways.'

The often-told tale of Whitfield's controversy with the Merry-Andrew at Moorfields, still more curiously illustrates the skill and intrepidity with which he contrived to divert to his own purposes an excitement running at high tide in the opposite direction. The following is an extract from his own narrative of the encounter.

'For many years, from one end of Moorfields to the other, booths of all kinds have been erected for mountebanks, players, puppet-shows, and such like. With a heart bleeding with compassion for so many thousands led captive by the devil at his will, on Whit-Monday, at six o'clock in the morning, attended by a large congregation of praying people, I ventured to lift up a standard amongst them, in the name of Jesus of Nazareth. Perhaps there were about ten thousand in waiting, not for me, but for Satan's instruments to amuse them. Glad was I to find that I had for once, as it were, got the start of the devil. I mounted my field pulpit; almost all flocked immediately around it; I preached on these words—"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness," &c. They gazed, they listened, they wept, and I believe that many felt themselves stung with the deep conviction for their past sins. All was hushed and solemn. Being thus encouraged, I ventured out again at noon. The whole fields seemed, in a bad sense of the word, all white, ready not for the Redeemer's, but for Beelzebub's harvest. All his agents were in full motion. Drummers, trumpeters, Merry-Andrews, masters of puppet-shows, exhibitions of wild beasts, players, &c. &c. all busy in entertaining their respective auditors. I suppose there could not be less than twenty or thirty thousand people. My pulpit was fixed on the opposite side, and immediately, to their great mortification, they found the number of their attendants sadly lessened. Judging that, like St Paul, I should

now be called, as it were, to fight with beasts at Ephesus, I preached from these words, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." You may easily guess that there was some noise among the craftsmen, and that I was honoured with having a few stones, dirt, rotten eggs, and pieces of dead cats thrown at me, whilst engaged in calling them from their favourite but lying vanities. My soul was indeed among lions, but far the greatest part of my congregation, which was very large, seemed for a while turned into lambs. This Satan could not brook. One of his choicest servants was exhibiting, trumpeting on a large stage, but as soon as the people saw me in my black robes and my pulpit, I think all to a man left him and ran to me. For a while I was enabled to lift up my voice like a trumpet, and many heard the joyful sound. God's people kept praying, and the enemy's agents made a kind of roaring at some distance from our camp. At length they approached near, and the Merry-Andrew got up on a man's shoulders, and, advancing near the pulpit, attempted to slash me with a long heavy whip several times, but always with the violence of his motion tumbled down. I think I continued in praying, preaching, and singing (for the noise was too great to preach) for about three hours. We then retired to the Tabernacle, with my pockets full of notes from persons brought under concern, and read them amidst the praises and spiritual acclamations of thousands. Three hundred and fifty awakened souls were received in one day, and I believe the number of notes exceeded a thousand.'

The propensity to mirth which, in common with all men of robust mental constitution, Whitfield possessed in an unusual degree, was, like every thing else belonging to him, compelled to minister to the interest and success of his preaching; but, however much his pleasantries may attest the buoyancy of his mind, it would be difficult to assign them any other praise. Oscillating in spirit as well as in body, between Drury-Lane and the Tabernacle, Shuter, the comedian, attended in Tottenham Court Road during the run of his successful performance of the character of Ramble, and was greeted with the following apostrophe,—'and thou, poor Ramble, who hast so long rambled from 'Him, come thou also. Oh! end thy ramblings, and come to 'Jesus.' The preacher in this instance descended not a little below the level of the player.

In the eighteenth century the crown of martyrdom was a prize for which Roman Catholics alone were permitted to contend, and Whitfield was unable to gain the influence which he would have derived from the stake, from a prison, or a confiscation. Conscious, however, of the importance of such sufferings, he persuaded himself, and desired to convince the world, that he had to endure them. The Bishops were persecutors, because they repelled with some acrimony his attacks on their authority and reputation. The mob were persecutors, because they pelted a

man who insisted on their hearing him preach when they wanted to see a bear dance, or a conjurer eat fire. A magistrate was a persecutor, because he summoned him to appear on an unfounded charge, and then dismissed him on his own recognisance. He gloried with better reason in the contemptuous language with which he was assailed, even by the more decorous of his opponents, and in the ribaldries of Foote and Bickerstaff. He would gladly have partaken of the doom of Rogers and Ridley, if his times had permitted, and his cause required it; but the fires of Smithfield were put out, and the exasperated Momus of the fair, with his long whip, alone remained to do the honours appropriate to the feast of St Bartholomew.

There are extant seventy-five of the sermons by which Whitfield agitated nations, and the more remote influence of which is still distinctly to be traced, in the popular divinity and the national character of Great Britain and of the United States. They have, however, fallen into neglect; for to win permanent acceptance for a book, into which the principles of life were not infused by its author, is a miracle which not even the zeal of religious proselytes can accomplish. Yet, inferior as were his inventive to his mimetic powers, Whitfield is entitled, among theological writers, to a place which, if it cannot challenge admiration, may at least excite and reward curiosity. Many, and those by far the worst, of his discourses bear the marks of careful preparation. Take at hazard a sermon of one of the preachers usually distinguished as evangelical, add a little to its length, and subtract a great deal from its point and polish, and you have one of his more elaborate performances;—common topics discussed in a commonplace way; a respectable mediocrity of thought and style; endless variations on one or two cardinal truths;—in short, the task of a clerical Saturday evening, executed with piety, good sense, and exceeding sedateness. But open one of that series of Whitfield's sermons which bears the stamp of having been conceived and uttered at the same moment, and imagine it recited to myriads of eager listeners with every charm of voice and gesture, and the secret of his unrivalled fascination is at least partially disclosed. He places himself on terms of intimacy and unreserved confidence with you, and makes it almost as difficult to decline the invitation to his familiar talk as if Montague himself had issued it. The egotism is amusing, affectionate, and warm-hearted; with just that slight infusion of self-importance without which it would pass for affectation. In his art of rhetoric, personification holds the first place; and the *prosopopœia* is so managed as to quicken abstractions into life, and to give them individuality and distinctness without the exhibition of any



of those spasmodic and distorted images which obey the incantations of vulgar exorcists. Every trace of study and contrivance is obliterated by the hearty earnestness which pervades each successive period, and by the vernacular and homely idioms in which his meaning is conveyed. The recollection of William Cobbet will obtrude itself on the reader of these discourses, though the presence of the sturdy athlete of the 'Political Register,' with his sophistry and his sarcasm, his drollery and his irascible vigour, sorely disturbs the sacred emotions which it was the one object of the preacher to awaken. And it is in this grandeur and singleness of purpose that the charm of Whitfield's preaching seems really to have consisted. You feel that you have to do with a man who lived and spoke, and who would gladly have died, to deter his hearers from the path of destruction, and to guide them to holiness and to peace. His gossiping stories, and dramatic forms of speech, are never employed to hide the awful realities on which he is intent. Conscience is not permitted to find an intoxicating draught in even spiritual excitement, or an anodyne in glowing imagery. Guilt and its punishment, pardon and spotless purity, death and an eternal existence, stand out in bold relief on every page. From these the eye of the teacher is never withdrawn, and to these the attention of the hearer is riveted. All that is poetic, grotesque, or rapturous, is employed to deepen these impressions, and is dismissed as soon as that purpose is answered. Deficient in learning, meagre in thought, and redundant in language as are these discourses, they yet fulfil the one great condition of genuine eloquence. They propagate their own kindly warmth, and leave their stings behind them.

The enumeration of the sources of Whitfield's power is still essentially defective. Neither energy, nor eloquence, nor histrionic talents, nor any artifices of style, nor the most genuine sincerity and self-devotedness, nor all these united, would have enabled him to mould the religious character of millions in his own and future generations. The secret lies deeper, though not very deep. It consisted in the nature of the theology he taught—in its perfect simplicity and universal application. His thirty or forty thousand sermons were but so many variations on two key-notes. Man is guilty, and may obtain forgiveness; he is immortal, and must ripen here for endless weal or woe hereafter. Expanded into innumerable forms, and diversified by infinite varieties of illustration, these two cardinal principles were ever in his heart and on his tongue. Let who would invoke poetry to embellish the Christian system, or philosophy to explore its esoteric depths, from his lips it was delivered as an awful and

urgent summons to repent, to believe, and to obey. To set to music the orders issued to seamen in a storm, or to address them in the language of Aristotle or Descartes, would have seemed to him not a whit more preposterous than to divert his hearers from their danger and their refuge, their duties and their hopes, to any topics more trivial or more abstruse. In fine, he was thoroughly and continually in earnest, and, therefore, possessed that tension of the soul which admitted neither of lassitude nor relaxation, few and familiar as were the topics to which he was confined. His was, therefore, precisely that state of mind in which alone eloquence, properly so called, can be engendered, and a moral and intellectual sovereignty won.

A still more important topic we pass over silently, not as doubting, or reluctant to acknowledge, the reality of that Divine influence, of which the greatest benefactors of mankind are at most but the voluntary agents; but because, desiring to observe the proprieties of time and place, we abandon such discussions to pages more sacred than our own.

The effects of Whitfield's labours on succeeding times have been thrown into the shade by the more brilliant fortunes of the Ecclesiastical Dynasty of which Wesley was at once the founder, the lawgiver, and the head. Yet a large proportion of the American Churches, and that great body of the Church of England which, assuming the title of Evangelical, has been refused that of Orthodox, may trace back their spiritual genealogy by regular descent from him. It appears, indeed, that there are among them some who, for having disavowed this ancestry, have brought themselves within the swing of Mr Philip's club. To rescue them, if it were possible, from the bruises which they have provoked, would be to arrest the legitimate march of penal justice. The consanguinity is attested by historical records and by the strongest family resemblance. The quarterings of Whitfield are entitled to a conspicuous place in the Evangelical scutcheon; and they who bear it are not wise in being ashamed of the blazonry.

Four conspicuous names connect the great field-preacher with the Evangelical body, as it at present exists in the Church of England. The first of these, Henry Venn, exhibited in a systematic form the doctrines and precepts of the Evangelical divinity in a treatise, bearing the significant title of the '*New Whole Duty of Man.*' He was the founder of that 'school of the prophets,' which has, to the present day, continued to flourish with unabated or increasing vigour in the University of Cambridge, and the writer of a series of letters which have lately been edited by one of his lineal descendants. They possess the peculiar and very powerful charm of giving utterance to the most profound affec-

tions in grave, chaste, and simple language, and indicate a rare subjection of the intellectual, and sensitive, to the spiritual nature—of an intellect of no common vigour, and a sensibility of exquisite acuteness, to a spirit at once elevated and subdued by devout contemplations.

He was followed by Joseph Milner, who, in a history of the Church of Christ, traced, from the days of the Apostles to the Reformation, the perpetual succession of an interior society by which the tenets of the Calvinistic Methodists had been received and transmitted as a sacred deposit from age to age. A man of more spotless truth and honesty than Milner never yet assumed the historical office. But he was encumbered at once by a theory, and by the care of a grammar-school; the one anticipating his judgments, the other narrowing the range of his investigations. His ‘apparatus’ included little more than the New Testament, the Fathers, and the ecclesiastical historians. To explore, to concentrate, and to scrutinise with philosophical scepticism, the evidences by which they are illustrated and explained, was a task unsuited alike to his powers, his devotion, and his taste. He has bequeathed to the world a book which can never lose its interest, either with those who read to animate their piety, or with those who, in their search for historical truth, are willing not merely to examine the proofs, but to listen to the advocates.

John Newton, most generally known as the friend and spiritual guide of Cowper, has yet better claims to celebrity. For many years the standard-bearer of his section of the Anglican Church in London, he was the writer of many works, and especially of an autobiography, which is to be numbered amongst the most singular and impressive delineations of human character. A more rare psychological phenomenon than Newton was never subjected to the examination of the curious. The captain of a slave-ship, given up at one time to all manner of vice and debauchery, gradually emerges into a perfect Oroondate, haunted to the verge of madness by the sentimental Psyche, but is still a slave-trader. He studies the Scriptures and the classics in his cabin, while his captives are writhing in mental and bodily agonies in the hold. With nerves of iron, and sinews of brass, he combines an almost feminine tenderness, and becomes successively the victim of remorse, a penitent, a clergyman, an eminent preacher, an author of no mean pretensions in verse and prose, beloved and esteemed by the wise and good; and at an extreme old age closes in honour, peace, and humble hope, a life of strange vicissitudes, and of still stranger contrasts. The position which he has the courage to challenge for himself in the chronicle of his party, is that of an example of the salutary influence of their principles on a man once given up to reckless guilt. His friends and followers, with

more discretion, and at least equal truth, assert for him the praise of having consecrated his riper and declining years to the practice of pure and undefiled religion; and to the inculcation of it with all the vigour of his natural disposition, tempered by a composure, and adorned by an elegance, the most remote from his primitive character.

The last of the fathers of the Evangelical Church was Thomas Scott, the author of many books, and amongst these of a treatise called the 'Force of Truth,' which records his own mental history; and of a Commentary on the Bible, in which the truth he sought and believed himself to have found is discovered in almost every page of the inspired volume. Scott was nothing less than a prodigy of autodidactic knowledge. Bred up in humble life, with little education, regular or irregular, and immersed from youth to age in clerical cares (of which a well-filled nursery and an ill-filled purse seem inevitable parts), he had neither money to multiply books, nor much leisure or inclination to read them. But he studied his congregation, his Bible, and himself. From those investigations, conducted with admirable sagacity, good faith, and perseverance, he accumulated a fund of thought, indigenous if not original, accurate if not profound, which, considered as the gathering of a solitary mind, is altogether marvellous. In the later editions of his work, indeed, he interspersed such learning as he had derived from subsequent study. But, inverting the established order, he seems to have published his own books first, and to have read those of other men afterwards. Such a process, executed with such zeal and earnestness, if aided by a vivid imagination, would have rendered his speculations instinct with breath and life; if directed by vanity, it would have ascribed to the sacred oracles some wild novelties of meaning at jar with the sense and spirit of their authors; if guided by mercenary views, it would have brought them into harmony with the opinions of the orthodox dispensers of ecclesiastical emoluments and honours. But imagination in the mind of Thomas Scott was not merely wanting, it was a negative quantity; and his chariot-wheels drove heavily. The thirst of praise or of wealth was quenched by a desire as simple and as pure as ever prompted human activity to promote the Divine glory and the good of man. He would have seen the labours of his life perish, and would have perished with them, rather than distort the sense of revelation by a hair's breadth from what he believed to be its genuine meaning. He rendered to his party (if with such a man party can be fitly associated) the inestimable service of showing how their distinguishing tenets may be deduced from the sacred canon, or reconciled with it; and of placing their feet on that which Chillingworth had proclaimed as the rock of the Reformation.

Gradually, however, it came to pass in the Evangelical, as in other societies, that the symbol was adopted by many who were strangers to the spirit of the original institution ;—by many an indolent, trivial, or luxurious aspirant to its advantages, both temporal and eternal. The terms of membership had never been definite or severe. Whitfield and his followers had required from those who joined their standard neither the adoption of any new ritual, nor the abandonment of any established ceremonies, nor an irksome submission to ecclesiastical authority, nor the renunciation of any reputable path to eminence or to wealth. The distinguishing tenets were few and easily learned ; the necessary observances neither onerous nor unattended with much pleasurable emotion. In the lapse of years the discipline of the society imperceptibly declined, and errors coeval with its existence exhibited themselves in an exaggerated form. When country gentlemen and merchants, lords spiritual and temporal, and even fashionable ladies gave in their adhesion, their dignities uninvaded, their ample expenditure flowing chiefly in its accustomed channels, and their saloons as crowded if not as brilliant as before, the spirit of Whitfield was to be traced among his followers, not so much in the burning zeal and self-devotion of that extraordinary man, as in his insubordination to episcopal rule, and unquenchable thirst for spiritual excitement. Although the fields and the market-places no longer echoed to the voice of the impassioned preacher and the hallelujahs of enraptured myriads ; yet spacious theatres, sacred to such uses, received a countless host to harangue or to applaud ; to recount or to hear adventures of stirring interest ; to propagate the Christian faith to the furthest recesses of the globe ; to drop the superfluous guinea, and to retire with feelings strangely balanced between the human and the divine, the glories of heaven and the vanities of earth.

The venerable cloisters of Oxford sheltered a new race of students, who listened, not without indignation, to the rumours of this religious movement. Invigorated by habitual self-denial ; of unsullied, perhaps of austere virtue ; with intellectual powers of no vulgar cast ; and deeply conversant with Christian antiquity,—they acknowledged a Divine command to recall their country to a piety more profound and masculine, more meek and contemplative. They spoke in the name and with the authority of the ‘ Catholic Church,’ the supreme interpreter of the holy mysteries confided to her care. That sublime abstraction has not indeed, as of yore, a visible throne and a triple crown ; nor can she now point to the successors of the fishermen of Galilee collected into a sacred college at the Vatican. Though still existing in a mysterious unity of communion, faith, and practice, she is

present in every land and among all people, where due honour is paid to the Episcopal office derived by an unbroken succession from the Apostles. Her doctrines are those to which Rome and Constantinople have made some corrupt additions, but which the Ante-Nicene fathers professed, and our Anglo-Saxon ancestors adopted. She requires the rigid observance of her ancient formularies, and calls on her children to adore rather than to investigate. She announces tenets which the unlearned must submissively receive with a modest self-distrust; inculcates a morality which pervades and sanctifies the most minute, not less than the more considerable of our actions; and demands a piety which is to be avowed, not by the utterance of religious sentiments, nor by a retreat from the ordinary pursuits or pleasures of the world, but by the silent tenor of a devout life. If among the teachers of this new or restored divinity, Oxford should raise up another Whitfield, the principles for which the martyrs of the Reformation died might be in peril of at least a temporary subversion, in that church which has for the last three centuries numbered Cranmer, Hooper, and Ridley, amongst her most venerated fathers. The extent of the danger will be best estimated by a short survey of the career of the only confessor of Oxford Catholicism who has yet taken his place in Ecclesiastical biography.

Richard Hurrell Froude was born 'on the Feast of the Annunciation' in 1803, and died in 1836. He was an Etonian; a fellow of Oriel College; a priest in holy orders; the writer of journals, letters, sermons, and unsuccessful prize essays; an occasional contributor to the periodical literature of his theological associates; and, during the last four years of his life, a resident alternately in the South of Europe and the West Indies. If the progress of his name to oblivion shall be arrested for some brief interval, it will be owing to the strange indiscretion with which his surviving friends have disclosed to the world the curious and melancholy portraiture drawn by his own hand of the effects of their peculiar system. 'The extreme importance of the views to the developement of which the whole is meant to be subservient,' and 'the instruction derivable from a full exhibition of his character as a witness to those views,' afford the inadequate apology for inviting the world to read a self-examination as frank and unreserved as the most courageous man could have committed to paper in this unscrupulous and inquisitive generation. Yet, if the editors of Mr Froude's papers are the depositaries of those which his mother appears to have written, and will publish them also, it will be impossible to refuse them absolution from whatever penalties they may have already incurred. These volumes contain but one letter from that lady; and it contrasts with the

productions of her son as the voice of a guardian angel with the turbulent language of a spirit to which it had been appointed to minister. She read his heart with a mother's sagacity, and thus revealed it to himself with a mother's tenderness and truth.

‘From his very birth his temper has been peculiar; pleasing, intelligent, and attaching, when his mind was undisturbed, and he was in the company of people who treated him reasonably and kindly; but exceedingly impatient under vexatious circumstances; very much disposed to find his own amusement in teasing and vexing others; and almost entirely incorrigible when it was necessary to reprove him. I never could find a successful mode of treating him. Harshness made him obstinate and gloomy; calm and long displeasure made him stupid and sullen; and kind patience had not sufficient power over his feelings to force him to govern himself. After a statement of such great faults, it may seem an inconsistency to say, that he nevertheless still bore about him strong marks of a promising character. In all points of substantial principle his feelings were just and high: He had (for his age) an unusually deep feeling of admiration for every thing which was good and noble; his relish was lively, and his taste good, for all the pleasures of the imagination; and he was also quite conscious of his own faults, and (untempted) had a just dislike to them.’

Though the mother and the child are both beyond the reach of all human opinion, it seems almost an impiety to transcribe her estimate of his early character, and to add, that, when developed and matured in his riper years, it but too distinctly fulfilled her less favourable judgment. Exercising a stern and absolute dominion over all the baser passions, with a keen perception of the beautiful in nature and in art, and a deep homage for the sublime in morals; imbued with the spirit of the classical authors, and delighting in the strenuous exercise of talents which, if they fell short of excellence, rose far above mediocrity, Mr Froude might have seemed to want no promise of an honourable rank in literature, or of distinction in his sacred office. His career was intercepted by a premature death, but enough is recorded to show that his aspirations, however noble, must have been defeated by the pride and moroseness which his mother's wisdom detected, and which her love disclosed to him; united as they were to a constitutional distrust of his own powers, and a weak reliance on other minds for guidance and support. A spirit at once haughty and unsustained by genuine self-confidence; subdued by the stronger will or intellect of other men, and glorying in that subjection; regarding their opponents with an intolerance exceeding their own; and, in the midst of all, turning with no infrequent indignation on itself,—might form the basis of a good dramatic sketch, of which Mr Froude might not unworthily sustain the burden. But a ‘dialogue of the dead,’ in which George Whit-

field and Richard Froude should be the interlocutors, would be a more appropriate channel for illustrating the practical uses of 'the second reformation,' and of the 'Catholic restoration,' which it is the object of their respective biographies to illustrate. Rhadamanthus having dismissed them from his tribunal, they would compare together their juvenile admiration of the drama, their ascetic discipline at Oxford, their early dependence on stronger or more resolute minds, their propensity to self-observation and to record its results on paper, their opinions of the negro race, and the surprise with which they witnessed the worship of the Church of Rome in lands where it is still triumphant. So far all is peace, and the *concordes animæ* exchange such greetings as pass between disembodied spirits. But when the tidings brought by the new denizen of the Elysian fields to the reformer of the eighteenth century, reach his affrighted shade, the regions of the blessed are disturbed by an unwonted discord; and the fiery soul of Whitfield blazes with intense desire to resume his wanderings through the earth, and to lift up his voice against the new apostasy.

It was with no unmanly dread of the probe, but from want of skill or leisure to employ it, that the self-scrutiny of Whitfield seldom or never penetrated much below the surface. Preach he must; and when no audience could be brought together, he seized a pen and exhorted himself. The uppermost feeling, be it what it may, is put down in his journal honestly, vigorously, and devoutly. Satan is menaced and upbraided. Intimations from heaven are recorded without one painful doubt of their origin. He prays, and exults, anticipates the future with delight, looks back to the past with thankfulness, blames himself simply because he thinks himself to blame, despairs of nothing, fears nothing, and has not a moment's ill-will to any human being.

Mr Froude conducts his written soliloquies in a different spirit. His introverted gaze analyses with elaborate minuteness the various motives at the confluence of which his active powers receive their impulse, and, with perverted sagacity, pursues the self-examination, until, bewildered in the dark labyrinth of his own nature, he escapes to the cheerful light of day by locking up his journal. 'A friend' (whose real name is as distinctly intimated under its initial letter, as if the patronymic were written at length) 'advises burning confessions. I cannot make up my mind to that,' replies the penitent, 'but I think I can see many points in which it will be likely to do me good to be cut off for some time from these records.' On such a subject the author of 'The Christian Year' was entitled to more deference. The great ornament of the *College de Propagandâ* at Oxford,



• he also had used the mental microscope to excess. Admonishing men to approach their Creator not as isolated beings, but as members of the Universal Church, and teaching the inmates of her hallowed courts to worship in strains so pure, so reverent, and so meek, as to answer not unworthily to the voice of hope and reconciliation in which she is addressed by her Divine Head, yet had this 'sweet singer' so brooded over the evanescent processes of his own spiritual nature, as not seldom to throw round his meaning a haze which rendered it imperceptible to his readers, and probably to himself. With what sound judgment he counselled Mr Froude to burn his books may be judged from the following entries in them :—

'I have been talking a great deal to B. about religion to-day. He seems to take such straightforward practical views of it that, when I am talking to him, I wonder what I have been bothering myself with all the summer, and almost doubt how far it is right to allow myself to indulge in speculations on a subject where all that is necessary is so plain and obvious.'—'Yesterday when I went out shooting, I fancied I did not care whether I hit or not, but when it came to the point I found myself anxious, and, after having killed, was not unwilling to let myself be considered a better shot than I described myself. I had an impulse, too, to let it be thought that I had only three shots when I really had had four. It was slight, to be sure, but I felt it.'—'I have read my journal, though I can hardly identify myself with the person it describes. It seems like leaving some one under one's guardianship who was an intolerable fool, and exposed himself to my contempt every moment for the most ridiculous and trifling motives; and while I was thinking all this, I went into L.'s room to seek a pair of shoes, and on hearing him coming got away as silently as possible. Why did I do this? Did I think I was doing what L. did not like, or was it the relic of a sneaking habit? I will ask myself these questions again.'—'I have a sort of vanity which aims at my own good opinion, and I look for any thing to prove to myself that I am more anxious to mind myself than other people. I was very hungry, but because I thought the charge unreasonable, I tried to shirk the waiter; sneaking I'—'Yesterday I was much put out by an old fellow chewing tobacco and spitting across me; also had thoughts of various kinds kept presenting themselves to my mind when it was vacant.'—'I talked sillily to-day as I used to do last term, but took no pleasure in it, so I am not ashamed. Although I don't recollect any harm of myself, yet I don't feel that I have made a clean breast of it.'—'I forgot to mention that I had been looking round my rooms, and thinking that they looked comfortable and nice, and that I said in my heart, Ah, ah! I am warm.'—'It always suggests itself to me that a wise thought is wasted when it is kept to myself, against which, as it is my most bothering temptation, I will set down some arguments to be called to mind in time of trouble.'—'Now I am proud of this, and think that the knowledge it shows of myself implies a greatness of mind.'—'These records are no guide to me to show the state of my mind afterwards; they are

so far from being exercises of humility, that they lessen the shame of what I record just as professions and good will to other people reconcile us to our neglect of them.'

The precept 'know thyself' came down from heaven; but such self-knowledge as this has no heavenward tendency. It is no part of the economy of our nature, or of the will of our Maker, that we should so cunningly unravel the subtle filaments of which our motives are composed. If a man should subject to such a scrutiny the feelings of others to himself, he would soon lose his faith in human virtue and affection; and the mind which should thus put to the question its own workings in the domestic or social relations of life, would ere long become the victim of a still more fatal scepticism. Why dream that this reflex operation, which, if directed towards those feelings of which our fellow-creatures are the object, would infallibly eject from the heart all love and all respect for man, should strengthen either the love or the fear of God? A well-tutored conscience aims at breadth rather than minuteness of survey; and tasks itself much more to ascertain general results than to find out the solution of riddles. So long as religious men must reveal their 'experiences,' and self-defamation revels in its present impunity, there is no help for it, but in withholding the applause to which even lowliness itself aspires for the candour with which it is combined, and the acuteness by which it is embellished.

It is not by these nice self-observers that the creeds of hoar antiquity, and the habits of centuries are to be shaken; nor is such high emprise reserved for ascetics who can pause to enumerate the slices of bread and butter from which they have abstained. When Whitfield would mortify his body, he set about it like a man. The paroxysm was short, indeed, but terrible. While it lasted his diseased imagination brought soul and body into deadly conflict, the fierce spirit spurning, trampling, and well-nigh destroying the peccant carcass. Not so the fastidious and refined 'witness to the views' of the restorers of the Catholic Church. The strife between his spiritual and animal nature is recorded in his journal in such terms as these,—'Looked with greediness to see 'if there was goose on the table for dinner.'—'Meant to have 'kept a fast, and did abstain from dinner, but at tea eat buttered 'toast.'—'Tasted nothing to-day till tea-time, and then only one 'cup and dry bread.'—'I have kept my fast strictly, having 'taken nothing till near nine this evening, and then only a cup 'of tea and a little bread without butter, but it has not been as 'easy as it was last.'—'I made rather a more hearty tea than 'usual, quite giving up the notion of a fast in W.'s rooms, and 'by this weakness have occasioned another slip.'

Whatever may be thought of the propriety of disclosing such passages as these, they will provoke a contemptuous smile from no one who knows much of his own heart. But they may relieve the anxiety of the alarmists. Luther and Zuingli, Cranmer and Latimer, may still rest in their honoured graves. 'Take courage, brother Ridley, we shall light up such a flame in England as shall not soon be put out,' is a prophecy which will not be defeated by the successors of those who heard it, so long as their confessors shall be vacant to record, and their doctors to publish, contrite reminiscences of a desire for roasted goose, and of an undue indulgence in buttered toast.

Yet the will to subvert the doctrines and discipline of the Reformation is not wanting, and is not concealed. Mr Froude himself, were he still living, might, indeed, object to be judged by his careless and familiar letters. No such objection can, however, be made by the eminent persons who have deliberately given them to the world on account 'of the truth and extreme importance of the views to which the whole is meant to be subservient,' and in which they record their 'own general concurrence.' Of these weighty truths take the following examples:—

'You will be shocked at my avowal that I am every day becoming a less and less loyal son of the Reformation. It appears to me plain that in all matters which seem to us indifferent or even doubtful, we should conform our practices to those of the Church, which has preserved its traditional practices unbroken. We cannot know about any seemingly indifferent practice of the Church of Rome that is not a development of the apostolic *theos*, and it is to no purpose to say that we can find no proof of it in the writings of the six first centuries—they must find a disproof if they would do any thing.'—'I think people are injudicious who talk against the Roman Catholics for worshipping saints and honouring the Virgin and images, &c. These things may perhaps be idolatrous; I cannot make up my mind about it.'—'P. called us the Papal Protestant Church, in which he proved a double ignorance, as we are Catholics without the Popery, and Church of England men without the Protestantism.'—'The more I think over that view of yours about regarding our present communion service, &c. as a judgment on the Church, and taking it as the crumbs from the apostle's table, the more I am struck with its fitness to be dwelt upon as tending to check the intrusion of irreverent thoughts, without in any way interfering with one's just indignation.'—'Your trumpery principle about Scripture being the sole rule of faith in fundamentals (I nauseate the word), is but a mutilated edition, without the breadth and axiomatic character, of the original.'—'Really I hate the Reformation and the Reformers more and more, and have almost made up my mind that the rationalist spirit they set afloat is the *ψυδοπροφήτης* of the Revelations.'—'Why do you praise Ridley? Do you know sufficient good about him to counterbalance the fact, that he was the associate of Cranmer, Peter Martyr, and Bucer?'—'I wish you

could get to know something of S. and W. (Southey and Wordsworth,) and un-Protestantize, un-Miltonize them.'—*'How is it we are so much in advance of our generation ?'*

Spirit of George Whitfield ! how would thy voice, rolled from 'the secret place of thunders,' have overwhelmed these puny protests against the truths which it proclaimed from the rising to the setting sun ! In what does the modern creed of Oxford differ from the ancient faith of Rome ? Hurried along by the abhorred current of advancing knowledge and social improvement, they have indeed renounced papal dominion, and denied papal infallibility, and rejected the grosser superstitions which Rome herself at once despises and promotes. But a prostrate submission to human authority (though veiled under words of vague and mysterious import)—the repose of the wearied or indolent mind on external observances—an escape from the arduous exercise of man's highest faculties in the worship of his Maker—the usurped dominion of the imaginative and sensitive over the intellectual powers,—these are the common characteristics of both systems.

The Reformation restored to the Christian world its only authentic canon, and its one Supreme Head. It proclaimed the Scriptures as the rule of life ; and the Divine Redeemer as the supreme and central object to whom every eye must turn, and on whom every hope must rest. It cast down not only the idols erected for the adoration of the vulgar, but the idolatrous abstractions to which the worship of more cultivated minds was rendered. Penetrating the design, and seizing the spirit of the gospels, the reformers inculcated the faith in which the sentient and the spiritual in man's compound nature had each its appropriate office ; the one directed to the Redeemer in his palpable form, the other to the Divine Paraclete in his hidden agency ; while, united with these, they exhibited to a sinful but penitent race the parental character of the Omnipresent Deity. Such is not the teaching of the restored theology. The most eminent of its professors have thrown open the doors of Mr Froude's oratory, and have invited all passers-by to notice in his prayers and meditations 'the absence of any distinct mention of our Lord and Saviour.' They are exhorted not to doubt that there was a real though silent 'allusion to Christ' under the titles in which the Supreme Being is addressed ; and are told that 'this circumstance may be 'a comfort to those who cannot bring themselves to assume the 'tone of many popular writers of this day, who yet are discouraged by the peremptoriness with which it is exacted of them. 'The truth is, that a mind alive to its own real state often shrinks 'to utter what it most dwells upon ; and is too full of awe and

‘fear to do more than silently hope what it most wishes.’ It would indeed be presumptuous to pass a censure, or to hazard an opinion, on the private devotions of any man ; but there is no such risk in rejecting the apology which the publishers of those secret exercises have advanced for Mr Froude’s departure from the habits of his fellow Christians. Feeble, indeed, and emasculate must be the system, which, in its delicate distaste for the ‘popular writers of the day,’ would bury in silence the name in which every tongue and language has been summoned to worship and to rejoice. Well may ‘awe and fear’ become all who assume and all who invoke it. But an ‘awe’ which ‘shrinks to utter’ the name of Him who was born at Bethlehem, and yet does not fear to use the name which is ineffable ;—a ‘fear’ which can make mention of the Father, but may not speak of the Brother, of all,—is a feeling which fairly baffles comprehension. There is a much more simple, though a less imposing theory. Mr Froude permitted himself, and was encouraged by his correspondents, to indulge in the language of antipathy and scorn towards a large body of his fellow Christians. It tinges his letters, his journals, and is not without its influence even on his devotions. Those despised men too often celebrated the events of their Redeemer’s life, and the benefits of his passion, in language of offensive familiarity, and invoked him with fond and feeble epithets. Therefore, a good Oxford-Catholic must envelope in mystic terms all allusion to Him round whom as its centre the whole Christian system revolves. The line of demarcation between themselves and these coarse sentimentalists must be broad and deep, even though it should exclude those by whom it is run, from all the peculiar and distinctive ground on which the standard of the Protestant churches has been erected. There is nothing to dread from such hostility and such enemies. A fine lady visits the United States, and, in loathing against the tobaccoised republic, becomes an absolutist. A ‘double first-class’ theologian overhears the Evangelical psalmody, and straightway turns Catholic. But Congress will not dissolve at the bidding of the fair ; nor will Exeter Hall be closed to propitiate the fastidious. The martyrs of disgust and the heroes of revolutions are composed of opposite materials, and are cast in very different moulds. Nothing truly great or formidable was ever yet accomplished, in thought or action, by men whose love for truth was not strong enough to triumph over their dislike of the offensive objects with which it may be associated.

Mr Froude was the victim of these associations. Nothing escapes his abhorrence which has been regarded with favour by his political or religious antagonists. The Bill for the

Abolition of Slavery was recommended to Parliament by an Administration more than suspected of Liberalism. The 'Witness to Catholic Views,' 'in whose sentiments as a whole,' his editors concur, visits the West Indies, and they are not afraid to publish the following report of his feelings:—'I have felt it a kind of duty to maintain in my mind an habitual hostility to the niggers, and to chuckle over the failures of the new system, as if these poor wretches concentrated in themselves all the Whiggery, dissent, cant, and abomination that have been ranged on their side.' Lest this should pass for a pleasant extravagance, the editors enjoin the reader not to 'confound the author's view of the negro cause and of the *abstract negro* with his feelings towards any he should actually meet;' and Professor Tholuck is summoned from Germany to explain how the 'originators of error' may lawfully be the objects of a good man's hate, and how it may innocently overflow upon all their clients, kindred, and connexions. Mr Froude's feelings towards the 'abstract negro' would have satisfied the learned Professor in his most indignant mood. 'I am ashamed,' he says, 'I cannot get over my prejudices against the niggers.'—'Every one I meet seems to me like an incarnation of the whole Anti-Slavery Society, and I'owell Buxton at their head.'—'The thing that strikes me as most remarkable in the cut of these niggers is excessive immodesty, a forward stupid familiarity intended for civility, which prejudices me against them worse even than Buxton's cant did. It is getting to be the fashion with every body, even the planters, to praise the emancipation and Mr Stanley.' Mr Froude, or rather his editors, appear to have fallen into the error of supposing that his profession gave him not merely the right to admonish, but the privilege to scold. Lord Stanley and Mr Buxton have, however, the consolation of being railed at in good company. Hampden is 'hated' with much zeal, though, it is admitted, with imperfect knowledge. Louis Philippe, and his associates of the Three Days, receive the following humane benediction—'I sincerely hope the march of mind in France *may yet prove a bloody one.*' 'The election of the wretched B. for —, and that base fellow H. for —, in spite of the exposure,' &c. Again, the editors protest against our supposing that this is a playful exercise in the art of exaggeration. 'It should be observed,' they say, 'as in other parts of this volume, that the author used these words on principle, not as abuse, but as expressing matters of fact, as a way of bringing before his own mind things as they are.'

Milton, however, is the especial object of Mr Froude's virtuous abhorrence. He is 'a detestable author.' Mr Froude rejoices

to learn something of the Puritans, because, as he says, 'It gives me a better right to hate Milton, and accounts for many of the things which most disgusted me in his (not in my sense of the word) poetry.'—'A lady told me yesterday that you wrote the article of Sacred Poetry, &c. I thought it did not come up to what I thought your standard of aversion to Milton.' Mr Froude and his editors must be delivered over to the secular arm under the writ *De Heretico Comburendo* for their wilful obstinacy in rejecting the infallible sentence of the fathers and ecumenical counsels of the church poetical, on this article of faith. There is no room for mercy. They did not belong to the audience, meet but few, to whom the immortal addressed himself—to that little company to which alone it is reserved to estimate the powers of such a mind, and reverently to notice its defects. They were of that multitude who have to make their choice between repeating the established creed and holding their peace. Why are free-thinkers in literature to be endured more than in religion? The guilt of Liberalism has clearly been contracted by this rash judgment; and Professor Tholuck being the witness, it exposes the criminals and the whole society of Oriel, nay, the entire University itself, to the diffusive indignation of all who cling to the Catholic faith in poetry.

There are much better things in Mr Froude's book than the preceding quotations might appear to promise. If given as specimens of his power, they would do gross injustice to a good and able man, a ripe scholar, and a devout Christian. But as illustrations of the temper and opinions of those who now sit in Wycliffe's seat, they are neither unfair nor unimportant. And they may also convince all whom it concerns, that hitherto at least Oxford has not given birth to a new race of giants, by whom the Evangelical founders and missionaries of the Church of England will be expelled from their ancient dominion, or the Protestant world excluded from the light of day and the free breath of heaven.

Whenever the time shall be ripe for writing the ecclesiastical history of the last and the present age, a curious chapter may be devoted to the rise and progress of the Evangelical body in England from the days of Whitfield to our own. It will convey many important lessons. It will manifest the irresistible power of the doctrines of the Reformation when proclaimed with honesty and zeal, even though its teachers be unskilled in those studies which are essential to a complete and comprehensive theology. It will show that infirmities which, not without some reason, offend the more cultivated, and disgust the more fastidious members of the Catholic Church amongst us, are but as the small

dust in the balance, when weighed against the mighty energy of those cardinal truths in the defence of which Wycliffe and Luther, Knox and Calvin, Ridley and Latimer, lived, and laboured, and died. It may also prove that recondite learning, deep piety, and the purest virtue may be all combined in bosoms which are yet contracted by narrow and unsuspected prejudices. But, above all, it may teach mutual charity; admonishing men to listen with kindness and self-distrust even to each other's extravagant claims to an exclusive knowledge of the Divine will, and the exclusive possession of the Divine favour.

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ART. XI.—*Congres de Verone, Guerre d'Espagne, Negociations, Colonies Espagnoles.* Par M. De Chateaubriand. 2 tomes, 8vo. Paris : 1838.

THE literary and political world had for some time been occupied with rumours of an extensive work by M. De Chateaubriand, upon his own life and times, when these volumes were announced, having a very limited subject; and we now find, from the statement in the preface, that they form no part of the Memoirs. These, says our author, contain only what may be said during his lifetime; the rest must be reserved till after his decease—or, to use his own words, ‘à la tombe le reste.’ He adds, that he now speaks of his political life, for the first and last time. We doubt this; not that we at all disbelieve him, but that we suspect he will, like most authors, find reason to change his mind; especially when he sees ground for suspecting that, very possibly, the interest taken in him after his demise may be so much disunited, as to render the publication of a large work upon his personal history a speculation of doubtful prudence.

M. Chateaubriand, however, must be allowed to hold a very considerable rank, both among the literary and the political men of his time. His eloquence is of a fervid and striking cast; often very successful; frequently inflated, indeed, and somewhat apt to become dull and whining; but displaying much power over the language of his country, and showing no little resources of fancy. As a politician, how widely soever we may differ with him, it is impossible to deny that he has been consistent, and to all appearance honest. His last act confirms all former impressions upon this cardinal point; for he, and a few others, unable conscientiously to approve of the revolution in 1830, yet unwilling to maintain a vexatious struggle against the new government,



have quitted the scene of public affairs, and, resigning all objects of ambition, or even of parliamentary display, have buried themselves in the shade of a premature retirement.

There has never been wanting, too, in this gentleman, the courage to avow his principles, how unpopular soever; and the present work affords a sufficiently remarkable instance of this disposition. Few parts of the policy pursued by the government of the Restoration, have been more in conflict with the universal opinion of the public, both in France and in Europe generally, than the Spanish war of 1823; undertaken avowedly to destroy the free constitution which the Spaniards had given themselves, and to replace Ferdinand upon an absolute throne. Among the people of every country, this crusade was regarded with abhorrence; it was only among despotic princes and their ministers that it found defenders. The vile and hateful character of the Spaniards had not been sufficiently unfolded to destroy the interest taken in their fortunes; the bloodthirsty disposition, the disgusting cruelties and treachery of vulgar tyrants had not given a kind of comparative advantage to the more limited wickedness of individual despotism; and even if these recent times have, since the period of the war against the Cortes, made men care little whether the Castilian soil is drenched in blood by the one party or the other, the feeling is still very prevalent, that no foreign power has a right to interfere with the people, and dictate to them by force of arms what conduct they shall pursue in the administration of their own affairs. The approvers of the Holy Allies, and their abominable war, still remain few in number; and even the party most willing to defend them in France, in England, and elsewhere, venture to say very little in favour of the doctrine of intervention. Yet it is as the champion of those combined despots, the advocate of their very worst principles, the defender of their most odious acts, that M. Chateaubriand now stands forward. Nay, he avows himself the author of the Spanish war; and not merely as having drawn France into executing the decrees of the Allies, but as having sanctioned those Allies themselves to undertake the crusade. He is more than their advocate; he does far more than defend them. He plants himself in their places;—posting himself in the eyes of the world on the ‘bad eminence’ of having been the author of the deed which all men condemn. ‘It was not they, but I,’ he cries; and, while the policy of 1823 is assailed on all hands with the shouts of execration and the hiss of scorn, he steps forward and essays to make his voice heard, while he cries, amidst the wild uproar, *Adsum qui feci—mea fraus omnis!*

This book is by no means void of interest: it is really written

with great cleverness; and although somewhat affected, and very much filled with egotism, as all such works must indeed be from their very nature, yet it is lively, and full of original pieces; in support of the author's statements respecting the important transactions in which he was engaged. Of the three parts into which it is divided,—the Congress of Verona, the Spanish War, and the Spanish Colonies,—the two first are by far the most interesting; and it is to the matters relating to them that we shall feel it necessary to direct the reader's attention.

We must observe, however, in beginning the notice of his book, that we do not think M. Chateaubriand has proved quite so irrefragably as he supposes the position to which a great part of it is devoted; namely, that the Holy Allies were against the Spanish Invasion, and that he alone was its author. The phrases about peace which the Allies so glibly used, both in their conferences and in their notes, and which cost them so very little, prove really nothing. As little is it decisive of the question, that their celebrated three manifestoes to the Court of Madrid—intended, of course, for the Cortes—made no mention of war. They were all couched in language the most dictatorial and offensive; they all proceeded upon the assumption that their authors had a right to interfere with the Spanish people as to their choice of a constitution; they were all in a tone the most menacing, and plainly indicated that the Spaniards must choose between their own independence and a quarrel with the Allies. What signifies it to say that a blustering fellow, when he puts on a threatening air, and rudely calls to account his peaceable neighbour, does not actually promise him 'a bullet in his throat,' or brandish a cudgel over his head? All men know what he means, and all men well enough understood the holy gentlemen of Verona. Their exploits at Laybach the year before, followed by immediate operations in Italy for the suppression of a representative government, left no room to doubt their meaning at Verona; but it is extremely probable that the unusual odium which those exploits had engendered made them more cautious of speech, and not impossible that they might also wish France now to act as if of her own accord. At all events, M. Chateaubriand cannot tell what passed between the Nesselrodes, the Ancillons, and the Metternichs, in their conferences with the other French envoys. The words of M. Villele, then Prime Minister, in the Chamber of Deputies, are much discussed by our author, who denies that General Foy and M. Royer Collard put the right construction upon them. 'We have only the alternative of either combating against the Spanish revolution in the Pyrenees, or defending it upon our own

‘ northern frontier.’ ; M. Chateaubriand relies mainly on the pronoun ‘ *la*.’ ‘ Quoi de plus evident, de plus clairement, de mieux exprimé ? Remarquez bien ce pronom *la*, dans la leçon du General Foy ; il se rapporte au mot *révolution*, non au mot ‘ guerre’ (which, in truth, would be nonsense), ‘ non au mot ‘ *Europe*’ (which would be ridiculous) ; ‘ c’est la revolution Espagnole qui nous aura bouleversés, et que nous serons appelés à ‘ defendre sur le Rhin,’ &c. Was there ever such trifling ? But, also, was there ever any self-refutation more complete ? For it is not *revolution*, but *Spanish revolution* that they were to defend ; and yet our author can gravely maintain, that by defending on the Rhine the Spanish revolution, his colleague and chief meant not the insurrection of Madrid and the government of the Cortes, but the revolution in France, which the contagious influence of Spanish principles might possibly have brought about. In short, he makes *la*, because it refers to a Spanish revolution then actually born, nay, half-a-year old and more, to typify a French revolution not even in embryo, but which that Spanish one might possibly beget when it came to maturity, if not strangled in the cradle ? We venture to say that the pronoun *la*, or any other, never before had so heavy a task imposed upon it as to bear all this meaning. The interpretation of Lord Burleigh’s nod in the ‘ Critic’ is a joke to this. ‘ What ! does it really mean all this ?—‘ O yes ! and a good deal more.’—‘ Dear me ! I never ‘ should have guess’d it !’

We must fairly confess that the merit of this book, to our taste, consists much less in the serious discussions than in the anecdotes, told in an agreeable and lively manner, which it contains. The interview which he had with that fallen woman, who had once the honour to share Napoleon’s bed, is thus described :—

‘ Nous refusâmes d’abord une invitation de l’archiduchesse de Parme ; elle insista, et nous y allâmes. Nous la trouvâmes fort gaie : l’univers s’étant chargé de se souvenir de Napoléon, elle n’avait plus la peine d’y songer. Nous lui dîmes que nous avions rencontré ses soldats à Plaisance, et qu’elle en avait autrefois d’avantage ; elle répondit : “ Je ne songe plus à cela.” Elle prononça quelques mots légers, et comme en passant, sur le roi de Rome : elle était grosse. Sa cour avait un certain air délabré et vieilli, excepté M. Nieperg, homme de bon ton. Il n’y avait là de singulier que nous dinant auprès de Marie-Louise, et les bracelets faits de la pierre du sarcophage de Juliette, que portait la veuve de Napoléon.

‘ En traversant le Pô, à Plaisance, une seule barque nouvellement peinte, portant une espèce de pavillon impérial, frappa nos regards ; deux ou trois dragons, en veste et en bonnet de police, faisaient boire leurs chevaux ; nous entrions dans les états de Marie-Louise : c’est tout ce qui restait de la puissance de l’homme qui fendit les rochers du Simplon,

planta ses drapeaux sur les capitales de l'Europe, réleva l'Italie prosternée depuis tant de siècles. Bouleverser donc le monde, occupez de votre nom les quatre parties de la terre, sortez des mers de l'Europe, élancez-vous jusqu'au ciel, et allez tomber pour mourir à l'extrémité des flots de l'Atlantique : vous n'aurez pas fermé les yeux, qu'un voyageur passera le Pô et verra ce que nous avons vu.

Unworthy creature ! and as foolish as base ! Whilst her illustrious husband was pining under a treatment more impolitic even than it was cruel, and more senseless still than it was impolitic, she never heaved a sigh for his fate, nor cast an eye of affection towards the rock to which flinty-hearted men\* had chained him. While the other members of his family, on whom it was so much less incumbent, and some of whom, in the caprice of unlimited power, he had used moderately well, carried gods and men with their instances to be allowed the sad privilege of sharing his sufferings, she on whom his eye had never beamed but in love and courtesy—she, wrapt up in the stupid indulgences of Germanic etiquette, but not satiated with these, must give her person up to the first Austrian soldier that approached her, and by whom, according to the above passage, she was occupied in the disgusting office of breeding half-brothers to the son of Napoleon. For that son, it seems, by this same passage, she retained as much affection as for his great father,—showing herself to be as unnatural a parent as she is a grovelling and degenerate consort. The reader will be pleased to observe that this revolting picture of legitimacy comes not from our hand. It is drawn by the powerful and loyal pencil of the Austrian Emperor's friend and correspondent,—the chivalrous, the romantic champion of the old dynasties of Europe,—who has sacrificed himself for the Duchess of Berri's house, and has prostrated himself before that of the other woman, whose name shall not soil our page except in M. Chateaubriand's periods.

There is a passage, however, respecting the Austrian policy towards the illustrious sufferers in the Milanese, which should redeem our author from the censures drawn down upon him from the liberal party, by his devotion, often quite blind and unreflecting, to legitimacy. Speaking of Prince Metternich, whose general character he extols in terms as laudatory as those used

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\* Οὐ γὰρ πῶς τέθηκεν ἐπὶ χθονὶ διὸς Ὀδυσσεύς,  
 Ἀλλ' ἐπὶ πόντῳ ζωὴς κατερυγέσθαι εὖρει πόντῳ  
 Νῆσῳ ἐν ἀμφιρύτῳ χαλεποὶ δὲ μιν ἀνδρὲς ἔχουσιν.—*Hom. Od. A.*

This is not our citation ; it is the admirable one of Lord Holland, whose noble conduct and that of his family towards the illustrious exile, worthy of his name, is above all praise.

by Mrs Trollope herself,\* though his conduct in particular instances is not much to his mind, he remarks, 'L'Autriche s'applaudit trop de ses succes contre les Revolutionnaires de l'Italie; sa peur lui faisant voir des conspirateurs là où il n'y avoit que le mouvement progressif des idées d'une nation impatiente du joug etranger, et privée de sa nationalité par la conquête. On ne pouvoit penser comme M. de Metternich, quand on voyoit passer à Verone des Cages de l'ordre et du bonheur, qui empateraient à Spillberg Silvio Pellico, avec ce que l'Italie renfermait de plus eclaire et de plus distingué dans son sein.' (I. 96.) We are persuaded, that if such men as our author, and his diplomatic coadjutors at Verona, had strongly, and plainly, and earnestly represented to Prince Metternich and his master, how entirely they disapproved of those most cruel and most tyrannical proceedings, which it thus appears that they witnessed with their own eyes,—and had shown them, as they very easily might, the infinite mischiefs resulting from thence to their own character in Europe, and to the security of their own power in Austria as well as in Italy,—much more would have been effected for the cause of legitimacy, and far more effectual resistance opposed to the progress of revolutionary principles, than by all the conferences of which Verona and Laybach

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\* *A propos* of the mention of this clever lady, we may, though hardly worth while, give our readers one proof of the authority due to the statements contained in her lately published work, entitled 'Vienna and the Austrians.' 'When speaking,' she tells us, 'of our apparent geographical acquaintance with their country, one gentleman showed us a number of the Edinburgh Review,—I forget the precise date, but it was, I think, about five years ago,—in which Prague was spoken of as the capital of Hungary. The *bévue* had caused considerable amusement at the time, which was not lessened, as he told us, by the sequel. An Austrian (well known, by the way, in England) wrote to the Editor of the Review as soon as this remarkable statement met his eye, requesting him very civilly to restore to Bohemia her much-loved capital. The Editor politely answered the letter, acknowledging, as my informant said, that, after due enquiry made, it had been satisfactorily ascertained that Prague was in truth the capital of Bohemia, and not of Hungary . . . but that it was their principle never to contradict themselves, and therefore that they must beg to decline doing so on the present occasion. This letter is said to be very carefully preserved as a literary curiosity.'

If truth be at all necessary to the value of this 'literary curiosity,' we fear we shall deprive it of that recommendation; for we must inform Mrs Trollope, and her learned friend, that the above statement is wholly destitute of foundation. So much for this pleasant *bévue*!

were the seats, and all the threats of vengeance which were ever recorded in Germanic protocols, or executed beyond the Pyrenees.

A very interesting note appended to the second volume shows, that our author's prejudices are not so strong as to alienate him from real merit, or make him distrust integrity in political adversaries. He appears to have been the friend of M. Carrel, whose sterling honesty was only exceeded by his brilliant talents, and whose untimely loss every friend of freedom has deplored. An admirable letter of his is given, showing the footing on which these eminent men were. We extract the concluding portion of it, after remarking how natural it is, and how pleasing also, that persons, however widely opposed in opinions, yet sincerely holding them, and guiding their conduct by their principles, should respect one another, and be found to live on more friendly terms together than they can bear to do with the selfish beings who band themselves in parties for their own gain at the expense of the community, assume the outward appearance of opinions which they are entirely indifferent about, and, having worn as a mask, soon lay aside, and act the part of defending some great and sacred cause only that they may betray it for their own behoof.

‘ Ce que vous avez voulu depuis trente ans, Monsieur, ce que je voudrais, s'il m'est permis de me nommer après vous, c'est d'assurer aux intérêts qui se partagent notre belle France une loi de combat plus humaine, plus civilisée, plus fraternelle, plus concluante que la guerre civile, et il n'y a que la discussion qui puisse détrôner la guerre civile. Quand donc réussirons-nous à mettre en présence les idées à la place des partis, et les intérêts légitimes et ayonables à la place des déguisements de l'égoïsme et de la cupidité? Quand verrons-nous s'opérer par la persuasion et par la parole ces inévitables transactions que le duel des partis et l'effusion du sang amènent aussi par épuisement, mais trop tard pour les morts des deux camps, et trop souvent pour les blessés et les survivants? Comme vous le dites douloureusement, Monsieur, il semble que bien des enseignements aient été perdus, et qu'on ne sache plus en France ce qu'il en coûte de se réfugier sous un despotisme qui promet silence et repos. Il n'en faut pas moins continuer de parler, d'écrire, d'imprimer; il sort quelquefois des ressources bien imprévues de la constance. Aussi de tant de beaux exemples que vous avez donnés, Monsieur, celui que j'ai le plus constamment sous les yeux est compris dans un mot: Persévérer.

‘ Agrérez, Monsieur, les sentiments d'inaltérable affection avec lesquels je suis heureux de me dire votre plus dévoué serviteur,

‘ A. CARREL.’

The following singular passage is in M. Chateaubriand's best style, and, with all its faults, is certainly very striking:—

‘ Nous étions pendant les cent jours avec le roi : le 18 Juin 1815, vers midi, nous sortîmes de Gand par la porte de Bruxelles ; nous allâmes seul nous promener sur le grand chemin : nous avions emporté les *Commentaires de César*, et nous cheminions lentement, plongé dans la lecture. Nous étions déjà à plus d’une lieue de la ville, lorsque nous crûmes ouïr un roulement sourd. Nous nous arrêtàmes, nous regardâmes le ciel assez chargé de nuées, délibérant en nous-meme si nous continuerions d’aller en avant, ou si nous nous rapprocherions de Gand, dans la crainte d’un orage. Nous prêtâmes l’oreille ; nous n’entendîmes plus que le cri d’une poule d’eau dans les joncs et le son d’une horloge de village : nous poursuivîmes notre route. Nous n’avions pas fait trente pas que le roulement recommença, tantôt bref, tantôt long et à intervalles inégaux : quelquefois il n’était sensible que par une trepidation de l’air laquelle se communiquait à la terre sur ces plaines immenses, tant il était éloigné. Ces détonations, moins vastes, moins onduleuses, moins lisées ensemble que celles de la foudre, firent naître dans notre esprit l’idée d’un combat. Nous nous trouvions devant un peuplier planté à l’angle d’un champ de houblon ; nous traversâmes le chemin, et nous nous appuyâmes debout contre le tronc de l’arbre ; le visage tourné du côté de Bruxelles. Un vent du sud s’étant levé, nous apporta plus distinctement le bruit de l’artillerie. Cette grande bataille encore sans nom, dont nous écoutions les échos au pied d’un peuplier, et dont une horloge de village venait de sonner les funérailles inconnues, était la bataille de Waterloo !’

It is painful to dispel a pleasing illusion ; but this passage must be referred to the class of Poetical, and not Historical composition. The wind, which had blown on the 16th June so that the firing at the battle of Quatrebras was heard at Brussels, had changed before the great fight of the 18th, and even at Brussels the cannonade of Waterloo could not be heard ; much less could it have reached Ghent, and interrupted our author in his study (a somewhat fruitless one it should seem) of that very simple and accurate chronicle of events, *Julius Cæsar*. This is very far from being the only instance which these volumes afford of the lively fancy which predominates in their poetical author. He sets down the appointment of Fouché by the restored Government to the Duke of Wellington’s account, stating the nomination as his, and his only. It is well known to have been the work of the Count d’Artois, afterwards Charles X., and the god of the Chateaubriand party’s idolatry.

We hardly think that Mr Canning is fairly treated in this publication. Indeed, we do not at all agree with M. Chateaubriand as to the line which separates letters fit to be published from such as are confidential, and to be kept secret. A person’s decease gives no right of proclaiming to the world all that he may have communicated confidentially to his private friend. But, at any rate, the whole correspondence or none of it should

be given. Now, it is pretty evident from the letters here printed that many more of both parties are kept back ; and the inference drawn from the internal evidence of the book itself, is confirmed by the information which we happen to possess upon the subject. However, it must be admitted, that upon the whole, the sincerity, as well as the sound judgment of our distinguished countryman are abundantly proved by what he writes to the French Minister upon his favourite scheme, the Spanish-war. Mr Canning's letter of February 7, 1823, plainly shows how earnestly he deprecated that measure of injustice and folly ; the immediate success of which has not proved any extenuation of its demerits in the eyes of every honest and right-thinking person ; and the remote effects of which may easily be traced in the Revolution which Mr Canning did not live to see.

M. CANNING À M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

‘ London, February 7, 1823.

‘ I scarcely know how to write to you to-day, my dear M. de Chateaubriand. I hesitate between the duty of sincerity, and the fear of offence ; till I have almost a mind not to write at all. But there is no end of such difficulties ; or rather, if such difficulties are suffered to prevail there is an end of our correspondence. And *that*, I may say without flattery to you, or vanity on my own part, would, in the present crisis of affairs, be a national, if not an *European* misfortune. I write, therefore, and will write the truth ; subject, I am afraid to some possible misconstruction, and to the risque of what may be distasteful, but with no other intention (*ita me Deus adjuvet*) than that of consulting your ease and honour as well as my own, and the interests of both our governments ; and in the confidence that, even if you distrust my judgment, you cannot doubt my friendship.

‘ Well, then, to begin at once with what is most unpleasant to utter, you have united the opinions of this whole nation, *as those of one man*, against France. You have excited against the present sovereign of that kingdom, the feelings which were directed against the *usurper* of France and Spain, in 1808 ; nay, the consent, I am grieved to say, is *more* perfect now than on that occasion ; for then the Jacobins were loath to inculpate their idol ; now, they, and the Whigs and Tories, from one end of the country to the other, are all one way. Surely such a spontaneous and universal burst of national sentiment must lead any man, or any set of men, who are acting in opposition to it, to *doubt* whether they are acting quite right. The government has not on this occasion *led* the public ; quite otherwise. The language of the government, has been peculiarly measured and temperate ; and its discretion far more guarded than usual ; so much so, that the mass of the nation were in suspense as to the opinions of the government ; and that portion of the daily press usually devoted to them, was (for some reasons better known, perhaps, on your side of the water than on ours) turned in a directly opposite



course. I was not without expectation of such an ebullition. M. de Marcellus will probably have told you that I did express such an expectation to him; and that I assured him of my perfect conviction that if the word "neutrality" had found its way into the speech, we should have had to combat the combined efforts of all parties in the House of Commons, to get rid of it. Even if you distrust us, what hinders your negotiating for yourselves? Only negotiate, at least, before you invade.

'Ever, my dear M. de Chateaubriand, with the sincerest regard and admiration, yours,

'G. CANNING.'

The following anecdote is a somewhat laughable misapprehension of our author:—

"Un mot échappé à M. Canning, lorsqu'à propos d'un discours de M. Brougham et lorsqu'il nous crut fourvoyé dans l'affaire de la Péninsule, montre les sentiments que nous portaient nos rivaux; il s'écria dans sa joie—'Tu l'as voulu, Georges Daudin! tu l'as voulu, mon ami!' Et pourtant il ne nous croyait pas assez stupide pour n'avoir rien compris aux notes du Duc de Wellington, puisqu'après avoir reçu un lettre de félicitations que nous lui écrivîmes sur sa nomination de Ministre des Affaires Etrangères, il nous adressa à Vérone la réponse suivante."

The letter which follows is one of very polite, and perhaps hearty congratulation to M. Chateaubriand, upon his elevation to the Ministry in October, 1822, which there is no occasion to extract, as it contains nothing at all remarkable. But the total misapprehension of the anecdote, by either his author or himself, is inconceivable. The fact was this, and every one in the political world at the time knew it well:—M. Marcellus, the French Charge d'Affaires, was sitting under the gallery when Mr Brougham made his attack upon the Holy Alliance and the Spanish War. Mr Canning, who had warned the French Ministry repeatedly against the infatuation of the conduct then pursued, and who had, moreover, given the Charge d'Affaires a special warning not to be present when the attack was expected to be made, spoke to him, as he passed, the words from Moliere, which M. Chateaubriand has quoted as correctly, as he has completely misapprehended their application.

Our author has in one *most* important part of his work, the observations upon the Congress of Vienna (beginning with the words, '*La demagogie étouffée*,' Vol. i. p. 370), committed some important mistakes;—mistakes indeed so gross, that it requires the utmost charity to believe them wholly unconnected with his party prejudices. In the first place, he attributes to that Congress resolutions taken and carried into effect by the treaty of November 20, 1815, signed at Paris, and not at Vienna. So great an error is quite unaccountable in M. Chateaubriand,

or any man who had filled the station of Minister for Foreign Affairs. Can it be necessary to remind such a person, that nothing whatever relating to the territorial arrangements of France was discussed or determined at Vienna? By the treaty of May 30, 1814, concluded at a moment when Paris and three-fourths of all France were occupied by the allied armies, France was not only suffered to retain her boundaries of 1792, but even to gain, partly by rectification of frontiers, partly by actual cession (as of the department of Montblanc and the county of Venaissin), an augmentation of territory to the extent of 150 square miles, and having a population of 450,000 souls. She also was allowed to keep possession of those precious objects of art, and remains of antiquity, which were the spoils of all the wars both of the Empire and the Republic; and, moreover, the invading armies had evacuated her territories within six weeks from the conclusion of the peace. We may fairly ask M. Chateaubriand, if his diplomatic skill in the service of the legitimate Bourbons would ever have succeeded in obtaining more favourable terms for his country, at a time when she was exhausted by the unparalleled efforts of a twenty years' war, and invaded at almost all points of her surface? It was no doubt after, and in consequence of, the treaty of May 1814, that the Congress of Vienna was holden; but it is not the less certain, that the affairs of France, properly so called, never formed any part of its object or of its deliberations.

France was represented at Vienna by the statesman who had obtained the terms of the treaty of Paris—terms which were certainly the most advantageous that could be got for her, and far better than could have been expected, in the unfortunate position in which the policy of Napoleon and the chance of war had left her. It was by the talents, and by the ascendancy of the great statesman alluded to (M. Talleyrand), that France regained and kept, from the very opening of the Vienna negotiations, her former weight and influence in European affairs, which Napoleon and the war had seemed to shake to its very foundations. Now all these facts were so notorious to the whole world, that we may fairly wonder, if M. Chateaubriand, the Poet, felt himself justified in perverting or discolouring them while composing the Epic of his own glory, how M. Chateaubriand, the Head of the Foreign Department, could ever have forgotten matters so remarkable, which he must at one time have so well known.

Hitherto we have only spoken of what, however gross, may yet be termed an innocent error in point of fact. We must now make mention of a more serious fault, because the mistatement, quite as gross, wears also the aspect of calumny; and of a calumny most grave and odious in its import, though launched with a levity and indifference wholly unjustifiable. In the fol-

lowing passage, the French negotiator is directly accused of the most foul corruption, with as much carelessness as if the question had been of making a common blunder in politics, or a slip in a speech :—‘ Une fois redevenus puissants au moyen de nos succès dans la Péninsule, il eut été aisé de ramener le Czar à ses anciennes notions d’équité, on pouvait entraîner la Prusse en reprenant l’arrangement de la Saxe, abandonnée au Congrès de Vienne, *pour un pot de vin de quatre millions.*’—(Vol. I., p. 373.) To such of our readers as are ignorant of the French phrase, we may mention that *Pot-de-vin* is the Court expression for bribe; and, that this passage directly charges those who represented France at Vienna, with having taken a bribe of four millions of francs, or L.160,000 sterling, for abandoning the former arrangement of Saxony.

To rebut triumphantly this foul accusation, it is only necessary to make the reader consult the abridged History of Treaties of Peace, compiled by Messrs Koch and Frederick Schoell. He will there find (Vol. xi., p. 42 and 74), the whole transactions relating to Saxony; and he will at once be enabled to judge of M. Chateaubriand’s fidelity as an historian, and his justice as a commentator. We have preferred this work for reference, because it is composed with the most anti-Gallican opinions and feelings; because the authors show themselves throughout hostile to M. Talleyrand; and because, notwithstanding these prejudices, personal as well as national, the book has been received as an authority by the Diplomats of Europe in general; but is especially a favourite with the adversaries of M. Talleyrand and of his country.

It will be seen in the passages referred to, that the treaty of January 6, 1815, between France, Austria, England, the Netherlands, and Bavaria, alone prevented Saxony from having been effaced from the map of Europe; and who is there, unless it be M. Chateaubriand, so ignorant, or so forgetful, as not to be aware that this treaty was the work of the French ambassador’s skill in negotiation, and the fruit of his great authority with all the powers at the Congress? He who obtained and signed that treaty, was no doubt the same person who had obtained and signed the treaty of May 1814; but he is also the same statesman who afterwards refused to retain office, and emolument, and power, rather than set his hand to the treaty of November 1815, by which France was dismembered, and given over to the occupation of foreign armies for five years. In reminding the reader of these things, no slight is intended upon the Duc de Richelieu’s memory, who consented to sign the treaty of November. The devotion of that Minister to his Master’s service received the reward, some time after, of seeing the period of five years reduced

to three. But, at any rate, it is nothing more than justice to give each person engaged in those great affairs his due measure of commendation ; nor is it less than the most gross injustice to condemn M. Talleyrand for things which he not only never did, but never could have done ; nay, for things which, notoriously to all mankind, he sacrificed office rather than do ; and of which he did the very reverse.

The calumny which we have been exposing brings us naturally to the contemplation of that remarkable person who is the object of its attack ; and among the many that have figured in modern times, we shall in vain look for any one who presents a more interesting subject of study. His whole history was marked with strange peculiarities, from the period of infancy to the latest scenes of a life protracted to extreme, but vigorous and undecayed, old age. Born to represent one of the most noble families in France, an accident struck him with incurable lameness ; and the cruel habits of their pampered caste made his family add to this infliction the deprivation of his rank as eldest son. He was thus set aside for a brother whose faculties were far more crippled by nature than his own bodily frame had been by mischance ; and was condemned to the ecclesiastical state, by way of at once providing for him, and getting rid of him. A powerful house, however, could not find in Old France much difficulty in securing promotion for one of its members in the church ; be his disposition towards its duties ever so reluctant, or his capacity for performing them ever so slender. The young Perigord was soon raised over the heads of numberless pious men, and profound theologians, and became Bishop of Autun, at an age when he had probably had little time for reflection upon his clerical functions, amidst the dissipations of the French capital ; into which neither his personal misfortune, nor the domestic deposition occasioned by it, had prevented him from plunging with all the zeal of his strenuous and indomitable nature. His abilities were of the highest order ; and the brilliancy with which they soon shone out, was well calculated to secure his signal success in Parisian society, where his rank would alone have gained him a high place ; but where talents also, even in the humblest station, never failed to rise in the face of the aristocratic ‘genius of the place,’ and the habits of a nation of courtiers.

The great event of modern times now converted all Frenchmen into politicians—gave to state affairs the undisturbed monopoly of interest which the pleasures of society had before enjoyed—and armed political talents with the influence which the higher accomplishments of refined taste and elegant manners had hitherto possessed undivided and almost uncontrolled. M. Talleyrand did

not long hesitate in choosing his part. He sided with the Revolution party, and continued to act with them; joining those patriotic members of the clerical body who gave up their revenues to the demands of the country, and sacrificed their exclusive privileges to the rights of the community. But when the violence of the Republican leaders, disdaining all bounds of prudence, or of justice, or of humanity, threatened to involve the whole country in anarchy and blood, he quitted the scene; and retired first to this country, where he passed a year or two, and then to America, where he remained until the more regular government of the Executive Directory tempered the violence of the Revolution, and restored order to the State. Since that period, he always filled the highest stations either at home or in the diplomatic service, except during a part of the Restoration Government, when the incurable folly of those Princes who, as he said himself, had come back from their long exile without having either learnt or forgotten any thing, deemed it prudent to lay upon the shelf the ablest and most experienced man in the country, that their councils might have the benefit of being swayed by the Polignacs and other imbecile creatures of their legitimate Court.\*

But it is from this constant employment of M. Talleyrand that the principal charge against the integrity of his political character has been drawn. The Chief Minister and Councillor of the Directory, he became suddenly the chief adviser of the Consular Government. When Napoleon took the whole power to himself he continued his Minister. When the independence of Switzerland was rudely invaded, he still presided over the department of Foreign Affairs. When the child and champion of Jacobinism had laid his parent prostrate in the dust, clothed himself with the Imperial purple, maltreated the Pope, and planted the iron crown of Italy on his brow, the republican ex-bishop remained in his service. When he who afterwards so eloquently avowed, that 'General, Consul, Emperor, he owed all to the people,' studied to discharge that debt by trampling on every popular right, the advocate of freedom was still to be seen by his side, and holding the pen through which all the Rescripts of despotic power flowed. When the adopted Frenchman, who, with the dying accents of the same powerful and racy eloquence, desired that 'his ashes might repose near the stream of the Seine, among 'the people whom he had so much loved,' was testifying the warmth of his affection by such tokens as the merciless conscription, and

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\* His resignation in 1815-16 was owing to the praiseworthy cause already stated; but the Bourbons never sought to draw him afterwards from his retirement.

breathing out his tenderness in proclamations of war that wrapped all France and all Europe in flame—the philosophic statesman,—the friend of human improvement, the philanthropist who had speculated upon the nature of man, and the structure of government in both worlds, and had quitted his original profession because its claims were inimical to the progress of society,—continued inseparably attached to the person of the military ruler, the warrior tyrant; and although he constantly tendered sounder advice than ever was followed, never scrupled to be the executor of Ordinances which he then most disapproved. The term of boundless, unreflecting, and miscalculating ambition was hastened by its excesses; Napoleon was defeated; foreign powers occupied France; and the Emperor's Minister joined them to restore the Bourbons. With them he acted for some time, nor quitted them until they disclosed the self-destructive bent of their feeble and unprincipled minds,—to rule by tools incapable of any acts but those of sycophancy and prostration, and animated by no spirit but that of blind and furious bigotry. The overthrow of the dynasty once more brought M. Talleyrand upon the scene; and he has ever since been the most trusted, as the most valuable and skilful, of all the new Government's advisers; nor have the wisdom and the firmness of any counsels, except indeed those of the Monarch himself, contributed so signally to the successful administration of that great Prince, in the unparalleled difficulties of his truly arduous position.

That these well-known passages in M. Talleyrand's life indicate a disposition to be on the successful side, without any very nice regard to its real merits, can hardly be denied; and when facts, so pregnant with evidence, are before the reader, he has not merely materials for judging of the character to which they relate, but may almost be said to have had its lineaments presented to his view, without the aid of the historian's pencil to portray them. But the just discrimination of the historian is still wanting to complete the picture; both by filling up the outline, and by correcting it when hastily drawn from imperfect materials. Other passages of the life may be brought forward; explanations may be given of doubtful actions; apparent inconsistencies may be reconciled; and charges which at first sight seemed correctly gathered from the facts, may be aggravated, extenuated, or repelled, by a more enlarged and a more judicial view of the whole subject. That the inferences fairly deduced from M. Talleyrand's public life can be wholly countervailed by any minuteness of examination, or explained away by any ingenuity of comment, it would be absurd to assert; yet is it only doing justice to comprise in our estimate of his merits, some things not usually taken into the account by those who censure his conduct, and who pronounce

him,—upon the view of his bearing part in such opposite systems of policy, and acting with such various combinations of party,—to have been a person singularly void of public principle, and whose individual interest was always his God.

His conduct towards the order he belonged to has been remarked upon with severity. But to that order he owed only cruel and heartless oppression, and all for an accident that befell him in the cradle. He was not only disinherited, but he literally never was allowed to sleep under his father's roof. His demeanour in respect to sacred matters, unbecoming his profession as a priest, has called down censures of a far graver description. But he was made by force to enter a profession which he abhorred ; and upon those who forced him, not upon himself, falls the blame of his conduct having been unsuited to the cloth which they compelled him to wear. It, moreover, is true, but it has been always forgotten in the attacks upon his ecclesiastical character, that he gallantly undertook the defence of his sacred order, at a time when such devotion to a most unpopular body exposed him to destruction ; and that he went into exile, leaving his fortune behind, and subsisting when abroad upon the sale of his books, rather than be contaminated by any share whatever in the enormities of the first Revolution, is a circumstance equally true and equally kept in the shade by his traducers. When the dissipations of his earlier years are chronicled, no allusion is ever made to the severity of his studies at the Sorbonne, where he was only known as a young man of haughty demeanour and silent habits, who lived buried among his books. Unable to deny his wit, and overcome by the charms of his conversation, envious men have refused him even solid capacity, and more important services to society ; but they have only been able to make this denial by forgetting the profound discourse upon Lotteries which laid the foundation of his fame ; and the works on Public Education, upon Weights and Measures, and upon Colonial Policy, which raised the superstructure. No mitigation of the judgment pronounced upon his accommodating, or what has perhaps justly been called his time-serving, propensities, has ever been effected by viewing the courage which he showed in opposing Napoleon's Spanish war ; the still more dangerous energy with which he defended the clerical body in his diocese at a time full of every kind of peril to political integrity ; and his exclusion from power by the restored dynasty, whose return to the French throne was mainly the work of his hands, but whose service he quitted rather than concur in a policy humiliating to his country. Nor has any account been taken of the difficult state of affairs, and the imminent risk of hopeless anarchy on the one hand, or complete conquest on the other, to which France was exposed by the for-

tune of war and the hazards of revolution;—an alternative presented to him in more than one of those most critical emergencies in which he was called to decide for his country as well as himself. Yet all these circumstances must be weighed together with the mere facts of his successive adhesion to so many governments, if we would avoid doing his memory the grossest injustice, and escape the most manifest error in that fair estimate of his political virtue which it is our object to form.

But if the integrity of this famous personage be the subject of unavoidable controversy, and if our opinion regarding it must of necessity be clouded with some doubt, and at best be difficult satisfactorily to fix—upon the talents with which he was gifted, and his successful cultivation of them, there can be no question at all; and our view of them is unclouded and clear. His capacity was most vigorous and enlarged. Few men have ever been endowed with a stronger natural understanding; or have given it a more diligent culture, with a view to the pursuits in which he was to employ it. His singular acuteness could at once penetrate every subject; his clearness of perception at a glance unravelled all complications, and presented each matter distinct and unencumbered; his sound, plain, manly sense, at a blow got rid of all the husk, and pierced immediately to the kernel. A cloud of words was wholly thrown away upon him; he cared nothing for all the declamation in the world; ingenious topics, fine comparisons, cases in point, epigrammatic sentences, all passed innocuous over his head. So the storms of passion blew unheeded past one whose temper nothing could ruffle, and whose path towards his object nothing could obstruct. It was a lesson and a study, as well as a marvel, to see him disconcert, with a look of his keen eye, or a motion of his chin, a whole piece of wordy talk, and far-fetched and fine-spun argument, without condescending to utter, in the deep tones of his most powerful voice, so much as a word or an interjection;—far less to overthrow the flimsy structure with an irresistible remark, or consume it with a withering sarcasm. Whoever conversed with him, or saw him in conversation, at once learnt both how dangerous a thing it was to indulge before him in loose prosing, or in false reasoning, or in frothy declamation; and how fatal an error he would commit who should take the veteran statesman's good-natured smile for an innocent insensibility to the ludicrous, and his apparently passive want of all effort for permanent indolence of mind. There are many living examples of persons not meanly gifted who, in the calm of his placid society, have been wrecked among such shoals as these. {

But his political sagacity was above all his other great qualities; and it was derived from the natural perspicacity to which we have adverted, and that consummate knowledge of mankind



—that swift and sure tact of character—into which his long and varied experience had matured the faculties of his manly, yet subtle understanding. If never to be deluded by foolish measures, nor ever to be deceived by cunning men, be among the highest perfections of the practical statesman, where shall we look for any one who preferred higher claims to this character? But his statesmanship was of no vulgar cast. He despised the silly, and easy, and false old maxims which inculcate universal distrust, whether of unknown men or of novel measures; as much as he did the folly of those whose facility is an advertisement for impostors or for enthusiasts to make dupes of them. His was the skill which knew as well where to give his confidence as to withhold it; and he knew full surely that the whole difficulty of the political art consists in being able to say whether any given person, or scheme, belongs to the right class or to the wrong. It would be very untrue to affirm that he never wilfully deceived others; but it would probably be still more erroneous to admit that he ever in his life was deceived. So he held in utter scorn the affected wisdom of those who think they prove themselves sound practical men by holding cheap every proposal to which the world has been little, or not at all accustomed, and which appeals for its support to principles rarely resorted to. His own plan for maintaining the peace and independence of Belgium may be cited as an example of a policy at once refined and profound. He would have had it made the resort of the fine arts and of letters, with only force enough to preserve its domestic peace, and trusting for its protection to the general abhorrence which all Europe must have, in these times, of any proceeding hostile to such a power.

Although M. Talleyrand never cultivated the art of oratory, yet his brilliant wit, enlivening a constant vein of deep sense and original observation, and his extraordinary mastery over all the resources of the language in which he expressed himself, gave to the efforts of his pen, as well as to his conversation, a relish, a charm, and a grace, that few indeed have ever attained, and certainly none have surpassed. His thorough familiarity with the best writers of his own country was manifest in all his compositions, as well as in his talk; which, however, was too completely modulated to the tone of the most refined society, ever to wear the least appearance of pedantry. To cite examples of the felicitous turns of his expression in writing, would almost be to take any passage at random of the few works which he has left. But the following description of the American Planter may suffice to show how he could paint moral as well as natural scenery. The writers of Chateaubriand's school might envy its poetical effect, and might perhaps learn how possible it is to be pointed and epigram-

matic without being affected, and sentimental, without being mawkish.

‘ Le bucheron Americain ne s’interesse à rien ; toute idée sensible est loin de lui ; ces branches si elegamment jettées par la nature, un beau feuillage, une couleur vive qui anime une partie du bois, un verd plus fort qui en assombroit une autre, tout cela n’est rien : il n’a de souvenir à placer nulle part : c’est la quantité de coups de hache qu’il faut qu’il donne pour abattre un arbre, qui est son unique idée. Il n’a point plante ; il n’en sait point les plaisirs. L’arbre qu’il planteroit n’est bon à rien pour lui ; car jamais il ne le verra assez fort pour qu’il puisse l’abattre : c’est de detruire qui le fait vivre : on detruit par-tout : aussi tout lieu lui est bon ; il ne tient pas au champ où il a placé son travail, parce que son travail, n’est que de la fatigue, et qu’aucune idée douce n’y est jointe. Ce qui sort de ses mains ne passe point par toutes les croissances si attachantes pour le cultivateur ; il ne suit pas la destinée de ses productions ; il ne connoit par le plaisir des nouveaux essais ; et si en s’en allant il n’oublie pas sa hache, il ne laisse pas de regrets là où il a vecu des années.’

Of his truly inimitable conversation, and the mixture of strong masculine sense, and exquisitely witty turns in which it abounded, —independently of the interest, and the solid value which it derived from a rich fund of anecdote, delivered in the smallest number possible of the most happy and most appropriate words possible,—it would indeed be difficult to convey an adequate idea. His own powers of picturesque, and wonderfully condensed expression, would be hardly sufficient to present a portrait of its various and striking beauties. Simple and natural, yet abounding in the most sudden and unexpected turns—full of point, yet evidently the inspiration of the moment, and therefore more absolutely to the purpose than if it had been the laboured effort of a day’s reflection, a single word often performing the office of sentences, nay, a tone not unfrequently rendering many words superfluous—always the phrase most perfectly suitable selected, and its place most happily chosen—all this is literally correct, and no picture of fancy, but a mere abridgement and transcript of the marvellous original ; and yet it all falls very short of conveying its lineaments, and fails still more to render its coloring and its shades. For there was a constant gaiety of manner, which had the mirthful aspect of good-humour, even on the eve or on the morrow of some flash in which his witty raillery had wrapt a subject or a person in ridicule, or of some torrent in which his satire had descended instantaneous but destructive—there was an archness of malice, when more than ordinary execution must be done, that defied the pencil of the describer, as it did the attempts of the imitator—there were manners the most perfect in ease, in grace, in flexibility—there was the voice of singular depth and modulation,

and the countenance alike fitted to express earnest respect, unostentatious contempt, and bland complacency—and all this must really have been witnessed to be accurately understood. His sayings—his *mots*, as the French have it—are renowned; but these alone convey an imperfect idea of his whole conversation. They show indeed the powers of his wit, and the felicity of his concise diction; and they have a peculiarity of style, such, that, if shown without a name, no one could be at a loss to whom he should attribute them. But they are far enough from completing the sketch of his conversation to those who never heard it. A few instances may, however, be given, chiefly to illustrate what has been said of its characteristic conciseness and selection.

Being asked if a certain authoress, whom he had long since known, but who belonged rather to the last age, was not ‘un peu ennuyeuse.’ ‘Du tout,’ said he, ‘elle était *parfaitement* ennuyeuse.’ A gentleman in company was one day making a somewhat zealous eulogy of his mother’s beauty, dwelling upon the topic at uncalled-for length—he himself having certainly inherited no portion of that kind under the marriage of his parents. ‘C’était, donc, monsieur votre père qui apparemment n’était pas trop bien,’ was the remark, which at once released the circle from the subject. When Madame de Stael published her celebrated novel of *Delphiné*, she was supposed to have painted herself in the person of the heroine, and M. Talleyrand in that of an elderly lady who is one of the principal characters. ‘On me dit’ (said he, the first time he met her) ‘que nous sommes tous les deux dans votre Romans, déguisés en femme.’ Rulhieres, the celebrated author of the work on the Polish Revolution, having said, ‘Je n’ai fait qu’un inconsequence de ma vie;’ ‘Et quand finira-t-elle?’ was M. Talleyrand’s reply.—‘Genève est ennuyeuse, n’est-ce pas?’ asked a friend—‘Surtout quand on s’y amuse,’ was the answer.—‘Elle est insupportable’ (said he, with marked emphasis, of one well known; but as if he had gone too far, and to take off somewhat of what he had laid on, he added), ‘Elle n’a que ce défaut-là.’—‘Ah, je sens des douleurs infernales,’ said a person whose life had been supposed to be somewhat of the loosest. ‘Deja?’\* was the enquiry suggested to M. Talleyrand. Nor ought we to pass over the only *mot* that ever will be recorded of Charles X., uttered on his return to France in 1814, on seeing, like our Second Charles at a similar reception, that the adversaries of his family had disap-

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\* Certainly it came naturally to him; it is, however, not original. The Cardinal de Retz’s physician is said to have made a similar exclamation on a like occasion:—‘Deja, Monseigneur?’

peared, 'Il n'y a qu'un Français deplus.' This was the suggestion of M. Talleyrand. He afterwards proposed, in like manner, to Charles' successor, that the foolish freaks of the Duchesse de Berri should be visited with this Rescript to her and her faction—'Madame, il n'y a plus d'espérance pour vous. Vous serez jugée, condamnée, et graciée.'

Of his temper and disposition in domestic life, it remains to speak; and nothing could be more perfect than these. If it be true, which is, however, more than questionable, that a life of public business hardens the heart; if this be far more certainly the tendency of a life much chequered with various fortune; if he is almost certain to lose his natural sympathies with mankind, who has in his earliest years tasted the bitter cup of cruel and unnatural treatment, commended to his lips by the hands that should have cherished him; if, above all, a youth of fashionable dissipation and intrigue, such as M. Talleyrand, like most of our own great men, undeniably led, has, in almost every instance been found to eradicate the softer domestic feelings, and to plant every selfish weed in the cold soil of a neglected bosom—surely it is no small praise of his kindly and generous nature, that we are entitled to record how marked an exception he formed to all these rules. While it would be a foolish and a needless exaggeration to represent him as careless of his own interest, or ambition, or gratifications, at any period of his life, it is nevertheless quite true that his disposition continued to the last gentle and kindly; that he not only entertained throughout the tempest of the revolutionary anarchy the strongest abhorrence of all violent and cruel deeds, but exerted his utmost influence in mitigating the excesses which led to them in others; that his love of peace in all its blessed departments, whether tranquillity at home, or amity and good-will abroad, was the incessant object of his labours; that, in domestic life, he was of a peculiarly placid temper, and full of warm and steady affections. His aversion to all violent courses was even, in some instances, carried to a length which prevented his wonted calmness of judgment, and his constant and characteristic love of justice, even when an adversary was concerned, from having their free scope. He never could speak with patience of Carnot, for having continued, during the Reign of Terror, to serve and to save his country by directing the war which defended her against Europe in arms;—forgetting how much less could be urged for his own conduct under the conscriptions of Napoleon, and under the military occupation of the Allies,—even admitting his predominant desire to prevent anarchy and conquest,—than might most fairly be offered in defence of that illustrious Republican's inflexible and uncompromising, though stern and undaunted virtue.

*NOTE to the Article on George the Fourth and Queen Caroline,  
in Number 135.*

WE have received from Lord Stourton a Letter respecting our notice, in the above Article, of Mrs Fitzherbert's marriage; and we have much pleasure in laying before our readers a communication so creditable to the feelings of the noble writer.

*' To the Editor of the Edinburgh Review.*

' SIR,—A mistatement, no doubt unintentional, of the circumstances attending the marriage of Mrs Fitzherbert, in one of your late Articles, being liable to a construction, in the views of members of her religious communion, injurious to her reputation, you will, I am sure, readily oblige me by inserting in your next number the following more accurate statement, for the fidelity of which I pledge my honour.

' The marriage ceremony was performed, *not out of this kingdom*, as you have stated, but in her own drawing-room, in her house in town, in the presence of an officiating Protestant clergyman, and of two of her own nearest relatives. All the parties being now deceased, to ordinary readers this discrepancy will appear of little moment; as the ceremony, wherever it was performed, could confer no legal rights; and no issue followed this union. But when I inform you, that in the one case,—that stated in your Article, it would have been an invalid marriage as affecting the conscience of Mrs Fitzherbert in the sight of her own Church; and that in the other case, it formed a conscientious connexion in the opinion of such portions of Christendom as hold communion with the See of Rome, I am confident you will permit this statement, under my name and responsibility, to appear in your Journal. I shall, moreover, add,—that the conscientious validity of the contract depended upon the fact, that the discipline of the Council of Trent as to marriage has never been received in this country. I owe this plain counter-statement to the memory of Mrs Fitzherbert, in order that aspersions which, from peculiar circumstances, she was herself unable to rebut when living, should not be inscribed without contradiction on her tomb. That I have not officiously imposed on myself an unnecessary duty in endeavouring to protect the fame of this virtuous and distinguished lady, or am about to mislead by erroneous facts, I must appeal to the following extract from one of Mrs Fitzherbert's letters to myself, which closely followed

‘ certain confidential communications, on which I rely for the perfect accuracy of my information on this delicate subject.

‘ “ My dear Lord Stourton,

‘ “ I trust whenever it pleases God to remove me from this world, my conduct and character, in your hands, will not disgrace my family or my friends. Paris, Dec. 7, 1833.”

‘ I remain, Sir,

‘ Your obedient humble servant,

‘ STOURTON.

‘ *Mansfield Street, 30th June, 1838.*’

In complying with Mr Perceval’s request to reprint the following Letter, which has already appeared in some of the Newspapers, we must accompany it with one or two observations.

Mr Perceval cannot possibly be acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, which his very natural and commendable filial affection has induced him to discuss. The statement given in our last Number was the topic of constant and uncontradicted comment during his respected father’s life—certainly ever since the disclosures of Spring, 1813. If the Book, as intended to be published by Lord Eldon and him, had a book-seller’s, and especially a printer’s name to it, the statement is incorrect, how often soever it may have been repeated; but we must remind our correspondent, that no kind of contradiction will be given to the statement by merely producing *a Book* long since prepared for the press, with both publisher’s and printer’s names. Let him produce what his father and Lord Eldon intended to circulate in 1806 and 1807, and let us see whose names were upon that.

The assertion that the Book ‘ was simply and solely a collection of authentic documents,’ would astonish us if it did not prove that Mr Perceval cannot have seen *the Book*. We have seen it—so have very many others; and it contained, amongst other matter, an elaborate and vehement defence of the Princess; a laboured commentary on the evidence; and the most unsparing remarks upon her Royal Highness’s persecutors.

‘ *To the Editor of the Edinburgh Review.*

‘ *St Leonard’s on Sea, May 8, 1838*

‘ SIR,—I have been requested by my eldest brother to transmit to you the annexed copy of a Letter, addressed by him to the

‘ *Morning Post*, of which he had not time himself to make and forward a copy to you, being on the point of going abroad when the Article to which it relates was shown him.

‘ He desired me to state that he would have preferred to address it to yourself in the first instance, had it been possible to allow a mistatement so injurious to the character of the late Mr Perceval to remain uncontradicted for so long a period as the nature of your publication would render inevitable; and also to express his confidence that you will see that it is every way incumbent upon you to insert the letter in your next Number.— I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

‘ DUDLEY M. PERCEVAL.

‘ *To the Editor of the Morning Post.*

‘ *St Leonard’s, May 5.*

‘ SIR,—I have just been shown an Article in the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*, which contains statements concerning the printing, in 1807, by the late Lord Eldon and the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, of that which commonly has been called “The Book,” which are so untrue, and so dishonouring to my father’s character, that I feel it my duty to request you to do me the favour to insert this letter in your paper.

‘ The most material of the statements I refer to are as follow:—

‘ 1st. That Lord Eldon and Mr Perceval “entered into a conspiracy to evade and break the laws,” and specially an act passed by themselves, “to prohibit, under severe penalties, any one from printing any thing whatever without appending to it his name and place of abode,” by secretly printing a libellous work.

‘ 2d. That all this was done by them for the purpose of blackening the character of the heir-apparent to the throne.

‘ 3d. That the “libels,” thus “secretly printed against him” were “too outrageous to find a publisher.”

‘ The Book in question was simply and solely a collection of authentic documents, comprising, and entitled “The Proceedings and Correspondence upon the Subject of the Enquiry into the Conduct of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.” That enquiry had been a secret one. The result was a Report from the commissioners, declaring the entire failure of the charge against her Royal Highness. The Princess was not, however, received at Court. The inference was, that her exclusion was justified by what had come to light. One painful but sole resource remained for her. She was advised, and she authorized her advisers, to print the

‘ whole of the accusations against her, and her defence ; and she  
 ‘ notified to the King (George the Third) and to his Ministers,  
 ‘ that, unless within a given period she was again received at  
 ‘ Court as heretofore, she should be compelled, however reluc-  
 ‘ tantly, to publish the whole proceedings. About this time the  
 ‘ Whig Ministry went out of office, and their successors advised  
 ‘ his Majesty to grant immediately the requests which her legal  
 ‘ advisers had counselled her to make. Accordingly, she was  
 ‘ both received at Court and visited by the King, and apartments  
 ‘ were assigned to her in Kensington Palace ; and as the object  
 ‘ had been attained which alone could justify such a publication,  
 ‘ “ The Book ” was most properly and carefully suppressed.

‘ Such is the true and simple history of “ The Book.” It was  
 ‘ printed for avowed publication by her Royal Highness, if neces-  
 ‘ sary ; it was printed privately, that it might not escape into  
 ‘ circulation unless that necessity should arise.

‘ But it is utterly untrue that the printer’s name and place of  
 ‘ abode were not appended to it. It is utterly untrue that it could  
 ‘ find no publisher. The names and places of abode of the printer  
 ‘ and of *two* publishers appear on the title-page.

‘ It is equally untrue that it libels the Prince of Wales : or  
 ‘ was printed “ for the purpose of blackening his character.”  
 ‘ The purpose for which it was printed has been already stated ;  
 ‘ and there is not one attempt at recrimination or slander against  
 ‘ her royal husband from beginning to end of the Princess’s  
 ‘ defence.

‘ Renewing my request that you would do me the favour of  
 ‘ inserting this letter in your paper,

‘ I am, Sir,

‘ Your obedient humble servant,

‘ SPENCER PERCEVAL.

‘ P.S.—A copy of this letter will be sent to the Editor of the  
 ‘ *Edinburgh Review*, and I trust he will feel it his duty to insert  
 ‘ it in his next number.’

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We may here mention, that we shall probably continue our  
 promised Sketches of some of the Great Characters of the past  
 age in our next Number.

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*No. CXXXVII. will be published in October.*



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